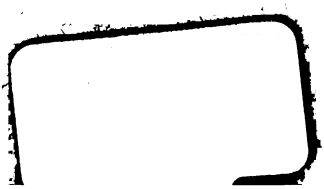

RESURRECTION.

CHAPTER I.

No matter how the people that came together—a few hundred thousands in number—into one small place tried to mutilate the ground where they pressed close to one another; no matter how they covered the ground with stones, that nothing may grow on it; no matter how they cleared away every grass that began to come up, how they filled everything with smoke of coals and rock oil; no matter how they clipped the trees and how they turned out the animals and the fowls—spring was spring, even in the city.

The fact that the emotion and cheer of spring were given to all animals and men was not considered in the office of the state prison holy and important; but holy and important was the fact that a numbered, sealed and titled document was received a day before, stating that to-day, the twenty-eighth of April, at nine o'clock in the morning, three prisoners—two women and one man—kept under arrest in this prison, should be furnished. One of these women, as the most important of the criminals, was to be furnished separately.

And so, on the strength of this order, the chief warden entered the dark, fetid corridor of the female department at eight o'clock in the morning, April 28. A woman with a careworn face and with curly white hair entered the corridor immediately after him. She was dressed in a jacket, whose sleeves were trimmed with galloons, and she was girded up with a blue-edged belt. That was the inspectress.

"Are you Maslova?" she asked, coming up with the inspector on duty to one of the doors of the cells, which open in the corridor. The inspector, rattling the iron, unlocked, opened the door of the cell, from which a fouler air than that in the corridor came out, and cried out:

"Maslova, into court!" And he again closed the door, waiting.

Even in the prison yard was the fresh, vivifying air of the fields, brought by the wind into the city. But the air in the corridor was oppressing, typhoid, filled with the odor of tar and rottenness; it would at once throw into low spirits and sadness any newcomer. The inspectress, coming from the yard, although she has been accustomed to bad air, experienced it on herself. On entering the corridor she suddenly felt tired and sleepy.

In the cell was heard a bustle—female voices and steps of bare feet.

"Quicker—move on, Maslova, I say!" exclaimed the chief warden, near the door of the cell.

In about two minutes a young woman, not tall, with a very large chest, dressed in a gray coat, over a white jacket and a white skirt, came out of the door of the cell, and, stepping boldly, she quickly turned and stopped near the warden.

On the feet of the woman were linen stockings and prison shoes; her head was covered with a white kerchief, from under which rings of black, curly hair were let down, purposely as it seems. Her face was of that peculiar whiteness which is often on the faces of those people who were for a long time shut up under lock, and which remind one of potato sprouts in the cellar.

Such were also the small, wide hands, and the white, full neck, which was seen through the big collar of the coat. The striking feature on her face, especially on the deadly pallor of her face, were her very dark, flashing, somewhat swollen, but very animated, eyes, one of which was somewhat squit.

She stood erect, putting forth her full chest. Leaving the corridor, she looked stright into the warden's eyes, throwing her head a little backward, and she stopped, ready to do anything that may be demanded.

They descended the stone staircase, passed by the room of the men, which were more noisy and fouler than the women's, and from which they were escorted by eyes looking out of the casement windows in the doors.

Then entered the office, where two convoy soldiers, with guns, were already standing. The clerk who sat there gave one of the soldiers a paper steeped in tobacco smoke, and, pointing at the prisoner, said: "Take it." The soldier—a peasant with a red, pock-marked face—put the paper into the cuff of his coatsleeve, and, smiling, winked to his companion with prominent cheek bones, pointing at the prisoner. The soldiers descended the staircase together with the prisoner and went to the main exit.

A small door opened in the main exit, and, walking over the threshold of the small door into the yard, the soldiers and the prisoner went out beyond the fence and walked through the town in the middle of the paved streets.

Drivers, storekeepers, cooks, working people, functionaries stopped and curiously eyed the prisoner. Some nodded their heads and thought: "That's where bad conduct, unlike ours, leads." The children looked with horror at the murderess, and they were calmed only by the fact that the soldiers are behind her and that now she can do nothing more.

One country peasant, having sold his coals and drunk enough tea in the tavern, walked up to her, crossed himself and gave her a small coin. The prisoner flushed, bent her head, and uttered something.

Feeling the looks fixed on her, without turning her head, she imperceptibly looked askance at those that stared at her, and this attention drawn by her amused her. She was also amused by the clear, springtime air, clear as compared with the prison air; but it was painful for her to

treading the stones with her feet, which have grown disaccustomed to walk, and which were shod in clumsy prison shoes; and she stared down, trying to step as easily as possible.

Passing a corn-dealer's store, in front of which, swinging themselves, unoffended doves were walking, the prisoner almost touched one of them with her foot; the bird fluttered up, and, shaking his wings, passed rapidly by the very ear of the prisoner, cutting the wind. She smiled and then sighed heavily, reminding herself of her circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

The history of the prisoner, Maslova, was a very ordinary history. Maslova was the daughter of an unmarried menial woman, who had lived with her mother in the country and had been employed as cowherd by two sister-maidens, estate owners. This unmarried woman gave birth to a child every year, and, as is usually done in the villages, they christened the child, and then the mother would not nurse the unnecessary child, that came unlonged for, and that would hinder her in her work, and the child soon died of hunger.

Thus five children died. They had all been christened; then they were not nursed, and they died. The sixth child, begotten from a traveling gypsy, was a girl, and her fate would have been the same, but it happened so that one of the two old maids came into the cowhouse to reprimand the drovers for the cream, which had a bad odor.

In the cowhouse lay the woman, with a beautiful, healthy child. The old maid sharply reproved for the cream and for the fact that the woman was let into the cowhouse to be confined there, and she was about to go, when, noticing the child, she was moved, and she offered to be its godmother. She also christened the child, and, pitying her goddaughter, she gave milk and money to the

mother, and the girl remained alive. The old maids, therefore, named her "The Saved One."

The child was three years old when her mother took sick and died. The grandmother cowherd was annoyed by the grandchild, and the old maids took the child unto themselves. The dark-eyed girl turned out to be unusually lively and delicate, and the old maids were comforted by her.

Sophia Ivanovna was the younger and better-natured of the old maids—it was she who christened the girl—and the older one, sterner, was Maria Ivanovna. Sophia Ivanovna dressed the girl nicely, taught her how to read, and wanted to make a pupil out of her. Maria Ivanovna would say that it is necessary to make a working girl out of her, a good servant maid; she was, therefore, very exacting; she punished and even beat the girl when she was in ill-humor. Thus under two influences the girl grew up half servant and half pupil.

They called her by the middle name—not Katka, nor Katenka, but Katusha. She would sew, bring the rooms in order, clean the images with chalk; she would fry, grind, serve coffee, wash some little things, and sometimes she would read for the ladies.

She was courted by many, but she did not care to marry any one of them, for she felt that life with those working people who courted her would be burdensome to her, spoiled, as she was, by the sweetness of manorial life.

Thus she lived until the age of sixteen. When she was sixteen years old there came to the ladies their nephew—a student, a wealthy prince; and Katusha, not daring to own it to him, or even to herself, fell in love with him.

About two years later the same nephew came to the aunts on his way to war, remained there four days, and on the eve of his departure betrayed Katusha, and, giving her a hundred-ruble bill on the last day, he went off.

Since then everything looked to her disgusting, and her only thought was how to free herself from the dis-

grace which awaited her, and she began to serve the ladies unwillingly and wrong; suddenly, though she did not know how it happened, she broke it all up; she exchanged broad words with the ladies, and, having repented it soon after, she asked to be paid off.

And the ladies, very displeased with her, let her go. She then became a chambermaid at the commissary's of the rural police, but could not stay there any more than three months, because the commissary, an old man of fifty, began to pursue her closely, and one day, when he was particularly resolute, she burned with anger, called him "fool" and "old devil," and struck him on the chest so hard that he fell. She was sent away for the rudeness.

To take another place was of no use; she would soon be confined; and she settled down with a country widow midwife who was selling wine. The midwife, having confined a sick woman in the village B, infected Katusha with confinement fever, and the child, a boy, was taken away to a foundling hospital, where, the old woman who brough him there said, he died soon after their arrival.

When Katusha moved into the midwife's room she had one hundred and twenty-seven rubles, twenty-seven of which she earned, and the one hundred rubles which were given to her by her betrayer. When she left her she had but six rubles. She could not keep her money. She spent it on herself and she gave it to anybody who asked for it. The midwife took from her for board and tea for two months forty rubles; twenty-five rubles went to cover the expense of sending the child away; the midwife obtained, by begging, forty rubles as a loan in order to buy a cow; about twenty rubles were gone for dresses—presents—so that when Katusha became well she had no money, and it was necessary to look for a position.

She found a position at the forester's. The forester was a married man, but, just like the commissary, he began to annoy her the very first day. He was repulsive to her, and she tried to avoid him. But he was more ex-

perienced and sharper than she; he was the master, who could send her wherever he wanted, and, seizing the occasion, he possessed himself of her. His wife found it out, and, finding one day her husband with Katusha alone in the room, she rushed upon her with her fists. Katusha defended herself, and it came to blows; in consequence she was driven away, without getting what she earned there.

Then Katusha went to the city and moved to her aunt's. Her aunt's husband was a bookbinder, and used to live well; but now, having lost all his customers, he gave himself to drink and spent on it everything he could lay his hands on.

The aunt ran a little laundry, which supported her with the children and the ruined husband. She offered Katusha a place as a washerwoman. But, seeing the miserable life which the washerwomen led, Maslova hesitated, and looked for a servant's position through the employment offices. And she found a position with a lady who lived with two sons, scholars of a gymnasium.

A week after her coming the older one, a whiskered scholar of the sixth class of the gymnasium, gave up his studies and gave Maslova no rest, annoying her. The mother blamed Maslova, and discharged her. She could not get another place, but it so happened that she met in the servant bureau a lady with rings and bracelets on her plump, bare hands. Having learned that Maslova was looking for a position, she gave her her address, and invited her to the house. Maslova went up to her. The lady gave her a hearty welcome, treated her to cakes and sweet wine, and sent her chambermaid away somewhere with a note. In the evening a tall man with long gray hair and a gray beard entered the room; the old man at once sat down beside Maslova, and, smiling, with flashing eyes, began to play with her. Then the mistress called out Maslova and told her that the man is a writer, who has very much money, and to whom expenses would be of no

object, should he but like her. The writer gave her twenty-five rubles, promising to see her often. The money was gone at once; she paid up the debts she made while with her aunt; she bought a new dress, a hat, ribbons. A few days later the writer sent for her. She came. Again he gave her twenty-five rubles, and made her a proposition to move with him to a separate lodging.

Living with the writer in the rooms he hired, Maslova fell in love with a lively clerk, who lived in the same yard. She told the writer about it, and she moved into a small lodging for herself. The clerk promised to marry her, but, telling her nothing and evidently forsaking her, he soon left for Nizny, and Maslova remained alone. She wanted to keep those rooms for herself, but they did not permit her.

The neighboring commissary told her that she may stay there on condition that she get a "yellow ticket" and subject herself to examinations. Then she went back to her aunt. Noticing her fashionable dress, cape and hat, her aunt accepted her respectfully, and did not dare to offer her again a place as a laundry maid, thinking that she is now on the highest stage of life. To accept a position as a washerwoman or not to accept it was no longer a question to Maslova.

She now looked with compassion at the miserable life led by the pale washerwomen, whose hands were lean and some of whom have already been consumptive. They washed and pressed in a temperature of thirty degrees of soapy steam by windows open in winter as well as in summer, and Maslova was frightened by the thought that she might have done the same miserable work. And at this time, especially bad as it was for her, since she could find no supporter, Maslova was found out by a woman detective who was supplying the brothels with girls.

Maslova has long since been smoking, but toward the end of her relation with the clerk, and after he had left her, she has given herself to drink heavily. Wine at-

tracted her, not only because it tasted well, but much more so because it gave her a chance to forget all the difficulties she had suffered, and it also gave her ease of manner and confidence in her own dignity, which she did not have without wine. Without wine she always felt disgusted and ashamed.

The woman detective treated Maslova's aunt nicely, and intoxicated Maslova. That same evening the woman detective hired a cab and took her away to the well-known establishment of Kitaeva.

Since then Maslova began to lead that life of chronic violation of God's and humanity's commandments which is led by hundreds and thousands of women, not only by permission, but also under the protection, of the government that is so mindful of the people's welfare, and which ends with nine women out of ten with painful diseases, premature decrepitude and death.

Maslova lived seven years like that. During the seventh year of her stay in the house and the eighth year after her first downfall, when she was twenty-six years old, something happened with her for which she was imprisoned and now led to court, after having been in prison for six months, together with murderers and thieves.

CHAPTER III.

And while Maslova, tired out by the long walk, approached, with the convoy soldiers, the courthouse, that same nephew of the ladies who brought her up—Prince Dimitry Ivanovich Nekhludov—who had wronged her, lay in his high, rumpled, spring bed, with a feather mattress, and, unbuttoning the collar of his clean night garment, with ironed folds in the front, he smoked a cigarette. With an idle look he stared in front of him and thought of what he is to do to-day, and what was yesterday. Recalling last evening—which he passed at the Korchagins', wealthy and well-known people, whose daughter, as everybody thought, he was to marry—Nekhludov heaved a

sigh, and, throwing away the smoked-out cigarette, he was about to get another one, but reconsidered, and found the slippers, threw a silken morning-gown over his broad shoulders, and, stepping quickly and heavily, he went into the adjoining dressing-room, which was filled with the artificial odor of elixir, perfume and bandoline.

Everything he used—linen, clothes, shoes, neckties, pins and shirt buttons—was of the best and dearest kind. It was imperceptible, plain, solid and dear.

Nekhludov dressed himself in the cleaned clothes which lay on the chair, and went out, although not altogether fresh, but clean and perfumed, into the long dining-room.

After Nekhludov had his coffee he went into his private room, to find out in the summons the hour when he must be in court, and to write to Princess Korchagin, whom it was reported he was to marry. Finding at once in the drawer of the large table the summons under the heading of things which must be done at a fixed date, Nekhludov learned that he must be in court at eleven; and he sat down to write a note to the Princess, thanking her for the invitation and telling her that he will try to come to dinner. But, having written one note, he tore it—it was too intimate; he wrote another—it was cold, almost insulting. Again he tore it, and pressed a button in the wall. A gloomy looking elderly, shaven, side-whiskered servant in a gray apron entered the room.

"Kindly send for a coachman."

"Yes, sir."

"Somebody from the Korchagins is waiting. Tell that I thank them and that I will try to be there."

"Yes, sir."

"It is impolite, but I cannot write. I will see her today, anyway," thought Nekhludov, and went to dress himself.

When he dressed himself and came out on the staircase his familiar coachman, on a rubber-wheeled cab, was already waiting for him.

"Yesterday, just as you went away from Prince Korchagin," said the coachman, half turning his round, sunburned neck in the white collar of his shirt, "I came, and the doorkeeper says: 'Just gone.'"

"And coachmen also know of my relations with the Korchagins," thought Nekhludov, and the undecided question, which constantly occupied his thoughts of late—should he or should he not marry her?—arose before him, and he could not solve it at this time, even as he could not solve the majority of problems which presented themselves now. In favor of marriage in general were, firstly, that marriage, besides the pleasures of home life, removing the irregularities of his life, makes a moral life possible; secondly, and mainly what Nekhludov hoped for, that the family—children—will give meaning to his now meaningless life. That was for marriage in general. Against marriage at large were, firstly, the fear of losing his freedom, so common to all old bachelors, and, secondly, the unconscious fear of the mysterious being—the woman.

In favor of marrying Missi in particular (Korchagins was called Maria, but, as is usually done in the family of a well-known circle, they gave her a nickname), was, firstly, that she was of good breed, and in everything, from her dressing to her manner of speaking, walking, laughing, she stood out among the plain people; she stood out by nothing particular except "well-breeding."

He knew no other expression for this virtue, and he prized this virtue very highly; secondly, because she esteemed him above others, which, according to his understanding, meant that she understood him. And the understanding—that is, his recognition of his noble virtues—was to Nekhludov the evidence of her intellect and of her right judgment.

Against marrying Missi, particularly was, firstly, that it is very possible to find a girl possessing much better qualities than Missi, hence more worthy of him; and, secondly, because she was twenty-seven years old, and, therefore,

must have had many a lover before—and the thought was painful to Nekhludov.

His pride could not be reconciled with the fact that she might have loved some one else before. She certainly could not know that she would meet him, but the very thought that she could love some one else before was an insult to him.

So that there were as many reasons for as against it; the reasons, at least, were equal in their strength, and Nekhludov, laughing at himself, called himself an ass. And he nevertheless remained such, not knowing which string to pull.

"I will think it over later, however," he said to himself, when his carirage, now wheeling soundlessly, approached the asphalt entrance of the courthouse.

"Now I must perform the public duty conscientiously, as I always do and consider necessary. And, then, it often turns out to be interesting," said Nekhludov to himself; and, passing by the doorkeeper, he entered the vestibule of the court.

CHAPTER IV.

The chairman came to court early. The chairman was a tall, stout man, with big, grayish side whiskers. He was married, but he led a very fast life, as well as his wife did. Neither interfered with the other. To-day he receivd a note from the porter-governess, who lived with them during the summer, and was now going to Petersburg from the South, that she will be in town between three and six o'clock, waiting for him in the hotel "Italy." And so he wanted to open and close the session earlier to-day, in order to be able to visit this red-headed Klara Vasilevna, to whom he made love last summer in their country house. After a delay he took his seat on the bench with his associates.

The chairman, looking over the documents, asked a few questions of the process-server and the secretary, and, get-

ting affirmative answers, ordered to bring in the prisoners. The door behind the grating opened at once, and two gendarmes, with their hats on and with bare swords, entered, followed by a red-headed man with freckles and by two women. The man was dressed in a prison coat, which was too wide and too long for him. Entering the hall, his hands, whose fingers were spread apart, were intensely stretched downward, holding up in such a way the two long sleeves. Without even glancing at the judges or at the audience, he looked attentively at the bench, which he passed by. Having passed around it, he sat down on the edge of the bench, leaving just enough room for the others; and, fixing his eyes on the chairman, as if whispering something, he began to move the muscles of his cheeks. After him came an elderly woman, also dressed in a prison coat. There was a prison kerchief around her head; her face was gray-white, with red eyes, without eyebrows or eyelashes. This woman appeared very calm. When she walked up to her seat her coat was caught on something; she freed it carefully, without haste, and sat down.

The third prisoner was Maslova.

As soon as she entered, the eyes of all men present in the court were directed to her and were fixed for a long time on her white face, on her dark, glossy, flashing eyes and on her full breast, which came forward under her coat. Even the gendarme whom she passed stared at her until she sat down, and then when she was seated, as if owning herself guilty, he quickly turned away, shook himself and fixed his eyes on the window just opposite him.

The chairman waited until the prisoners took their seats, and, as soon as Maslova sat down, he turned to the secretary.

After the usual opening court procedure the chairman turned to Maslova.

"Your name," he said, with special courtesy. "It is

necessary to stand up," he added, softly and graciously, noticing that Maslova was sitting.

With a quick motion, Maslova arose, and with an expression of readiness, putting forward her full breast and not answering, she stared at the chairman's face with her smiling, somewhat squint dark eyes.

"What is your name?"

"Lubov," she said, quickly.

Lekhludov, having put on his pince-nez, looked at the prisoners while they were being questioned. "But it is impossible," thought he, not removing his eyes from the prisoner. "But how is it Lubov?" thought he, when he heard her answer.

The chairman was about to ask another question, but the member in the glasses, whispering something angrily, stopped him. The chairman nodded affirmatively, and turned to the prisoner.

"How Lubov?" said he; "your name is different here." The prisoner was silent. "I ask you what is your real name?"

"How were you christened?" asked the angry member.

"They used to call me Katerina."

"It is impossible," went on Nekhludov to himself; and yet he knew already beyond any doubt that this was the same girl, the pupil-chambermaid, with whom he was once in love, expressly in love, and then in some senseless vapor wronged and left her; the same girl of whom he never thought again, for that recollection was too painful—it revealed him too clearly, and showed that he who is so proud of his good breeding is not only ill-bred, but that he was also mean to that woman.

Yes, that was she. He now saw clearly that exceptional, mysterious peculiarity which marked each face from another, making it peculiar, unique, unrepeated. Notwithstanding the unnatural whiteness and fullness of her face, that peculiarity, that wild, exceptional peculiarity, was on this face, on the lips, in the somewhat squint

eyes, and, mainly in that naive, smiling look and in the expression of readiness which was not only on the face, but also over her whole being.

"You should have said so," said the chairman, again very softly. "Your father's name?"

"I am illegitimate," said Maslova.

"Nevertheless, how were you called by your godfather's name?"

"Mikhailovna."

"And what could she have done?" Nekhludov went on, thinking in the meantime, breathing heavily.

"What is your family name, your surname?" went on the chairman.

"They wrote it Maslova, after my mother."

"Your calling?"

"A commoner."

"Of orthodox faith?"

"Orthodox."

"Your occupation? What is your occupation?"

Maslova was silent.

"What was your occupation?" repeated the chairman.

"I was in an establishment," said she.

"In what kind of an establishment?" asked the member in the glasses, sternly.

"You know yourself in what kind of an establishment," said Maslova, smiling, and at once looking around quickly, she again began to stare at the chairman.

There was something unusual in the expression of her face; there was something both horrible and pitiful in the meaning of her words, in that smile, and in the quick glance which she cast over the room, so that the chairman cast down his eyes, and in the room reigned supreme silence for a minute. The silence was broken by the laughter of some one in the audience. Somebody hissed. The chairman raised his head and proceeded with his questions.

"Never held for trial or examination?"

"No," said Maslova, in a low voice, sighing.

"Did you get the copy of the indictment?"

"Yes."

"Sit down," said the chairman.

The prisoner tucked up her skirt in such a way as smart women adjust the trains of their dresses; and she sat down, putting her small, white hands into the sleeves of the coat, without removing her eyes from the chairman.

The enumeration of the witnesses began, the removal of the witnesses and the decision as to the expert physician, who was then invited into the courtroom. Then the secretary arose and began to read the indictment. He read distinctly and loud, but so fast that his voice, which did not pronounce the "l" and the "r" well, sounded like one unceasing, narcotic drone. The judges rested their elbows now on one side, now on the other side of their chairs, now on the table, now on the backs of the chairs; now they closed their eyes, now they opened them, and spoke among themselves in a whisper. One gendarme checked a few times the beginning convulsion of yawning.

Kartinkin, of the prisoners, was ceaselessly moving his cheeks. Bochkova sat very calm and straight, only at times she scratched a little her head under the kerchief.

Maslova now sat motionless, listening to the reader and looking at him; now she trembled, as if desiring to object, flushed and breathed with difficulty, changing the position of her hands, looked around her, and again stared at the reader.

Nekhludov sat in the first row on his high chair, the second from the corner, and, without taking off his pince-nez, he looked at Maslova, and in his soul went on a complicated and painful struggle.

CHAPTER V.

The indictment was such:

"On the 17th day of January, 188—, the police were notified by the hotel-keeper of the Mavritania, which is lo-

cated in the city, of the sudden death of Therapont Smelkov, a Siberian merchant of the second guild, who stayed in that hotel. According to the physician of the fourth district, Smelkov's death was caused by heart disease, which was brought about by the excessive use of alcohol, and Smelkov's body was buried on the third day after his death. In the meantime, on the fourth day after Smelkov's death, there returned to Petersburg one of his countrymen and friends—the Siberian merchant, Timokhin—who, having learned of his friend's death and the circumstances under which he died, announced his suspicion, claiming that Smelkov's death was unnatural, and that he was poisoned by plotters, who had stolen his money and a diamond ring which Smelkov had in his possession, and which were not found on the list of his property. An investigation was ordered and the following was discovered: Firstly, that it was known both to the hotel-keeper of 'Mavritania' and to the clerk of Starikov, the merchant, with whom Smelkov had some dealings on his arrival in the city, that Smelkov should have had 3,800 rubles, which he received from the bank, and that but 316 rubles and 16 kopeks was found in his trunk and in his pocketbook, which were sealed up after his death. Secondly, that on the eve of his death Smelkov spent the whole day and night together with Lubka. Thirdly, that the diamond ring which had belonged to Smelkov was sold by Lubka to her mistress. Fourth, that the girl portress, Evfimia Bochkova, deposited 1,800 rubles in the commercial bank a day after the merchant Smelkov's death. And, fifthly, that, according to Lubka, Simon Kartinkin handed her a powder, advising her to put the powder in wine and give it to Smelkov, which she confesses to have done.

"The testimony given by Lubka showed that Smelkov sent her to his room in 'Mavritania' to bring him money, and that, opening the lock of the trunk with the key given her by the merchant, she took out forty rubles, as she was told to do, but that she took no more. She named as wit-

nesses Simon Kartinkin and Evfimia Bochkova, in whose presence she opened and locked the trunk and took the money.

"As to the poisoning of Smelkov, Lubka showed that on her third arrival at Smelkov's room she, by Simon Kartinkin's instigation, really put in his cognac some powders, which she considered narcotic. She did it because she wanted him to fall asleep, and thus be able to go away the sooner, but the money she did not take, she said, and the ring was given to her by Smelkov after he had beaten her and when she was about to go away from him.

"In their testimony to the coroner, Evfimia Bochkova and Simon Kartinkin showed the following: Evfimia Bochkova said that she knows nothing of the lost money, that she did not even enter the merchant's room, and that Lubka alone was ordering about in there. And that, if something was stolen from the merchant, the stealing must have been done by Lubka when she came for the money with the merchant's key."

Maslova trembled at this place of the reading, and, opening her mouth, looked around to Bochkova.

"When the bank slip of 1,800 rubles was shown to Evfimia Bochkova," the secretary went on reading, "and when she was asked where she took so much money she said that the money was earned during twelve years by her, together with Simon, whom she was about to marry.

"In the first testimony Simon Kartinkin confessed that he, together with Bochkova, stole the money and divided it among Maslova, Bochkova and himself; he also confessed that he gave Maslova powders to make the merchant drowsy. In his second testimony he denied his partaking in the stealing of the money and transmitting the powders to Maslova, nailing all the blame on Maslova alone. As to the money deposited in the bank by Bochkova, he said, as she did, that the money was made by her and himself during their eighteen years' service at the hotel, from the tips of the guests for their services."

Then followed in the indictment the descriptions of the confrontations and the testimony of the witnesses. The conclusion of the indictment read thus:

"In consideration of the above statement Simon Kartinkin, a peasant of the village of Borki, thirty-three years old; Evfimia Ivanovna Bochkova, forty-three years old, and Ekterina Mikhailovna Maslova, twenty-seven years old, are charged that on the 17th day of January, 188—, they conjointly stole the merchant Smelkov's money, a sum of 2,500 rubles, and, intentionally conceiving to commit a murder in order to hide the traces of their crime, they gave Smelkov poison, which caused his death.

"This crime was foreseen by article 1,455 of the penal code. Therefore, based on such and such article of criminal law proceedings, Simon Kartinkin, Evfimia Bochkova and Ekaterina Maslova come under the jurisdiction of the district court and the jury."

Thus the secretary finished the reading of the long indictment, and, putting together his papers, he took his seat, adjusting his long hair with both hands. All heaved a sigh of relief, feeling pleasant that the investigation is to begin now, and that soon everything will be clear, and justice will be satisfied. Only Nekhludov did not have this feeling; he was all engulfed by the terror of what Maslova could do—that same Maslova whom he knew as a charming, innocent little girl ten years ago.

CHAPTER VI.

When the reading of the indictment was over, the chairman, after consulting the members, turned to Kartinkin with an expression which spoke clearly that now we will find out every detail correctly.

"Peasant Simon Kartinkin," he began, bending himself to the left.

Simon Kartinkin arose, letting down his hands and

bending his body forward, without ceasing to move his cheeks noiselessly.

"You are charged that on the 17th of January, 188—, you, together with Evfimia Bochkova and Ekaterina Maslova, stole from Smelkov's trunk money which belonged to him, and that you bought arsenic and persuaded Ekaterina Maslova to make him drink the poison in wine, which caused the death of Smelkov. Are you guilty?" said he, and bent himself to the right.

"It is impossible, because our business is to serve the guests——"

"You will tell this later. Are you guilty?"

"No. I only——"

"You will say this later. Do you plead guilty?"

"I cannot do this, because——"

The court inspector again jumped up to Simon Kartinkin and stopped him with a tragic whisper.

The chairman, with an expression that this is ended now, put the elbow of his hand in which he held the paper on another place, and turned to Evfimia Bochkova.

"Evfimia Bochkova, you are charged that on the 17th of January, 188—, you, together with Simon Kartinkin and Ekaterina Maslova, stole from Smelkov's trunk money and a ring and having shared the stolen things among yourselves, you poisoned and killed Smelkov in order to hide the traces of the crime. Do you plead guilty?"

"I am not guilty of anything," said the defendant, boldly and firmly. "I did not even enter the room. And as this dirty woman entered the room, so she did everything."

"You will tell this later," said the chairman, again softly and firmly. "So you do not plead guilty?"

"I did not take the money, I gave him nothing to drink and I did not go into the room. And if I would go into the room I would throw her out."

"So you do not plead guilty?"

"Never."

"Very well."

"Ekaterina Maslova," began the chairman, addressing

the third prisoner, "you are charged that, coming to the room of the hotel 'Mavritania,' with the key from Smelkov's trunk, you stole money and a ring from that trunk," said he, as if repeating a lesson by heart, bending down his ear to the member at his left, who told him that, according to the list of material evidence a glass is missing. "You stole money and a ring from that trunk," repeated the chairman, "and having divided the stolen things, and then having brought the merchant Smelkov to the hotel 'Mavritaia,' you made Smelkov drink wine with poison, which caused his death. Do you plead guilty?"

"I am not guilty of anything," said she quietly. "As I said before, I say it again now: I did not take it, I did not take it and I did not take it, and the ring he gave me himself."

"You do not plead guilty of having stolen 2,600 rubles?" said the chairman.

"I say I did not take any more than forty rubles."

"And do you plead guilty of having given Smelkov the powders in the wine?"

"Yes. But I thought, as I was told, that they were sleeping powders, that nothing would come out of them. I did not think anything, and did not want to do anything. I say before God I did not want to do anything," she said.

"And so you do not plead guilty of having stolen the merchant Smelkov's money and ring?" said the chairman. "But you admit having given him the powders?"

"That I admit, but I thought they were sleeping powders. I gave him simply to fall asleep; I did not want to do anything, and did not think to."

"Very well," said the chairman, evidently pleased with the results. "So, tell us how it happened," said he, leaning against the back of his chair and putting both hands on the table. "Tell everything as it happened. You may improve your situation by a sincere confession."

Maslova, still staring at the chairman, stood silent.

"Tell us how it happened."

"How it happened?" suddenly began Maslova, rapidly. "I came to the hotel; they brought me into his room; there he was, very drunk already." With a particular expression of fear, her eyes wide open, she pronounced the word "he." "I wanted to go back, but he did not let me."

She became silent, as if she suddenly lost the thread, or reminded herself of something else.

"Well; and then?"

"Well, then? Then I stayed there and went home."

At this time the district attorney half arose, leaning unnaturally on one elbow.

"You wish to ask a question?" said the chairman, and, upon the district attorney's affirmative answer, he showed him with a gesture that he may ask.

"I would like to ask the question, did the defendant know Simon Kartinkin before?" said the district attorney without looking at Maslova.

And, having asked the question, he tightened his lips and knitted his brow. The chairman repeated the question. Frightened, Maslova stared at the district attorney.

"Simon? Yes," said she.

"Now, I would like to know what kind of an acquaintance was it between the defendant and Kartinkin? Did they often meet?"

"What kind of an acquaintance? It was not an acquaintance; he used to invite me to the guests," answered Maslova, moving her eyes from the district attorney to the chairman and back, disturbed.

"I would like to know why Kartinkin invited only Maslova to the guests, and no other girls?" said the district attorney, shutting his eyes, but with a slight, devilish, cunning smile.

"I do not know. How do I know?" answered Maslova, looking about her, frightened, and fixing her eyes for a moment on Nekhludov. "He invited just whom he wanted."

"Is it possible she recognized me?" thought Nekhludov,

with fear, feeling that his blood rushed up to his face; but Maslova, without recognizing him among the others, turned away soon, and again stared at the district attorney with an expression of fright.

"The defendant denies, then, that she had any close relations with Kartinkin? Very well; I have nothing more to ask."

And the district attorney took off his elbow from the desk and began to make some notes. He really did not write anything; he just led his pen around the letters of his note, because he saw other district attorneys and lawyers do so; after a clever question they make a remark in their speech which is intended to crush the opponent.

The chairman turned to the defendant—not at once, because at this time he asked the member in the glasses whether he is satisfied with the putting of the questions which have already been prepared and written out.

"What was later?" went on the chairman with his questions.

"I came home," continued Maslova, staring at the chairman alone somewhat bolder; "I gave the money to the mistress and went to bed. Just as soon as I fell asleep our girl, Bertha, wakes me up. 'Go. Your merchant came again.' I did not want to go, but the madam demanded it. There he"—again she pronounced the word "he" with evident horror—"he treated our girls to wine, and then he wanted to send for more wine, but all his money was gone. The madam did not care to trust him. Then he sent me to his room. He told me where the money lay, and how much to take. I went."

The chairman was whispering something at this time to the member at his left, and heard not what Maslova said, but, to show that he did hear everything, he repeated her last words.

"You went. Well, and then?" said he.

"I came and did everything as he told me. I went to

his room. I did not go there alone, but called Simon and her," she said, pointing at Bochkova.

"She lies. I did not go in——" Bochkova began, but she was checked.

"I took four red ones (ten-ruble bills) in their presence," went on Maslova, knitting her brow, and without looking at Bochkova.

"Well, and did not the defendant notice how much money there was when she took the forty rubles?" asked the district attorney again.

Maslova trembled as soon as the district attorney addressed her. She did not know how and what, but she felt that he wanted to do her harm. "I did not count. I only saw that there were only hundred-ruble bills."

"The defendant saw hundred-ruble bills. I have nothing more to ask."

"Well, you brought the money?" the chairman went on asking, consulting his watch.

"I brought it."

"Well, and then?" asked the chairman.

"And then he took me along with him again," said Maslova.

"Well, and how did you give him the powder in the wine?" asked the chairman.

"How did I give him? I just put it in the wine and gave him."

"Why did you give it to him?"

Without answering she heaved a deep, heavy sigh.

"He did not let me go," said she, after a silence. "He tired me out. I came out into the corridor and said to Simon Mikhailovich: 'If he would only let me go. I am tired.' And Simon Mikhailovich says: 'We are also tired of him. We want to give him sleeping powders; he'll fall asleep, and then you'll go.' I said: 'Good.' I thought it a harmless powder. He handed me something in a paper. I came in; he lay behind the screen, and at once told me to give him some cognac. I took a bottle

of wine from the table, filled two glasses, for myself and for him; I put the powder into his glass and gave it to him. Do you think I would give it to him if I knew it?"

"Well, and how about the ring? How do you come to have it?" asked the chairman.

"He gave me the ring himself."

"How did he give it to you?"

"As we came to his room I wanted to go away; he struck me on the head and broke my comb. I became angry and wanted to go away. He took the ring off his finger and gave it to me that I should not go away," she said.

At this time the district attorney again arose a little, and, with the same hypocritically naive look, he asked permission to put some more questions, and, having received it, he asked, leaning his head on his embroidered collar:

"I would like to know how long the defendant stayed in the room of the merchant Smelkov?"

Maslova was again seized with fear, and restlessly moving her eyes from the district attorney to the chairman, she said promptly:

"I cannot remember how long."

"Well, and does not the defendant remember whether she went to some other place in the hotel after she came out from Smelkov?"

Maslova thought a while.

"I went into the next room, which was unoccupied," said she.

"Why did you enter it?" said the district attorney, carried away, and addressing her.

"I was waiting for a carirage."

"Was Kartinkin, too, in that room with the defendant, or no?"

"He also came in."

"Why did he come in?"

"There was some wine left, and we drank it together"

"So, drank together. Very well.

"And was there any conversation between Simon and the defendant? If so, what was it?"

Suddenly Maslova knitted her brow, flushed and articulated quickly: "What did I speak? I spoke nothing. told you everything there was. And I know nothing more. Do with me whatever you want. I am not guilty, that's all."

"I have nothing else to say," said the attorney to the chairman, and, raising his shoulders naturally, he began to write down into the summary of his speech the confession of the defendant—that she went with Simon into an unoccupied room.

Silence began.

"You have nothing more to say?"

"I said everything," she uttered, and, heaving a sigh, took her seat.

Immediately after this the chairman made a note of something in his paper, and, having listened to what was communicated to him in a whisper by the member at his left, he announced the session adjourned for ten minutes; he hastily arose and left the room.

The jurors, the lawyers and the witnesses arose immediately after the judges and began to move about here and there, with the pleasant feeling of having already performed a part of the important function.

Nekhludov went out into the jurors' room and sat down by the window.

CHAPTER VII.

Yes, that was Katusha.

Nekhludov met Katusha for the first time, when, as a university student on the third course, he passed the summer with his aunts, preparing there his composition on land ownership. He usually passed the summer with his mother and sister on his mother's large estate near Moscow. But this year his sister was married and his mother went to a watering-place abroad. Nekhludov had to write

his composition, and he resolved to pass the summer with his aunts. There, in the thick of the woods, it was so quiet; there were no distractions. The aunts loved their nephew and heir tenderly, and he liked them, their old-fashioned, their simple life.

At that time Nekhludov, having been brought up under his mother's care, was a perfectly innocent youth of nineteen. He dreamed of woman as of a wife only. All the women, then, who, according to his understanding, could not be his wife, were not women to him, but people. But it happened that summer that on Ascension Day there came to his aunts a neighbor of theirs with her children—two young ladies and a scholar of a gymnasium—and with a young peasant artist who was visiting them.

After tea a game of catch play was started on the mowed-down meadow in front of the house. Katusha was also taken. After a few changes Nekhludov had to run with Katusha. Nekhludov was always pleased to see Katusha but it never entered his mind that there could be some particular relation between him and her.

"Well, now, you wouldn't catch them for anything," said the "burning," gay artist, who ran very fast on his short, crooked, but strong peasant legs.

"Unless they stumble."

"But you couldn't catch them!"

"One, two, three!"

They clapped their hands three times. Scarcely holding back her laughter Katusha quickly changed places with Nekhludov, and, pressing his big hand with her strong, rough little hand, she went off running to the left, rumbling with her starched skirt.

Nekhludov could run fast, and, then, he did not want to yield to the artist, and he went off as fast as he could. When he turned around he saw the artist pursuing Katusha, but she, running fast on her young, elastic legs, did not yield, and crossed over to the left, leaving him behind. In front of her was a flower bed of lilies, behind which

nobody ran, but Katusha, turning around to Nekhludov, made a sign to him with her head to join her behind the flower bed. He understood her and ran behind the bushes. But here, behind the bushes, was a ditch overgrown with nettle, of which he did not know. He stumbled over it, and, bruising his hands by the nettle and wetting them by the dew, which had already come down toward evening, he fell, but soon, laughing at himself, he set himself right and ran out into an open place.

Katusha, a smile beaming in her dark eyes, which looked like wet berries, ran just to meet him. They came together and grasped each other's hands.

"You must have bruised yourself, I think," said she, adjusting the falling-down braid with her free hand, breathing with difficulty, smiling and looking up to him.

"I did not know that there is a ditch here," said he, also smiling and not letting her hand go.

She came up nearer to him, and he, without knowing how it happened, stretched his face to her; she did not slink aside; he pressed her hand more tightly and kissed her on the lips.

"There is it!" said she, and, freeing her hand with a quick motion, ran away from him.

Running to a bush of lilacs, she tore off two twigs of white, already crumbled, lilacs, and, clapping them against her burning face and looking around to him, boldly swinging her hands, she went back to those that were playing.

Since then the relations between Nekhludov and Katusha have changed, and those particular relations were established which exist between an innocent young man and an innocent girl who are drawn to each other. As soon as Katusha would enter the room, or even if Nekhludov would notice her white apron from afar, all would seem to him brightened by the sun, everything would become more interesting, more cheerful, more significant; life would be of more joy. She, in her turn, felt the same. But not alone the presence and nearness of Katusha would

produce this feeling in Nekhludov; but this feeling was produced in him by the fact that Katusha is, and in her that Nekhludov is. Whether it was an unpleasant letter that Nekhludov received from his mother, whether he did not succeed with his composition, or whether he felt a youthful sadness, without any cause, he had but to remind himself that there is Katusha, and that he will see her and all would be over.

CHAPTER VIII.

Since then Nekhludov did not see Katusha for three years. He met her only when, just promoted to the rank of an office, on his way to the army, he came to his aunts' for a short time. He was now altogether different from the man who passed the summer there three years ago.

Then he was an honest, self denying youth, ready to give himself up to every noble deed; now he was a debauched, refined egotist, who loved but his own pleasure. Then God's world was to him a mystery, which he tried to solve with joy and enthusiasm; now everything in this life was simple and clear, and it was defined by those conditions of life in which he was. Then it was necessary and important to commune with nature, and with people who lived and thought and felt before him (philosophy, poetry); now human institutions and comrades were necessary and important. Then woman was a mysterious, charming being, charming just because of that mysteriousness; now the meaning of a woman, of every woman, except the relatives and wives of friends, was very definite; woman was one of the best tools of already tasted pleasure. Then no money was necessary; a third part of what his mother used to give him was more than sufficient; he could afford to refuse his father's estate and give it away to the peasants; now the 1,500 rubles a month which his mother gave him were not enough, and there were already some unpleasant talks with his mother about money. Then

he considered his spiritual being as his real self; now he considered himself his healthy, sound, animal self.

And all that terrible change took place in him only because he ceased to believe himself and began to believe others. He ceased to believe himself and began to believe others because it was too hard to live believing himself; believing himself, it was always necessary to solve every question not in favor of his animal self, which was looking for light pleasures, but almost always against it; believing others, there was nothing to solve—everything had already been solved, and solved always against his spiritual and in favor of his animal self. Besides this, believing himself, he exposed himself to everybody's censure; believing others, he received the approval of everybody around him.

Thus, when Nekhludov thought, read, spoke of God, of truth, of wealth, of poverty—all those about him thought him out of place, partly ridiculous, and his mother and his aunt called him with kind-hearted irony notre cher philosophe; but when he read novels, told anecdotes, went to the French theatre to see comic vaudevilles and related them mirthfully, everybody praised and encouraged him. When he thought it necessary to moderate his needs and wore an old coat and drank no wine, everybody considered it oddness and boastful eccentricity, and when he spent big sums on hunting or on the arrangement of an unusually pompous cabinet, everybody praised his tastes and made him valuable presents. When he was a virgin man and wished to remain so until his marriage, his relatives feared for his health, and even his mother was not grieved, she was rather glad, when she learned that he became a real man and that he enticed away some Frenchwoman from his friend. Of the episode with Katusha the princess mother could not think without horror, especially of how the thought of marrying her could enter his mind.

Thus, also, when Nekhludov, becoming of age, gave away to the peasants that small estate which was left him by his father because he thought ownership of land unjust

—that action of his frightened his mother and his relatives, and he became a laughing stock and subject for reproach at the hands of his relatives. They kept on telling him that the peasants that received the land had not only not grown wealthier, but had become poorer, having provided themselves with three cabacks and having given up work altogether. When Nekhludov entered the service of the guards and spent and lost at play with his comrades so much that Elena Ivanova had to take money from the capital, she was almost not grieved, because she considered it natural, and even good, when this is done in youth and in good society.

Nekhludov resisted at first, but it was too hard to resist, because everything he considered good, while believing himself, was considered bad by others, and the reverse—all that he considered bad, while believing himself, was considered good by all those around him. And the end was that Nekhludov surrendered, ceased believing himself and began to believe others. At first this renunciation of self was unpleasant, but the unpleasant feeling did not last long; Nekhludov soon forgot this unpleasant feeling, having commenced to smoke and to drink wine, and he felt great relief.

And Nekhludov with the passion of his nature gave himself wholly to this new life, which was approved by everybody around him, and he altogether deafened in himself that voice which demanded something else. It began upon his arrival in Petersburg and it was accomplished upon his entering the military service.

The military service usually corrupts the people, placing all those that enter it into conditions of perfect idleness—that is, the absence of sensible and useful work—and freeing them from general human obligations. Instead of this it exhibits in them only conventional respect for the regiment uniform and flag, and on one hand a boundless power over other people, while, on the other hand, a slavish submissiveness to the officers above them.

But when to this corruption of the military service, with its respect for the uniform and the flag, with its permission to use violence and to murder, the corruption of wealth and intimate relations with the Czar's family are added (which is done among the chosen regiments of the guards, where the officers are wealthy and eminent)—then that corruption reaches the state of the complete insanity of egoism. And Nekhludov was in a state of insane egoism since he entered the military service and began to lead the life his comrades led.

All he had to do was to put on a well-made uniform, which is cleaned, not by himself, but by other people, a casque and arms, which are also made, cleaned and handed to him by other people, and to go on an excellent horse, which is also trained and fed by others, to drill or to review, to gallop, to wave the sabre and to teach other people the same.

There was no other occupation, and the greatest men, young old, the Czar and his intimates, have not only approved of this occupation, but have also praised and thanked him for it.

Besides this, it was considered good and important to come together to eat, particularly to drink, in the officers' clubs, or in the dearest restaurants, thus fooling away their money, which they received, God knows where; then come theatres, balls, women, and again riding on horseback, waving the sabre, galloping, again throwing away money; again wine, cards, women.

Such life is especially corrupting the military people, because if a civil man led such a life it would be impossible for him not to be ashamed of it in the depth of his heart. Military people, however, think that it must be so, boast and are proud of such a life, especially so in time of war, as it happened with Nekhludov, who entered the army after the declaration of war with Turkey. "We are ready to sacrifice our life in war, and therefore such careless, gay

life is not only excusable, but is also essential to us. Hence we lead it."

Nekhludov came to his aunts, because their estate was on the way to his regiment, which had passed there already, and because his aunts asked him to come, but chiefly because he wanted to see Katusha. It may be that there was already in the depth of his heart a bad intention against Katusha, which was whispered to him by his unbridled, beastly self, but he was not conscious of this intention; he simply wanted to be in those places where he felt so good and to see the somewhat comical, but the pleasing, kind-hearted aunts, who have, so imperceptibly to him, always surrounded him with an atmosphere of love and ecstacy, and to meet the amiable Katusha, of whom such a pleasant recollection remained.

The aunts, who always loved Nekhludov, gave him this time a heartier welcome than usual. Dmitry was going to the war, where he may be injured, killed. This moved his aunts.

Nekhludov has so arranged his trip that he should stay twenty-four hours at his aunts', but when he met Katusha he consented to welcome there Passover, which was two days later, and he wired to his friend and comrade, Shenbok, whom he was to join in Odessa, asking him to come to his aunts'.

From the very first day he saw Katusha Nekhludov's former feeling for her was awakened. As well as then, he could not look now without emotion at Katusha's white apron, could not hear without joy her steps, her voice, her laughter; could not look without fondness into her dark eyes, especially when they were smiling, and, above all, he could not look at her without confusion when she blushed as she met him. He felt that he was in love, but not as before, when that love was to him a mystery, when he did not dare confess to himself that he loves, and when he was convinced that it is impossible to love more than once; now he was in love, knowing it, and being glad of it. He

knew vaguely, though he concealed it from himself, what that love meant, and what could become of it.

There were two men in Nekhludov as well as in all other people—one the spiritual, who sought for himself only such good which would be good to others, and the other the animal man, who seeks his own good, and who for the sake of attaining it is ready to sacrifice the good of the whole world. At this period of the insanity of his egoism, called forth in him by Petersburg and military life, the animal man was master, and he completely crushed out the spiritual man. But when he saw Katusha and experienced again what he had felt for her then, the spiritual man lifted his head and began to manifest his rights.

And during these two days before Easter an endless inward struggle, of which Nekhludov was unconscious, was going on within his heart.

In the depth of his heart he knew that he has to go away; that there is no reason why he should stay at his aunt's; he knew that nothing good can come out of it; but it was so pleasant and mirthful that he did not say this to himself, and he remained there.

CHAPTER IX.

Returning from the church the next day Nekhludov and his aunts broke their fast, and, to gather strength, he drank some brandy and wine—a custom accepted in the regiment—and went into his room, where he soon fell asleep in his clothes. A knock on the door awakened him. Recognizing by the knock that it was she, he arose, rubbing his eyes and stretching himself.

"Katusha—you? Come in," said he, rising.

She opened the door.

"You are called to dinner," she said.

She had on a white dress, but without the ribbon in her hair. Looking into his eyes, she brightened, as if she announced him of something unusually delightful.

"I am coming at once," he answered, taking the comb to

comb his hair. She stood a minute too much. He noticed it, and, throwing away the comb, approached her. But she turned around quickly and went with her usual light and brisk step over the carpet in the corridor.

"What a fool I am," said Nekhludov to himself. "Why didn't I detain her?" And running, he overtook her in the corridor.

He did not know what he wanted of her. But it seemed to him that when she entered his room he should have done something everybody does in similar cases, and he did not do it.

"Katusha, wait!" said he.

She looked around.

"What is it?" said she as she stopped.

"Nothing, only——"

And making an effort over himself and remembering what everybody in his position does in such cases, he embraced Katusha around the waist. She stared into his eyes.

"You must not, Dmitry Ivanovich; you must not do it," said she, blushing and drawing aside his hand with her rough, strong hand.

Nekhludov let her go, and for an instant he felt not only ashamed and awkward, but was even disgusting to himself. He should have believed himself, but he did not understand that this awkwardness and shame were the best feelings of his soul, forcing themselves outside; and, on the contrary, it appeared to him that foolishness speaks in him—that he must do as others do.

He overtook her again, again embraced her and kissed her on the neck. The kiss was not at all the same as the first kiss—the first unconscious kiss behind the lilac bush. This was terrible, and she felt it.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed in such a voice, as if he had irreparably broken something most valuable, and she quickly ran away from him.

All that evening he was ill at ease; he now went to his

aunts, now went back to his room, and on the staircase. His only thought was how to meet her face to face; but she shunned him.

Thus passed the evening and night came. The aunts went to sleep. Nekhludov knew that Matriona Pavlovna is now in the aunts' bedroom, and that Katusha is in the aunts, now went back to his room, and on the staircase. again. It was dark, damp and warm outside. The air was filled with that white fog which melts in springtime the last snow, or which rises from that melted snow. Queer sounds came from the river, which was about a hundred feet away, under the steepness around the house —the ice was breaking.

Nekhludov came down the stairs, and, stepping over the plash upon the frozen snow, walked up to the window of the maid-servants' room. His heart beat so fast in his breast that he could hear it; his breathing stopped at times, and at times it came out in a heavy sigh. A small lamp was burning in the room; Katusha, alone, sat by the table, absorbed in thought and stared into the distance. Nekhludov stood motionless for some time and looked at her; he waited to see what she will do, thinking that she is not seen by any one. She was motionless for two minutes, then she raised her eyes, smiled, nodded her head as if refreshing herself, and, changing her attitude, she put both hands on the table and fixed her eyes into the distance.

He stood looking at her, unwillingly listening simultaneously to the beating of his own heart and to the queer sounds that came from the river. There on the river, in the mist, some kind of unceasing, slow labor went on; something was snoring, then cracking, then falling, clinking like glass—the thin, drifting ice.

He stood looking at the thoughtful face of Katusha, tortured with inward emotion; he felt a deep pity for her, but this pity only strengthened his desire, which wholly dominated him. He knocked at the window. She

trembled as if shocked by an electric current, and terror was expressed on her face. Then she sprang up, went to the window and pressed her face against the window-pane. The terror did not even then leave her face, when, shading her eyes with both her palms, she recognized him Her face was unusually serious; he had never seen it so. She only smiled when he smiled, as if in obedience to him, but in her heart there was no smile, only fear.

He made a motion with his hand, calling her out to him, but she shook her head, and remained standing at the window. He again neared his face to the window-pane, desiring to cry out, but this time she turned around to the door.

Evidently somebody had called her. Nekhludov went away from the window. The fog was so thick that one could not see the window at a distance of five feet from the house, but it appeared as a dark mass from which the light of a red lamp seemed enormously large.

The snoring, rustling, crackling and clinking of the drifting ice still continued. Not far from the midst of the fog a cock crowed out, others near by answered; from the distant village other cocks crowed, intercepting one another, and finally blending into one. After passing around the corner of the house several times, and stepping into a pool of water as often as he pleased, Nekhludov again approached the window. The lamp was still burning; Katusha sat alone as though she had not decided. As he approached, she looked up. He knocked. Without again looking up she immediately ran out, and he heard the door open, then creak.

He awaited her at the entrance and silently embraced her. She pressed close to him, lifted her head, and, with her lips met his kiss. They stood on a dry place, near the corner of the vestibule, and he was filled with torturing, unsatisfied desire. Suddenly the door again creaked, and with the creaking was heard the angry voice of Matriona Pavlovna, "Katusha!" Tearing herself away from him,

she returned to the maids' apartments. Nekhludov again approached the window, but saw nobody. He knocked, but no answer. He returned to the house by the main entrance, but did not fall asleep. He took off his boots and walked barefooted through the corridor to her door, which was side by side with that of Matriona Pavlovna. At first he heard the peaceful snoring of the woman, and he already wanted to enter, but suddenly she began to cough and turned on her creaking bed. He was stupefied, and stood there for about five minutes.

When all was quiet, the peaceful snoring continued, and, trying to step on the boards that did not creak, he went further until he came to her very door. All was quiet. Apparently she was not asleep, because her breathing was not heard. But as soon as he whispered, "Katusha!" she jumped up, came to the door, and, angrily began to persuade him to go away.

"What is it, then? What does it look like? Well, is it allowable?" said her lips, while her whole being expressed, "I am all yours."

And only this Nekhludov understood.

"Open the door but for a moment, I pray you." He was saying meaningless words. She became silent; he heard the motion of her hand feeling for the hook. The hook knocked and he quickly passed the open door.

He seized her, as she was, in a coarse linen shirt, with bare arms, lifted her and carried her away.

"Oh, what's the matter with you?" she murmured.

But he paid no attention to her words, carrying her to him.

"Oh, don't! Let me go!" she was pleading.

And she herself was nestling closer to him.

* * * * * * * *

When she, silent and trembling, not replying to his words, went away from him, he went out on the balcony, trying to comprehend the meaning of all that had happened.

It was lighter. Down on the river the crackling and jingling and snoring of the floating ice had become stronger; the murmuring of the new day was added to all prior sounds. The fog began to settle, and from behind the mist sailed forth the young moon, gloomily lighting something dark and fearful.

"What is it, then? Is it great happiness or misfortune that befell me?" he was asking himself. "Always so; always so," he said to himself, then went to sleep.

CHAPTER X.

On the following day the jovial Shenbok called on Nekhludov and charmed the aunts with his elegance, politeness, generosity and his love for Dimitry. The exaggeration of generosity made even them mistrust it.

Shenbok remained only for one day, and on the following evening left, together with Nekhludov. They could not stay any longer, as it was the last day in which to report to the regiment.

In the heart of Nekhludov, on this last day spent at his aunts' home, when the recollection of the night was still fresh in his mind, two feelings struggled: one, the burning, passionate recollection of animal love, which gave much less satisfaction than it had promised, only the feeling of conquest; the second, the consciousness that he had done something that was wrong, and that that deed must be set right, not for her, but for himself.

There was the egoism of Nekhludov; his only thought was for himself, whether he would be condemned if it were known; he did not consider what and how she feels, and what would become of her.

He thought Shenbok guessed his relations with Katusha, and it flattered his vanity.

"So that is why you all of a sudden fell in love with your aunts?" said Shenbok to him, seeing Katusha, "and stayed with them for a whole week? I, in your place, would not go away, either. Beautiful!"

And although Nekhludov felt sorry to go away just now, before being able to fully enjoy his love, yet the necessity of going away immediately had the advantage of severing all ties between him and Katusha, which, however pleasant, it would be burdensome to keep up. He thought of giving her money, not for her sake, or that she might need it, but because it was customary, and he would be considered a dishonest man if he should not pay her; and he gave her money—as much as he thought would be suitable for a man in his station to a girl in hers.

On the day of his departure, after dinner, he awaited her in the hall. She flushed on seeing him, and wanted to pass him by, reaching with her eyes the open door of the maids' apartments, but he held her back.

"I wanted to say good-by,' he said, crumpling in his hand an envelope with a hundred-ruble bill in it. "Here, I——"

She guessed, her features contracted, she shook her head and pushed his hand away.

"No—take it," he murmured, thrusting it in the bosom of her shirt. Feeling as if burned, he ran upstairs to his room, frowning and groaning.

And for a long time after this he was walking up and down his room, groaning aloud, contracting all his body as if from physical pain whenever he thought of the scene.

But what could be done? It was always that way. It had happened to Shenbok and the governess, about whom he used to tell; to his Uncle Grisha; to his father when he lived in the country with a peasant woman, who bore him a son, Mitenka, still alive, and if everybody does this way there can be no wrong in it. Thus he was trying to justify his act, but he could not calm his conscience. The mere recollection of it burned him.

In his heart he felt that he had committed wrong, that his act was mean, low and brutal, and the recollection of it did not permit him not only to condemn others for simi-

far deeds, but to look them in the face. It did not permit him to consider himself a noble, kind young gentleman, as he used to. And it was necessary to consider himself such in order to continue bravely his gay life. For this there was only one remedy—not to think about it. And he did not.

The life into which he entered—new places, friends, war—helped him in this, and the more he lived the more he forgot, and finally he forgot it completely.

After the war, only once (with the hope of seeing her) he visited his aunts, when he found that Katusha had left them soon after his departure; had given birth to a child, and, as they had heard, had become a dissolute woman. His heart sank.

The child she bore might or might not be his. The aunts were saying that she was a bad character, like her mother. And this was pleasing to him, for it justified him. At first he wanted to look her up and the child, but later, because in his soul he was ashamed, and because it was too painful to him to think about it, he did not make the necessary efforts to find her, and entirely forgot about his wrong.

But now this wonderful incident reminded him of everything, and demanded from him the acknowledgment of his heartlessness, meanness and brutality which gave him the possibility to live those ten years with such a sin on his conscience. But he was still far from such an acknowledgment, and at present his only fear was lest she and her attorney should tell everything, and by so doing compromise him before the world.

CHAPTER XI.

But, as if in spite, the trial dragged on long. After the examination of the witnesses, each separately, and the expert, and after all the usual unnecessary questions that were put by the district attorney, his assistant and the attorneys for the defendants, the presiding justice now

offered to the jurors for inspection the articles which constituted the material evidence of the case, consisting of a ring of enormous size, set with small diamonds, and a filter in which the poison was analyzed. All these things were sealed and labeled.

When the inspection of these articles was ended the presiding judge declared the judicial investigation ended, and without interruption, desiring to end it quicker, asked the prosecuting attorney to make his closing address, hoping that he, too, was a man who wanted to smoke and eat dinner, and would therefore take pity on them. But he showed no pity either for himself or for them.

The assistant district attorney spoke very long, partly trying to recollect all the smart things which he prepared for the occasion, but mainly for the purpose of not stopping for a second, and that his speech should continue without a halt for an hour and a quarter. Only once he stopped, and for some time he stood swallowing saliva, but he soon caught up and made up the delay with a fresh flow of oratory. At one time he spoke in a soft, stealing voice, changing from one foot to the other, and looking at the jurors; at another time in a quiet, business-like tone, looking in his notebook, or in a loud, accusing tone, which he addressed to the audience or to the jurors. Only at the defendants, who did not take their eyes from him, he never looked. In his speech was all that was then and is still considered the last word of scientific wisdom. Here was crime by inheritance, inborn crime, Lombroso, Tard, evolution, the struggle for existence, hypnotism, Scharko and decadence.

The meaning of his oration, with the exception of the oratory, was that Maslova hypnotized the merchant, stealing into his confidence, and letting herself into his hotel room with a key. She wanted to take all his money, but, being caught by Simon and Evfimia, she was compelled to divide the spoils with them. After this, in order to hide

the crime, she again came to the hotel with the merchant and there poisoned him.

After the closing address of the assistant district attorney, from the table assigned for the attorneys a middle-aged man in evening dress, with a large, half round starched bosom, arose and boldly made a speech in defense of Kartinkin and Bochkova. This was the attorney they hired for three hundred rubles. He defended them both and shifted over the crime to Maslova.

He denied that Bochkova and Kartinkin were with Maslova when she took the money, insisting on the fact that the testimony of a detected poisoner is of no value and should not be admitted. The money, twenty-five hundred rubles, said the attorney, might have been made by these two honest and industrious individuals, that used to get from three to five roubles a day from visitors. The money of the merchant was taken by Maslova and given over to somebody, or perhaps lost, as she was not in a normal state.

The poisoning was done by Maslova herself.

Therefore he asked the jurors to find his clients, Kartinkin and Bochkova, not guilty of robbery; however, should they be found guilty of robbery, it was without intent, and in no way connected with the poisoning.

In conclusion, the attorney remarked with sarcasm to the assistant district attorney that the learned discussion of the worthy district attorney about inheritance of crime, etc., although making clear the scientific question about it, did not apply to this case, as Bochkova was of unknown parentage.

The district attorney angrily wrote down something on his paper and shrugged his shoulders with contempt.

Then the attorney for Maslova arose and, bashfully stammering, began his defense. Not denying that Maslova took part in the stealing of money, he insisted on the fact that she had no intention of poisoning Smelkov, but gave him the powder that he would fall asleep. He made

an effort to prove that Maslova was ruined by a man who remained unpunished, while on her fell the burden of her ruined life, but this excursion of the attorney in the dominion of psychology was very unsuccessful, and embarrassed everybody present. While he was stammering about the cruelty of men and the helplessness of women the judge, desiring to relieve him, requested that he should speak more to the point under discussion.

After this attorney for the defendant, the assistant district attorney again arose to defend his stand which he took about inheritance of crime, and to answer the first attorney for the defendants with the argument that, notwithstanding the fact that Bochkova is of unknown parentage, nevertheless the theory does not suffer by it, because it is placed by science on such a firm basis that one could not only trace inheritance to crime, but also crime to inheritance. Saying this, he victoriously sat down.

After this the defendants were asked to plead.

Evfimia Bochkova repeated that she knew nothing, and did not take part in anything, stubbornly insisting that Maslova was the cause of all. Simon only repeated several times: "Your Honor, I am innocent." But Maslova said nothing. On the request of the judge that she should say all she had to say in her defense, she only shifted her eyes to his face, looked at everybody like a hunted animal, and began to cry nervously.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the merchant that sat next to Nekhludov, hearing a queer sound which escaped him. This sound was a suppressed sigh.

Nekhludov at this time did not quite understand, and attributed his suppressed sobbing and the tears in his eyes to the weakness of his nerves. He put on his eyeglasses in order to hide the tears, and then took out his handkerchief and began to blow his nose.

The fear of the disgrace if everybody in the courtroom should learn of his deed drowned the voice of his con-

science. This fear was supreme at this moment; every other feeling was swallowed by it.

CHAPTER XII.

After the few closing words of the prosecuting attorney and the consultation of all attorneys in the case, which lasted for a considerable time, as to how to put the case, i. e., under what statute, those points were finally adjusted and the judge began his summing up and also his charge to the jury.

From the time the judge began to speak Maslova did not remove her eyes from his face; she looked at him as if afraid that she would lose a word, and for that reason Nekhludov, not being afraid to meet her gaze, continuously looked at her. And in his imagination occurred the usual phenomenon by which the face of a beloved person, not seen for many years, strikes you at first with its changes, but after some time little by little it becomes the same as it was many years ago; and before your spiritual eyes arises that exclusive, unrepeated expression of personality. This was going on in Nekhludov's mind.

Yes, notwithstanding the prison garb, the broadened body and developed bust, notwithstanding the blown-up lower part of her face, the wrinkles on her brow and temples, and the swollen eyes, it was undoubtedly the same Katusha who once so innocently looked up at him, her beloved one, with her eyes full of love, happiness and life.

And such a wonderful coincidence.

It had to happen that this case should come up in his term of jury duty; that he, not meeting her anywhere for ten years, should meet her there as a defendant in such a case. What will it all end with? Quicker! Oh, if it would only end!

He did not yet give in to the feeling of repentance which he began to feel. He looked at it as on a happening by mere chance, which would pass by and would not in any way influence his life. He felt himself in the posi-

tion of a pup that did not behave in the house when his master takes him by his back and pokes his nose into the mess which he made.

The pup whines, draws himself back and wishes himself far away from the consequences of his act, and to forget it, but the cruel master does not let him go. So did Nekhludov feel already all the filth of his deed and also the mighty hand of the master, but still he did not realize the significance and the personality of the master. He did not want to believe that all before him was his deed. But the merciless hand held him tight, and he felt already that he would not be able to break away. He continued to affect bravery, and by habit crossing one foot over the other and carelessly playing with his pince-nez in a self-conscious pose, sat in the second seat of the first row. But at the same time he felt already in his heart the cruelty, meanness and lowness, not only of this his deed, but of his whole, whole idle, dissipated, cruel and selfish life; and that terrible curtain which as if by magic, all this time, all these twelve years, hid from his view this crime, and all his later life began to wave, and he could already, at intervals, glimpse behind it!

Finally the presiding justice ended his speech, and with a graceful movement taking up the minutes of the case, handed them to the approaching foreman of the jury.

The jurors got up, being glad that they could go away, and not knowing what to do with their hands, as if ashamed of something, one after another filed out of the courtroom and went to the consultation room. As soon as the door closed after them, a gendarme walked up to the door, unsheathed his sword, and, putting it on his shoulders, placed himself at the door.

The judges rose and went away, and the defendants were also led away.

Entering the consultation room, the jurors, as before, first of all took out their cigarettes and began to smoke. They all felt, more or less, the unnatural and false posi-

tion they were in while sitting in the courtroom, but this feeling passed away as soon as they entered the consultation room, and they lighted their cigarettes, established themselves comfortably and began a lively conversation.

From all that occurred in the courtroom, and from Nekhludov's personal acquaintance with Maslova, he was convinced that she was guilty neither of the robbery nor of the poisoning, and he was sure in the beginning that all would find her so, but when he saw that owing to the clumsy arguments of the merchant in her favor, evidently based on the fact that he took a liking to her for her splendid looks, which fact he did not conceal, and on account of the reproaching of the foreman for that, and that everybody was weary, the decision began to be in favor of conviction. He wanted to reply, but he feared to speak for Maslova; he imagined that everybody would immediately find out his relationship to her.

Rable writes that a lawyer to whom two parties came to adjust some matter between them, after pointing out the numerous laws on the surject, and after reading twenty pages of illegible Latin, advised them to draw lots.

Such was the case here. This or the other decision was agreed upon, not because they all found it to be so, but because, in the first place, the presiding justice spoke so long that he forgot this time to tell them what he always used to say, namely, that answering the question they may say: "Yes, she is guilty, but without the intent to commit homicide;" secondly, because the colonel tired them with his wearisome story about the wife of his brother-in-law; thirdly, for the reason that Nekhludov was so excited that he did not notice the omission of the intent of committing homicide, and thought that their answer, which read "without premeditation," canceled the whole charge against her; fourthly, because a juror was not in the room. He was leaving the room when the foreman read the questions and answers, and, above all, because everybody was tired and wanted to get rid of it and

for that reason agreed with that verdict which could be reached the quickest.

The jurors rang. The gendarme who stood with his sword on his shoulder near the door made way for them. The judges took their seats, and the jurors filed in one after the other.

The foreman carried a list with an air of victory. He approached the presiding justice and handed it to him. The latter read it over, and, evidently surprised, made a motion with his hand, and turning to his associates consulted with them. The judge was surprised that the jurors speaking for the first part of the question, which said, "Without intent to commit robbery," did not bespeak the other, without intent to cause death. By the verdict it appeared that Maslova, without intent to steal or for any other material or other causes, poisoned a human being.

"Look what an absurdity they brought out," the judge said to his associate at his left. "This is a sentence to Siberia, at hard labor, and she is innocent."

"How is that, not guilty?" asked the serious associate justice.

"Simply not guilty. In my opinion it is but an application of the statute 817." (This statute provides that in case the court finds the verdict of the jury inconsistent with the evidence it may be set aside by the court.) "What do you think?" the judge asked of the kind member.

He did not look up immediately, but looked at the number of the paper that lay before him, and added the numbers, but it could not be divided by three. He thought of a number and decided that if it were divisible he would agree with the opinion of the presiding justice, but although the number was not divisible he agreed anyhow.

"I think so, too," he said.

"And you?" asked the judge of the serious member of the court.

"Under no circumstances," he answered decidedly. "Even as it is, the newspapers say that the jurors acquit criminals. What will they say when the court will acquit? Under no circumstances will I agree."

The presiding justice looked at his watch. "I am sorry, but what is to be done?" and handed the questions to the foreman that he should read them.

Everybody got up, and the foreman, changing from one foot to the other, read the questions and answers. All the court people, the secretary, the attorneys, even the assistant district attorney, expressed surprise.

The defendants, apparently, did not realize the meaning and import of the answers. Again all sat down, and the presiding justice asked the district attorney to what punishment he thought to sentence the defendants.

The district attorney, being glad of his victory in the case of Maslova, considering it the result of his fine oratory, consulted something, arose and said:

"Simon Kartinkin I would sentence under the statute 1,452 and 4 p. 1,453. Evfimia Bochkova under the statute 1,659, and Ekaterina Maslova under the statute 1,454."

All these sentences were the severest to which they could have been sentenced.

"The court will retire for affirming the verdict," said the judge, rising.

All got up, and with the conscience of doing a good deed began to pass out of the courtroom."

"But we, dear, lied shamefully," said one, approaching Nekhludov, to whom the foreman was telling something. "We transported her to Siberia."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Nekhludov, not noticing at this time the unpleasant familiarity of the teacher.

"Yes; we did not put in our answer that she is guilty, but without intent to commit homicide. The secretary just now told me that the district attorney is putting her under the statute of fifteen years at hard labor in Siberia."

"It was so decided," said the foreman.

Nekhludov looked at the defendants. They whose fate was being decided were sitting motionless behind the grate, guarded by soldiers. Maslova was smiling about something. In the heart of Nekhludov stirred a bad feeling. Prior to this, expecting her acquittal and that she would remain in the city, he was not decided about the manner in which to treat her. But Siberia at once put an end to every possibility of intercourse. The wounded bird would cease to struggle in the hunting bag and remind of its existence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Returning from the consultation room, the presiding judge took a paper and read:

"In the year 188—, April 28th, by order of His Royal Highness, N——, the criminal division of the Supreme Court, by the decision of the jurors, under the sections 3 p. st. 771, 3 p. st. 776 and st. 777 in statute of criminal jurisprudence, it is decreed: The peasant Simon Kartinkin, thirty-three years, and the peasant woman, Ekaternia Maslova, twenty-seven years, are to forfeit all rights of citizenship and possession and to be sent to Siberia for hard labor, Kartinkin for the period of eight years and Maslova for four years, with the consequences for both under statute 25. The peasant, Evfimia Bochkova, forty-three years, to lose all special rights of the person and ownership and to imprisonment for three years, with the consequences under statute 48. The court expenses in this case to be divided among the defendants equally, and in case they may be unable to pay them, to be paid by the government.

"The material evidence of this case to be sold, the ring to be returned, the glass tubes to be destroyed."

Kartinkin stood erect, his hands hanging at his sides, the fingers far apart. Bochkova seemed perfectly collected. Masloca turned purple when she heard the verdict.

"I am not guilty! not guilty!" she suddenly exclaimed. "It is a sin. I am not guilty. I did not intend, did not think. I tell the truth. It is true," and falling on the bench she began to cry loudly.

When Kartinkin and Bochkova went out she was still sitting on her place, crying, so that the gendarme had to touch her on her arm.

"No; it is impossible to leave it so," said Nekhludov to himself, forgetting his bad feeling, and, not knowing why, hurried out into the hall to look at her once more.

A lively crowd of departing jurors and attorneys, pleased with the end of the trial, crowded in the door, so that he was delayed for several minutes.

When he went out into the hall she was already far away. With quick steps, not thinking of the attention he was attracting he caught up with her, got ahead and stopped. She had stopped crying already; wiping her reddened face with a corner of her handkerchief, she passed him by without looking around.

Letting her pass, he promptly returned in order to see the presiding justice, but found him already gone.

He overtook him near the entrance. "Your honor," said Nekhludov, approaching him, "may I speak to you about the case that was just decided? I am one of the jurors."

"Yes, certainly, Count Nekhludov. Very pleased; we met before," said the judge, pressing his hand and with pleasure remembering the evening when they first met, and how well he danced that evening. "What can I do for you?"

"There came out a misunderstanding in the answer about Maslova. She is not guilty of the poisoning; at the same time, we convicted her," said Nekhludov with a grave countenance.

"The court laid down its decision according to the answers of the jury," said the judge, moving toward the

door, "although the answers seemed inconsistent with the evidence to the court, too."

He reminded himself that he wanted to explain to the jurors that their answer "Guilty" without intent affirms her guilty of murder with intent, but being in haste to finish, he did not do it.

"Yes, but could we not correct the error?"

"A cause for an appeal may always be found. It is necessary to consult an attorney," he said, putting on his hat and going toward the door.

"But this is terrible!"

"Don't you see, Maslova was to get one of the two?" evidently wishing to be pleasant to Nekhludov, said the judge, adjusting his beard and taking Nekhludov lightly by the elbow, directing him to the door, continued: "You are going, too?"

"Yes," he said, putting on his coat and going with him.

They stepped out in the bright rays of the sun, and the noise of the passing carriages made it necessary for them to raise their voices in order to continue the conversation.

"The situation, you see, is queer," continued the judge, "that Maslova was liable to one of the two, either acquittal or to the gallows—nothing between the two. If they had added the words, 'but without intent to cause death,' she would have been acquitted."

"I unpardonably omitted it," said Nekhludov.

"This is the whole case." said the judge, smilingly, looking at his watch.

There only remained three-quarters of an hour to his appointment with Clara. "Now, if you wish to consult an attorney, it is necessary to find a cause for appeal; but this can always be found."

"On Dvorlanska," answering the driver, "thirty cents; I never can pay any more."

"Very well, your honor."

"My respects. If I can be of any help to you—on

Dvorlanska, Dvornikov's house. Easy to remember, you see." And bowing amiably to Nekhludov, he drove away.

CHAPTER XIV.

This talk with the justice and the fresh air had the effect of quieting Nekhludov somewhat. He even began to think that he exaggerated his feelings, due to his having passed the entire morning under such an unusual strain.

"It is certainly a most remarkable coincidence, and it is absolutely necessary that everything possible be done to lighten her fate at once, immediately. Yes, I will find out where either Fanarin or Mikishin is."

These were two well-known attorneys. Acting on this thought, Nekhludov returned to the courthouse, took off his coat and went upstairs. In the first hall he met Fanarin, whom he stopped, telling him that he had some business with him.

Fanarin, knowing him by name, said he would be delighted to accommodate him.

"Although I am tired, yet if it is not very long, you may tell me your business now. Step this way, please."

He brought Nekhludov into a room, apparently the private room of some judge. They sat down at a table.

"Well, what is the case about?"

"First of all, I would ask you to keep my interest in this case unknown to any one save yourself," began Nekhludov.

"That is understood. And so——"

"To-day I acted as juror and we convicted an innocent woman to Siberia's hard labor. It tortures me."

Nekhludov blushed unexpectedly for himself, and suddenly began to stammer. Fanarin let his eyes flash on him, but, dropping them, began to listen again.

"Well?" he only said.

"We convicted an innocent woman, and I would like to appeal the case and to take it to a higher tribunal."

Nekhludov wanted to be through with the most unpleasant part of the interview, and for that reason quickly added: "All the expenses of this case, including the fees, I take upon myself," he said, blushingly.

"Upon this we will agree later on," said the attorney, smiling over his inexperience.

"What is the case about?"

Nekhludov told him.

"All right; to-morrow I will take the case, and will look it over, and after to-morrow—no, let's say Thursday. Come up to see me at 6 p. m. I will give you an answer. All right? Well, come, I must make some inquiries yet."

Nekhludov took leave of him and went out.

The interview with the attorney and the fact that he had already taken steps to defend Maslova calmed him still more. He went out; the weather was beautiful, and he breathed with pleasure the fresh Spring air.

The cabmen were offering their services, but he preferred to walk. Immediately thoughts and recollections about Katusha and his connection with her passed through his mind. He felt sad, and everything appeared gloomy.

"No, this I will think over later. Now it is necessary to divert myself in some way."

He thought of the dinner at the Korchagins and looked at his watch. It was not yet too late to go. He ran after a passing car and jumped on the platform. He got off at the square, however, and took a first-class cab. In a few minutes he found himself at the door of the large house of the Korchagins.

CHAPTER XV.

Maslova returned to her cell in the jail only at six o'clock in the evening, weary and footsore, having, unaccustomed to walking as she was, gone more than fifteen verets that day upon a stony road. She was crushed by the unexpected blow of the severe sentence, and was tormented besides with hunger. During the first recess

in her trial, and when the soldiers were eating their luncheon of bread and hard-boiled eggs in her presence, her teeth watered and she realized that she was hungry, but she would not degrade herself by begging before them. After three more hours had passed she had entirely forgotten her hunger, and she felt only a weakness. In such a state she received the altogether unexpected sentence. At first she thought she had not heard rightly; she could not believe her own ears; she could not imagine herself a convict in Siberia. But, seeing the self-contained, business-like faces of the judge and jury, who listened to the sentence as if it were the most natural thing in the world, she grew very indignant and cried out to the court that she was innocent. Finding that her cry was also met as something very natural and expected, as something which could not in the slightest degree alter matters, she began to weep bitterly, feeling that she must submit to the cruel and surprising injustice that had been done her. She was astonished at the fact that she had been convicted by men, young men, not old ones—by the same men that always looked on her so pleasantly. One of them, the public prosecutor, whom she had seen in an entirely different humor, had now condemned her. While she was sitting in the prisoners' waiting room before the trial began and during the recesses she saw how these men passed the door or came into the room for the sole purpose of seeing her. And now these same men had for some unknown reason convicted her to hard labor in Siberia, though she was innocent of the crime with which she was charged. At first she cried, then she became quiet and sat as if stupefied by the blow in the prisoners' room, waiting to be led back to jail. She wanted only one thing now—a cigarette. In such condition she was found by Bochkova and Kartinkin when they were brought into the same room after the sentence was pronounced. Bochkova at once began to heap insults upon her, and called her "convict."

"Well, what have you gained? Have you succeeded in justifying yourself, you strumpet? It serves you right! In Siberia you will give up your finery, never fear."

Maslova sat, her head bowed, her hands inside her wide sleeves, her eyes fixed on the dirty floor, and she only said:

"I do not interfere with you, and leave me alone. I do not bother you," she repeated several times, and again she sank into silence. She only brightened up a little when Bochkova and Kartinkin were led away, and a keeper brought her three roubles.

"Are you Maslova?" he asked. "Here, this was sent to you by a lady," he said, handing her the money.

"What lady?"

"You just take it. I have no time to talk to such as you."

This money was sent by Kitaeva. As she was leaving the courtroom she turned to the usher and asked him whether she might leave some money for Maslova. The usher said she may. Afte ushe obtained his permission, she removed her kid gloves from her plump, white hand and brought out an elegant purse from the black folds of her silk dress, and selected from a bulky package of freshly-cut coupons, earned by her, one coupon worth two roubles and fifty kopecks, and adding two twenty and one ten-kopeck coins, she handed all this to the usher. The usher called the keeper and gave him the money in her presence.

"Please be sure you give it to her right," said Karolina Albertovna Kitaeva to the keeper.

The keeper felt hurt by her want of confidence, and this was the reason he treated Maslova in such a harsh manner.

Maslova was glad to get the money, as it would procure her the only thing she now wished for.

"If I could only procure cigarettes and have a good smoke," she thought, and all her thoughts concentrated on the one wish—to get a good smoke. Her desire for it

was so great that she greedily inhaled the air in which was felt the tobacco smoke that came in from the door of a room that opened into the passageway. But she had to wait a very long time, for the secretary, who had to send her off, forgot all about the prisoners while talking and even disputing about the prohibited article with one of the lawyers.

At last, about five o'clock, she was led out through the back door by her escort, the Choovash and the man from Nijni. When in the corridor she asked them to procure for her two rolls and cigarettes, and gave them twenty kopecks for that purpose. The Choocash took the money and laughed, saying as he did so: "Well, we will get," and he really bought for her the cigarettes and the rolls and honestly returned the change. She was not allowed to smoke on the way, and had to continue her way to the prison with her longing unsatisfied. By the prison gate she met a hundred convicts who had arrived by the rail, and who were being led in.

The convicts, bearded, shaven, young, old, several with heads half-shaved, rattling with the chains on their feet, filled the vestibule with dust, noise and the sharp smell of perspiration. Passing Maslova, the convicts looked at her, and a few came up to her and touched her as they passed.

"Ay, here is a girl—a beauty!" said one. "My respect to aunty," said another, winking one eye at her. One dark man with a mustache, the rest of his face and head clean shaven, sprang at her, rattling with his chains, and embraced her.

"Well, don't you recognize your chum? Don't show us your fine airs!" he cried, showing his teeth and looking at her with his glittering eyes, when she pushed him away from her.

"What are you up to, you knave?" shouted the assistant inspector, who came up from behind. The convict recoiled and jumped away.

"What are you doing here?" The assistant turned upon Maslova.

Maslova was going to reply that they were bringing her from the Court of Justice, but she was so tired that she felt too lazy to speak.

"From the Court, your honor," said the older of the two soldiers, coming forward with hand to his cap.

"Hand her over to the head warden. I will not tolerate such indecency!"

"To your service!"

"Sokoloff! Take the prisoner in!" shouted the assistant inspector.

The head warden came up and angrily pushed her shoulder, and, making a sign with his head for her to follow, he led her into the passage of the woman's ward. There she was searched, and as nothing prohibited was found upon her person (the package of cigarettes she had safely hidden away in the roll) they led her into the cell which she had left in the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

The cell in which Maslova was imprisoned was a long room. It had a large, dilapidated stove and two windows. Two-thirds of the room was taken up by shelves that served the prisoners as beds. They were made of planks that had dried and shrunk. On the wall opposite the door hung an image of a dark color with a wax candle sticking to it. Under it hung a dusty bunch of immortals. Behind the door to the left a dark spot was to be seen on the floor. On it stood an evil-smelling tub. The inspection had already taken place, and the women were locked up for the night.

The room was occupied by fifteen inmates—twelve women and three children.

It was still light, and only two women were lying down on the shelves. One, who had covered herself over the head with her prison cloak, was an idiot who was arrested

because she had no passport. She slept most of the time. The other, a consumptive woman imprisoned for theft, was not asleep, but lay with wide open eyes, her coat folded under her head, trying with all her might not to cough, and keeping back the phlegm that irritated her throat. A few other women, most of them bareheaded, having nothing on but their coarse chemises, were sitting on the shelves and sewing. Others were looking out of the windows at the convicts down in the yard. Of the three women who were sewing, one was Korableva, the old woman who saw Maslova off in the morning. She was a sullen, wrinkled woman, tall and strong. with blond hair that was already turning gray on the temples, plaited into a short braid, and a samll hair-grown wart on her cheek. Korableva was sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia for the murder of her husband, whom she had killed with an axe. She had done it because he was after her daughter. She was the head of the cell, and also carried on a trade in spirits. She wore glasses while sewing, and held the needle in her large hand peasant fashion, with three fingers. Beside her sat another woman sewing on a coarse canvas bag. She was a dark, short, snub-nosed woman with small, black eyes, good-natured and loquacious. This was the wife of a railway watchman. She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment because she failed to come out with the flag, and the train that was passing met with an accident.

The third sewing woman was Feodosia—Fenichka, as she was generally called. She was very pretty, with a white and pink complexion, long, fair hair, that she wore twisted in plaits round her small, shapely head, and with bright blue, childish eyes, a very young and charming woman, who was imprisoned for attempting to poison her husband. She had done this immediately after her marriage, into which she was forced when scarcely sixteen years old, and because her husband gave her no peace. But in the eight months during which she awaited her

trial, and during which she was out on bail, she not only made up with her husband, but came to love him with all her heart, so that when her trial came it found her living with her husband all in all to each other. Although her husband, her father-in-law, and especially her mother-in-law, who came to love her very dearly, did everything in their power to have her acquitted, she was sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia. The kind, merry, smiling Feodosia had a place next to Maslova on the shelves, and not only fell in love with her, but considered it her duty to serve and wait on her.

Of the two other women who were sitting on the shelves without any work, one was a woman of about forty, with a pale, emaciated face. She must have been very beautiful once, but now she was thin and pale. She held her baby in her arms, feeding him at her long, white breast. Her crime consisted in trying to free a recruit, her nephew, who was, in the opinion of the peasant unlawfully taken, and she was the first to get hold of the bridle of the horse on which he was being carried off. The other woman, who was sitting idly, was a short, wrinkled, kindly old woman, gray haired and hunch backed. She sat on the shelves near the stove, and was pretending to catch a fat four-year-old boy with closely cropped hair, who ran past her laughing gayly. The boy had only his shirt on, and, running back and forth, he kept repeating:

"You can't catch me!"

This old woman was, together with her son, accused of incendiarism. She bore her imprisonment very cheerfully. She only thought of her son, who was with her in jail; but more than all she was concerned about her husband, fearing that he would get into a horrible state with no one to wash and clean him, as her daughter-in-law had also left him. Besides these women who were sitting on the shelves there were four more standing at the open windows, and, holding on to the iron bars, they were conversing with the passing convicts, the same whom Mas-

lova met, by the means of signs and shouting. One of these women was serving her term for theft. She was large and heavy, with a freckled, yellowish face, red hair and fat neck that the unbuttoned shirt collar left wholly exposed. She shouted loudly in a hoarse voice something very indecent. The woman who stood beside her was not bigger than a child of ten, a miserable being, with a long spine and very short legs. She had a red, blotted face, with eyes too far apart, and thick, short lips, which did not cover her white teeth. She broke by fits and starts into screeching laughter at what she saw going on in the yards. She was to be tried for theft and arson, and was nicknamed Khoroshavka because of her love for finery. The woman who stood behind these two looked very miserable in her dirty gray shirt. She was tried for concealment of theft. She kept silent, but was smiling with pleasure at what she saw in the yard. The fourth woman who was standing at the window served a term of imprisonment for the illicit sale of spirits. She was a short, thick-set country woman with a good-natured face, and was the mother of the little boy who was playing with the old woman and of a seven-year-old little girl. They were with her in prison because she had no one to take care of them. She, as well as the others, looked out of the window, knitting in the same time a stocking; she seemingly disapproving of what was going on, frowning and closing her eyes. But her little daughter in her little chemise, her white hair hanging loose around her head, held on to the skirts of the red-haired woman with her small, thin hand and attentively listened to the obscene words that were exchanged between the women at the window and the passing prisoners, and she repeated them softly to herself, as if trying to learn them by heart. The twelfth prisoner was the daughter of a deacon, who had drowned her infant in a well. She was a tall, stately girl, her thick, short plait of blond hair was half undone, and her fair hair hung down disheveled and tangled. She did not pay

any attention to what was going on, and walked up and down the cell, turning abruptly every time she reached the wall.

CHAPTER XVII.

As soon as Maslova entered the cell and the key was turned once more in the lock, all the prisoners turned toward her; even the deacon's daughter stopped for a moment in her walk and looked at her, elevating her eyebrows. But she did not say anything, and again began to pace the room with her large, energetic steps. Korableva stuck her needle into the coarse canvas and looked questioningly at Maslova through her glasses.

"Eh, eh? So you came back, and I thought that they would surely acquit you?" she said in her hoarse, thick voice. "They worked you in, they did."

She took off her spectacles and put them down, together with her work, beside her on the shelf.

"And here we discussed—old aunty and I—that maybe they'll let you free at once. I was told that they even give you money. It all depends on the hour you strike," began the watchman's wife, in her sing-song voice. "But our prediction was not fulfilled. God's will, my dove—there is nothing to be done against it," she continued in her musical, friendly voice.

"Is it possible that they have convicted you?" Feodosia asked; her merry face changed, as if she was going to cry, and her childish blue eyes gazed at Maslova with tender pity.

Maslova went silently over to her place, the second from the end, and sat down beside Korableva.

"You had surely not eaten," said Feodosia, coming over to where she was sitting.

But Maslova gave no reply. She put her rolls on her bed and began to disrobe. She took off her dusty cloak and the kerchief from her black, curly hair and sat down.

The old woman who was playing with the boy on the

other end of the shelf came up and stood right in front of Maslova. "Tz-tz-tz!" she clicked her tongue, nodding pityingly with her head.

The boy also came up with the old woman, and, putting up his upper lip, stared with wide-open eyes at the rolls Maslova had brought. Maslova could hardly keep in her tears at the sight of the many commiserating faces around her. Her lips began to tremble, but she succeeded in restraining herself until the old woman came up with the boy; the pitying clicking of the old woman's tongue and the serious eyes of the boy, who turned from the rolls to look at her, were too much for her; her face quivered, and she burst into sobs.

"I told you to get a competent lawyer," said Korableva. "Well, is it exile?" she asked.

Maslova tried to reply, but could not. Still weeping, she took out from inside the roll the box of cigarettes, on which was a picture of a pink-faced lady, her dress cut very low in front and her hair done up very high, and she handed the box to Korableva, who shook her head chiefly because she thought that Maslova squandered her money very foolishly, but still she took out a cigarette from the box, lit it at the lamp, took a puff herself and forced it into Maslova's hand. Maslova, still crying, greedily inhaled the tobacco smoke.

"Penal servitude," she said, sobbing.

"They have no fear of God, the accursed bloodsuckers!" muttered Korableva. "To go and convict a girl for nothing!"

At this moment a shout of coarse laughter came from the window, near where the women were still standing. The little girl also laughed, and her childish laugh mingled with the hoarse, screeching laughter of the elders. One of the convicts in the yard had done something which made the onlookers explode with laughter.

"Just look at what the shaven hound is doing!" said the red-haired woman, shaking with laughter and putting her

face close to the grating. She let out a volley of meaningless, obscene words.

"Ugh! that fat strumpet has already broken loose," said Korableva, shaking her head at the red-haired woman, and turning once more to Maslova, asked: "For how many years?"

"Four," Maslova replied with a sob, and her tears streamed from her eyes in such a profusion that one fell on the cigarette.

Maslova crumpled it angrily and took another.

The watchman's wife, although she did not smoke, picked up the cigarette and began to smooth and straighten it out, talking unceasingly.

"In real truth, my dove," she said, "but where is the truth nowadays? The swine had chewed it all up. They do just as they please. And we were guessing that you will go free. Matveena says, 'She'll go free.' I say, 'No.' I say, 'My dove, my heart tells me they'll devour her,' and it turned out just as I said," she was saying, and listened with evident pleasure to the sound of her own voice.

Just then the convicts had all passed out of the yard, and the women who were talking to them from the window also came over to the place where Maslova was sitting. The first to come up was the woman who was imprisoned for the illicit sale of spirits with her little girl.

"Well, and why is it so hard?" she asked, sitting down by Maslova and beginning to knit the faster.

"No money. That's why it is so hard. Had there been money to procure a smart lawyer she would have been acquitted," said Korableva. "There is what's-his-name—the long fellow with the long hair and large nose. That one, my dear, can pull a body out of the water as dry as can be. If we could get him!"

"Yes, you will get him, in your mind!" Koroshavka giggled, sitting down near her. "Why, he wouldn't as much as spit on you for less than a thousand roubles."

"Yes, it must be that you were born under an unlucky

star," interrupted the old woman who was serving a term for arson. "Just imagine, to entice the young fellow's wife and lock him up in here to feed the vermin, and me with him, in my old age," she began her story for the hundredth time. "You cannot escape the beggar's staff and the prison. If not one, then the other."

"It seems to be the way with all of them," said the spirit seller, and looking intently for a few minutes at her little girl's head, she put her knitting down, and drawing the child between her knees to search her head with deft fingers: "Why do you sell spirits?" she went on. "And how feed our children? She spoke further, attending to her usual work.

These words of the spirit seller reminded Maslova that she wanted wine.

"I would like some vodka," she turned to Korableva, drying her tears with the sleeve of her chemise and only slightly sobbing.

"Very well; let's have it," said Korableva.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nekhludov's first feeling on awakening in the morning was that something had happened, and even before he remembered what had happened he knew that it was something good and important. "Katusha, the trial. Yes, it is time to stop lying and to tell the whole truth." And by a surprisingly strange coincidence he received that morning the long-expected letter from Maria Vasilievna, the very letter particularly needed. She gave him back his freedom and wished him joy in his coming marriage.

"Marriage!" he repeated with irony; "how far I am from all that."

And he remembered the resolution he had formed last night to tell her husband all; but in the morning it did not seem to him to be as easy a matter as he thought. "And then why make a man unhappy when he knows nothing? If he should ask, I would tell him—yes, I would. But to

go purposely and tell him? No, there is no need of that."

Just as difficult seemed the telling of the whole truth to Missy. Again he couldn't be the first to speak without offense; as in so many worldly affairs much had to be left unsaid. But one thing he did decide that morning. He will not visit there, and will tell the truth, if asked.

But as far as Katusha was concerned, everything seemed clear.

"I will go to the prison and beg her to forgive me. And if need I will marry her. Yes, if need be, I will marry her," he thought.

This idea that he was ready to sacrifice all for the sake of a moral satisfaction made him feel very tender to himself this morning.

On the way to the Court of Justice, passing the same streets with the same isvostchik as the day before, he was surprised what a different being he felt himself to be.

His marriage with Missy, which seemed to him only yesterday so near, appeared to him now as altogether impossible. Yesterday it seemed to him that he had but to ask and she will be happy to become his wife; to-day he felt unworthy not only of marrying, but even of being on an intimate footing with her. "If she would only know what I am, she would not even deign to receive me. And yesterday I was finding fault with her because she was flirting with that gentleman. But no; even if she would consent to marry me now could I be, not to say happy, but even at peace, knowing that the other one is here in prison and may be transported to-day or to-morrow with a gang of other prisoners to Siberia. The woman I have ruined will go to Siberia, while I will make calls with my young wife and receive congratulations, or while I count the votes at the meeting for or against the motion brought forward by the rural school, etc., together with the marshal of the nobility, whom I deceive and with whose wife I afterward make appointments (how detestable!); or I will continue to work on my picture, which will surely

never be finished, because I see no reason why I should waste my time on such foolish things. I have no leisure for such things now," he was saying to himself, rejoicing at the change he felt within himself.

"The first thing now is to see the lawyer and find out his decision, and then—then go and see her and tell all."

And when he pictured to himself how he will go to her and tell her everything, explain to her that he will do all in his power, marry her so as to atone for his sin—his heart filled to overflowing with rapture, and tears came into his eyes.

CHAPTER XIX.

During the first recess Nekhludov rose and went out into the vestibule with the intention of not returning to the court. Let them do with him what they please, he could not take any part in the horrible farce any longer.

Having found out where the district attorney's office was, he went straight to him. The attendant did not want to let him in, saying that the district attorney is very busy, but Nekhludov paid no heed to him, and going through the door accosted an official and asked to be announced to the district attorney, saying that he was one of the jury and must see him on a very important matter. His title of prince and his good clothes helped Nekhludov. The official announced him and he was received. The district attorney met him standing, evidently annoyed at the persistence with which Nekhludov demanded admittance.

"What is it you want?" he demanded severely.

"I am a juror; my name is Nekhludov, and it is necessary for me to see the condemned Maslova," Nekhludov said quickly and resolutely, blushing and feeling that what he does now will have a decisive influence on his life.

The district attorney was a dark, short man, with short hair that was turning slightly gray; with quick, sparkling eyes, with a closely cut, thick beard, and with a projecting lower jaw.

"Maslova? Yes, I know. She was accused of poisoning," the district attorney said, quietly. "But why do you want to see her?" And then, as if wishing to soften his question a little, he added: "I cannot give you the permission without knowing first why you require it."

"I require it for a very important reason," Nekhludov replied, blushing.

"So," said the district attorney, looking attentively at Nekhludov. "Has her case been heard already or not?"

"She was tried yesterday and unjustly sentenced to four years' hard labor. She is innocent."

"Yes; since she was sentenced only yesterday," went on the district attorney, paying no heed to Nekhludov's statement concerning Maslova's innocence, "she must still be in the preliminary detention prison until the sentence is proclaimed to her in its final form. Visiting is allowed there only on certain days. I advise you to apply there."

"But I must see her as soon as possible," said Nekhludov, feeling that the decisive moment is near.

"Why is it so necessary to you?" inquired the district attorney, lifting his eyebrows with some agitation.

"Because she is innocently sentenced to penal servitude. And it is all my fault," said Nekhludov, with a trembling voice, feeling at the same time that what he said was something he ought to have left unsaid.

"How is that ?"

"Because I betrayed her and brought her to her present condition. If she was not that which I made her, she would have never been exposed to such an accusation."

"All the same, I do not see what it has to do with your visiting her."

"Simply because I intend to follow her and—marry her," Nekhludov said, and, as usual, tears sprang to his eyes at the thought of what he is going to do.

"Really! Is that so?" the district attorney said. "This is really an extraordinary occurrence. I believe you are a member of the Krasnopersk rural administration?" he

asked, as if recalling this Nekhludov who was now making so strange a declaration.

"Excuse me, but I do not think that this has anything to do with my request," Nekhludov replied, angrily flushing.

"Certainly not," said the district attorney, with a scarcely perceptible smile, and not at all abashed. "But your wish is so extraordinary and so much out of the common——"

"Well, can I get the permit?"

"The permit? Yes, I will give an order of admittance directly."

CHAPTER XX.

That night Maslova could not fall asleep for a long time. She lay awake with her eyes open, looking at the door in front of which the deacon's daughter kept pacing to and fro, and thought.

She thought that she will never marry a convict in Sakhalin. She recollected how the lawyer had looked at her, and the president, and the men she met. She remembered how Bertha, who came to see her in the prison, had told her about the student whom she had loved while she was with Kitaeva, and who had inquired about her and pitied her very much. She recollected the baker who had sent her an extra roll. She recalled many, save Nekhludov. She never brought back to mind her childhood, youth, and particularly her love for Nekhludov. That would have been too painful. These memories lay somewhere hidden deep in her soul. She never even dreamed of him. Today in court she had not recognized him, not only because when she last saw him he was in uniform without a beard and had only a small mustache and thick, curly, though short, hair, and now altered and with a beard, but more because she never thought of him. She buried all memories of her past, that dreadful dark night when he returned from the army and did not call to see his aunts.

Up to that night she still hoped he would come. The aunts had expected Nekhludov, had asked him to come and see them on passing. But he sent a dispatch that he could not come because he had to be in St. Petersburg at an appointed time. Then Katusha decided to go to the station and see him. The train was to pass that night at 2 a. m.. And after Katusha helped the spinsters to bed, and persuaded the cook's little girl Mashka to come with her, she put on a pair of old boots, threw a shawl over her head, held up her skirts and ran to the station.

It was a dark, raining and windy Autumn night. The rain now pelted down in warm, large drops, now stopped again. In the field one could hardly see the way, and in the woods it was pitch dark, so that, although Katusha knew the way well, she got off the path in the woods and reached the little station where the train halted only three minutes, not before, as she hoped, but after the second bell. Running up the platform Katusha at once saw him in the window of a first-class carriage. This carriage was particularly well lighted; on two velvet chairs sat two officers opposite each other playing cards. On a little table near the window stood thick, dripping candles. He in his close-fitting breeches and white shirt sat on the arm of a chair, leaning against the back, and laughed and smoked. As soon as she recognized him she knocked at the window with her benumbed hand. But at this very minute the third bell rang, and the train gave a slow pull; first it jerked a little backward, and then gradually the carriages began to move forward, one after another. One of the players rose with the cards in his hand and looked out. She knocked again and put her face to the window. At this very moment this carriage also gave a jerk and moved with the others. She went alongside of it, looking into the window. The officer tried to lower the window, but could not. Nekhludov pushed him aside and began to lower it himself. The train went faster and faster and the window was lowered. At this very moment the con-

ductor pushed her away and jumped into the carriage. Katusha ran on along with the carriages, along the wet boards of the platform. She was running, though the first carriage long had passed her, and the second-class carriages were also disappearing; then quicker and quicker ran past the third-class carriages. But she ran on, and when the last carriage with the lanterns in the back had disappeared she had reached the water tank that fed the engines, entirely unsheltered from the rain and wind, which blew the shawl off her head. But she kept on running.

"Aunty Katerina!" shouted after her the little girl, hardly able to keep pace with her. "You have lost your shawl!"

Katusha stood still, and, catching her in her arms, she burst into tears.

"He is gone!" she cried.

"He in the first-class carriage, on a velvet chair, jesting, drinking and laughing—and I here in mud, rain and wind, standing and weeping," she thought to herself, and sitting down on the wet ground began to weep so loudly that the little girl was frightened and put her arms around her, not heeding the wet.

"Come home, aunty!"

"A train will pass. I'll throw myself under it and all will end," Katusha thought in the meanwhile, without replying to the girl.

She made up her mind to do it, when, as it happens in a moment of quiet following a great excitement, the child, his child that lay beneath her breast, suddenly trembled, straightened and again to beat in her with something fine, sharp and tender. And suddenly all that a moment before had been tormenting her, so that it seemed impossible to live, all her anger toward him and the wish to revenge herself on him, at least with her death—all this suddenly receded. She became calmer, got up, put her shawl on her head and went home.

Worn, wet and muddy, she returned home, and from that day on began in her soul the change which had made her that which she now was. From that terrible night she lost her belief in God and in goodness. Before she had believed in God, and thought that other people also believed in Him, but from that night on she was convinced that no one believes in Him, and that everything which is said of God and His laws is all deception and injustice. He whom she loved and who loved her—she knew it—deserted her after mocking at her feelings. And he was the very best of all men she ever knew. All the others were still worse. And everything that happened to her on every step strengthened this thought in her. His aunts, the pious old maids, drove her out when she could no longer serve them as before. All people with whom she came in contact—the women used her as a means of getting money—the men, beginning with the old village commissary and ending with the prison inspectors, they all looked upon her as an object of pleasure. In this belief she was still more strengthened by the old author with whom she had come in contact on the second year of her free life. He had told her outright that this—he called it aesthetics and poetry— constituted all the happiness of life.

Every one lived for himself, for his pleasure, and those words about God and goodness were nothing but imposition. And if sometimes there arose in her soul questions why everything in this world was so badly arranged that each one causes pain to another, and all suffer, she thought it was best for her not to dwell upon such things.

CHAPTER XXI.

Nekhludov left the house early. A peasant was still riding through the street, and crying in a strange voice:

"Milk! milk! milk!"

The carriage brought Nekhludov not to the prison, but to the corner of the street leading to the prison. A few

men and women with bundles in their hands stood on this corner, about a hundred feet off the prison. At the right were low, wooden structures; at the left a two-story house with some sign. The enormous stone building of the prison was to the front, and visitors were not allowed to come up there. A soldier on guard with a gun was walking to and fro, calling sternly to those that wanted to pass him.

On the right, opposite the soldier on guard, by a small door in the wooden structures, an inspector was sitting on a bench. He was dressed in a uniform with galloons, and he held a notebook in his hand. The visitors walked up to him and named those they wanted to see; he wrote it down. Nekhludov also walked up to him and named Ekaterina Maslova. The inspector with the galloons marked it down.

Everything was queer to Nekhludov, and queerer than all was that he had to thank and feel obliged to the warden and to the inspectors—to the people who did all the cruel things in this institution.

The inspector led Nekhludov from the men's visiting room into the corridor, and brought him into the women's meeting room.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the inspectress, walking up to Nekhludov.

"Ekaterina Maslova." Nekhludov could hardly utter this.

"Maslova, to you!" cried out the inspectress.

Maslova looked around, and, raising her head and expanding her breast, and with that expression of readiness which was so familiar to Nekhludov, she walked up to the railing, pushing between two prisoners, and fixed her eyes interrogatively on Nekhludov, not recognizing him.

Noticing by his clothes that he is a rich man, she smiled at him.

"You came to see me?" said she, nearing the railing, with smiles on her face.

"I want to see—" Nekhludov did not know whether to say "you" or "thee," and he decided to say "you."

His voice was not louder than usual. "I wanted to see you. I——"

Maslova could not make out what Nekhludov said, but the expression of his face at the time he spoke reminded her of him. But she did not believe her eyes. The smile, however, left her face, and her forehead began to wrinkle.

Tears came into his eyes, came up to his throat, and, grasping the railing with his fingers, he became silent and made an effort not to start to cry.

Maslova recognized Nekhludov when she noticed his emotion.

"He looks like him, but I am not sure," she exclaimed, without looking at him, and her flushed face suddenly turned gloomy.

"I came here to ask your forgiveness," cried Nekhludov aloud, without intonation, as if it were a lesson he knew by heart.

Having uttered these words he felt ashamed, and looked around. But soon the thought came to him that it is better that he feels ashamed, because he must feel ashamed. And he went on in a loud voice:

"Forgive me; I have wronged——"

She stood motionless, her squint eye fixed on Nekhludov.

He could speak no more, and walked away from the railing, trying to suppress the sobs that shook his heart.

The inspector, noticing that Nekhludov is not by the railing, he asked him why he does not speak to the woman he asked for. Nekhludov blew his nose, stretched himself, and, trying to appear calm, answered:

"I cannot speak through the railing. It is impossible to hear anything."

The inspector thought a while.

"Well, we can bring her out here for a while."

"Maria Karlovna!" He turned to the inspectress. "Bring Maslova outside."

CHAPTER XXII.

A moment later Maslova came out of a side door. Stepping softly, she came close to Nekhludov, stopped and looked at him askance. Her black hair, as on the day of the trial, looked out in curly rings; her sickly, bloated, pale face was pretty and very calm; only the dark squint eyes had a singular glitter.

"You can speak here," said the inspector, and went away. Nekhludov moved to the bench, which stood by the wall.

Maslova glanced at the assistant inspector interrogatively, and then, shrugging her shoulders in surprise, she walked up with Nekhludov to the bench and sat down beside him, adjusting her skirt.

"I know that it is hard for you to forgive me," began Nekhludov, but stopped again, feeling that the tears were in his way; "but if it is impossible to mend the past, I will now do whatever I can. Tell——"

"How did you find me?" asked she, without answering his question, and both looking and not looking at him with her squint eyes.

"My God, help me! Teach me what to do," said Nekhludov to himself, looking at her changed, now ugly, face.

"I was on the jury the day before yesterday," said he, "when you were tried. Did you not recognize me?"

"No, I did not recognize you. I had no time to recognize. I did not look at all," said she.

"There was a child, then?" he asked, and felt that his face turned red.

"She died then, thank God," she answered briefly and angrily, turning her eyes away from him.

"How? Of what?"

"I, too, was sick; I almost died," said she, without lifting her eyes.

"How did the aunts let you go?"

"Who will keep a chambermaid with a child? They put me out as soon as they noticed it. But what's the use of talking? I remember nothing, I forgot everything. That's all."

"No, that isn't all. I cannot leave it so. I want to atone now for my sin."

"There is nothing to atone for; what was is past and gone," said she; and, what he could never expect, she suddenly looked at him and smiled an unpleasant, alluring, pitiful smile.

Maslova never expected to see him, especially now and here, and his appearance, therefore, astounded her at first, and made her recall what she never recalled. She recalled confusedly that new, wonderful world of feelings and thoughts which was revealed to her by the charming youth who loved her and was loved by her, and then she recalled his incomprehensible cruelty and the whole line of degradations and sufferings which followed that wonderful bliss and ensued from it. And she felt sick at heart. But, being unable to ponder over this, she acted now as she always acted. She drove away those recollections, and tried to cover them with the mist of a corrupt life; she did the very same thing now. At first moment she thought of the man who sat before her as of the youth whom she had loved some time, but then when she saw that this is too painful she ceased to think of him thusly. Now this cleanly dressed, neat gentleman with the perfumed beard was to her not the same Nekhludov she had loved; he was but one of those people who, when they needed it, made use of creatures like herself—one of those people of whom creatures like herself had to take advantage as best they could. That is why she smiled temptingly.

She was silent, thinking how to make use of him.

"That is all ended," said she; "now they sentenced me to the galleys."

And her lips trembled when she uttered that horrible word.

"I knew, I was certain, that you were not guilty," said Nekhludov.

"Surely not guilty. Am I a thief or a robber? Here they say that it all depends on the lawyers," she went on. "They say it is necessary to send a petition. But that costs much, they say."

"Yes, surely," said Nekhludov. "I have spoken to a lawyer about it."

"It must be regardless of expense, a good lawyer," said she.

"I will do whatever I can."

Silence followed.

She smiled again the same way.

"And I want to ask you—money, if you can—not much—ten rubles. I don't need any more," said she, all of a sudden.

"Yes, yes," said Nekhludov, confused, and took out his pocketbook.

She looked at the inspector, who was walking to and fro.

"Don't give me in his presence; they'll take it away."

Nekhludov opened the pocketbook as soon as the inspector turned around, but he did not have time enough to hand her the ten rubles when the inspector turned his face again to them. He pressed it in his hand.

"She is a dead woman," thought Nekhludov, looking at the once lovely, now defiled, bloated face, with the flashing, bad glitter of her black, squint eyes, which were now following the inspector and now his hand with the folded ten-ruble bill. And a moment of hesitation came over him.

Again the same tempter who spoke last night began to speak in Nekhludov's soul, trying to carry him away from

the questions as to what should be done to the question as to what will be the result of his actions, and what useful.

"You cannot do anything with this woman," spoke this voice. "You will tie only a stone around your neck, which will drag you to the bottom, and you will not be able to be of any use to others. Should I give her money, all I have, bid her 'good-by' and end it forever?" thought Nekhludov.

But here he felt that now, just now, something very important takes place in his soul—that his inner life is at this moment balanced on scales, which by the slightest effort may go either one or the other way. And he made this effort; he called the same God whose presence he felt yesterday in his soul; and God answered him right here. He resolved to tell her of everything at once.

"Katusha, I came to ask your forgiveness, and you did not answer me whether you have forgiven me, whether you will ever forgive me," said he.

She heard nothing of what he said; she was looking naw at his hand, now at the inspector. When the inspector turned around she quickly reached out her hand, grasped the ten-ruble bill and put it in her belt.

"What queer things you say," said she, smiling disdainfully.

Nekhludov felt that there is in her something hostile to him, which stands in defense of her being what she is now and which prevents him from trying to fathom her heart.

But, strange to say, not only did this not thrust him aside, but, on the contrary, it attracted him to her by a singular new power. He felt that he must awaken her spiritually, that this is horribly difficult—but the very difficulty of the thing attracted him. He now experienced a feeling for her which he had never before experienced for her or for anybody else, in which there was nothing personal; he wanted nothing of her for himself; all he

wanted was that she cease being such as she is now—that she awaken and become such as she was before.

"Katusha, why do you speak so? I know you, I remember you then, in Panova."

"Why mention the past?" said she, dryly.

"I mention it in order to atone for my sin, Katusha," he began, and was about to tell her that he would marry her, but he met her eyes and read in them something terrible, rough, repulsive—and he could not tell it to her.

The visitors began to leave at this time. The inspector came up to Nekhludov, and told him that the time of their meeting was up. Maslova arose, humbly waiting to be let off.

"Good-by; I have to tell you many things, but, as you see, I cannot do it now," said Nekhludov, and gave her his hand. "I will come again."

"It seems you said everything."

She gave him her hand, but did not press his.

"No, I will try to see where I could speak to you and then I'll tell you something very important," said Nekhludov.

"Well, come," she said, and smiled the same smile as when she wanted to please the men.

"You are nearer to me than a sister," said Nekhludov.

"Queer," she repeated, and, shaking her head, went back behind the railing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Nekhludov expected that at the first meeting Katusha, seeing him, and learning of his repentance and of his intention to serve her, would be gladdened, moved and would become again the same Katusha, but to his fear he saw that Katusha is no more—that there is but Maslova. This surprised and frightened him.

Especially surprised was he that Maslova was not ashamed of her position, not as a prisoner (she was ashamed of this), but as a sinful woman. Nay, she was

even content with it, proud of it. And yet it could not be otherwise. Every man in order to act must consider his activity good and important. Therefore, whatever one's position may be, he will certainly conceive such a view for himself, such a view of human life at large, in which his activity will seem to him important and good.

It is generally thought that a thief, a murderer, a spy and a sinful woman should be ashamed of themselves. But the result is just the contrary. People who are placed by fate, by their sins and errors in certain circumstances, no matter how improper these may be, form for themselves such a view of life at large that their circumstances seem to them good and admissable. To support such a view people instinctively turn to such circles of society where their idea of life and of their own place in it is recognized. We are surprised when the matter concerns thieves that boast of their cleverness, murderers that boast of their cruelty. But this surprises us because the circle—the atmosphere—of these people is limited and chiefly because we are outside it. But is it not the same with the rich that boast of their wealth—that is, their plunder; with army commanders that boast of their victories, that is, murders; with sovereigns that boast of their power, that is, violence. We do not see in these people the perversions of their conceptions of life, of good and of bad, in order to justify their circumstances, because the circle of people with such perverted conceptions is larger, and we belong to it ourselves.

And just such a view of life and her place in it was formed by Maslova. She was sentenced to the galleys, and, notwithstanding this, she formed for herself such a view of life by which she could approve, nay, be proud of her position in the eyes of other people.

This view of life was that the principal bliss of all men, without exception—old, young, high-school students, generals, intelligent and unintelligent—consisted of sexual

relation with attractive women, and therefore all men, though they pretended to be occupied with other things, actually yearn for only that. She, the attractive woman, may or may not satisfy their desire, and therefore she constitutes an important and necessary factor; her entire past and present life indorsed the consistency of this view.

In the course of ten years she, everywhere, no matter where she was—beginning with Nekhludov and the old commissary of the rural police, and ending with the prison inspectors—realized that all men were in need of her; she neither saw nor noticed those men that were not in need of her, and therefore the entire world appeared to her as a gathering of passion—enraged people who, watching her from all sides and with all possible means, fraud, violence, bribe, cunning, craved to possess her.

Thus Maslova understood life, and having such a view of it, she was not only the last, but a very important person. And Maslova valued this view of life more than everything else on earth. She could not help prizing it, since a change would reduce the importance which such a view of life meant for her among the people. In order not to lose her standing in life, she instinctively clung to a circle where a like view of life was entertained. Feeling that Nekhludov's desire was to change her environment, she resisted, foreseeing that in the world whither Nekhludov will lead her, she would lose her position in life, which gave her confidence and self-respect. For these reasons she drove away the recollections of her early youth and her first relations with Nekhludov. These recollections did not suit her present notions, and for that reason were stricken from her memory, or, in other words, they were hidden in her memory untouched, but were closed and plastered up, even as the bees plaster up nests of worms which may destroy their entire labor. And therefore the present Nekhludov was no longer for her the person whom she once loved with a pure love; he was simply a rich gentleman of whom one may and must take

advantage, and with whom she could only have such relations as with all other men.

"No, I could not say the most important," thought Nekhludov, walking with the crowd toward the door: "I did not tell me that I would marry her: I did not say so, but I will do it," thought he.

Again at the door stood two inspectors, counting those that left, so that none of the visitors should remain and so prisoners escape. And the fact that they clapped his shoulder now not only did not offend him, but he did not even notice it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The inspector who came in with Maslova on his next visit to the prison took a seat on the window-sill. The decisive moment for Nekhludov arrived. He had incessantly reproached himself for not having told her the last time about his resolution to marry her. Now he had firmly decided to make it known to her. Nekhludov took a seat on the opposite side of the table right in front of her. The room was light, and Nekhludov noticed for the first time the change in her face—the swollen eyelids and the wrinkles around her lips and eyes—and he felt more pity for her than ever before.

Putting his elbow on the table and shading his face with his hand, that his words may be audible to her alone and not to the inspector on the window-sill (a man of Jewish type with gray side-whiskers), he said:

"If we do not succeed with this petition, we shall send another one to His Imperial Majesty. We shall do everything possible."

"If my first lawyer had been good," she interrupted, "but he was stupid. He did nothing but compliment me," said she, smiling. "If they knew then that you know me —everything would be different. Now they think I am a thief like the others."

"How queer she is to-day," thought Nekhludov, and

just when he was about to tell her what he had to say, she put in again:

"There is another thing I wanted to tell you. We have an old woman in our ward. She is just splendid; we all admire her, and everybody knows that she, as well as her son, were put in prison for nothing. They were convicted for incendiarism. She was told that I know you," she turned her head and looked at him, "and she says to me, let him call out my son, he will tell him everything. Their name is Menshov. Will you do something for them You know she is such a nice old woman, anybody could tell at once that she is innocent. Do try to do something for her, dear," said she, looking straight at him, then she dropped her eyes and smiled.

"All right, I'll do; I'll find out, but just now I must speak to you about my own affairs," said Nekhludov, still amazed at her boldness.

"Do you remember what I told you last time?" said he.

"You spoke of a good many things. What did you say last time?" said she, smiling and turning her head from one side to the other.

"I said I came to ask you to forgive me."

"Why are you forever talking of forgiveness? You'd rather"——

"I said that I wanted to redeem my fault," protested Nekhludov, "to redeem it, not in words only, but by action. I have decided to marry you." She seemed suddenly frightened; her squint eyes remained for a moment motionless, and he could not tell whether she was looking at him or not.

"For what purpose do you want it?" said she, knitting her brow angrily.

"I feel that I have to do it for God's sake."

"What God are you talking about? God! Why didn't you think of Him then?" said she, opening her mouth and remaining silent.

Then only did Nekhludov smell liquor, and he understood why she was so excited.

"Calm yourself," said he.

"There is no need of calming myself. You think I am drunk, but though I am drunk, I remember what I say." Her face was flushed and she spoke hastily. "I am a convict, a fallen woman; and you are a gentleman, a prince. Why should you soil yourself for my sake? Your place is among the princesses, and such as I may be had for a ten-ruble bill"——

"No matter how sharp your words may be, you cannot tell me more than I have told myself," said he, trembling in every limb. "You cannot imagine how guilty I feel toward you."

"Guilty I feel!" mocked Maslova. "You did not feel so then. You just forced on me a hundred-ruble bill. There, take your price."

"I know I was wrong, but now I have decided not to leave you, I will do everything I say."

"And I say you shall do nothing of the kind," said she, and burst out laughing.

"Katusha!" said he, touching her hand.

"Leave me alone. I am a convict, and you are a prince! You have no business to be here," she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand, and then she went on as if wishing to speak out all that was oppressing her heart. "You wish to save yourself through me. I served as your pleasure in this world; now you want me to save your soul for the next! Your hateful, fat, horrible face, your eyeglasses, are all repulsive to me. Get out! Leave me alone!" she screamed, jumping up from her seat.

The inspector approached her.

"How do you dare to make a scandal?"

"Please leave her alone," said Nekhludov.

"She should not forget herself."

"Please leave her alone," repeated Nekhludov, and the inspector went back to the window. Maslova took her

seat again, looked downward, and pressed the fingers of her small hand.

Nekhludov stood near her, not knowing how to begin again.

"You don't believe me," said he, at last.

"Well, this will never happen, anyway; I'd rather hang myself. Take my word for it."

"But I will still keep on serving you."

"Well, this is your own affair. But I want you to understand that I want nothing from you. I am telling you the truth. Oh, why didn't I die then!" exclaimed she, and started to cry pitifully.

Nekhludov was so touched that he could not say a word, and tears sprang up to his eyes. She rose, gave him a perplexed look and wiped her eyes with the border of her shawl.

Now the inspector came up again and said it was time to go.

Maslova got up.

"You are too much excited now. If I am permitted, I shall see you to-morrow again. And you think the matter over," said Nekhludov.

She did not reply, and left the room without looking at Nekhludov.

"Well, girl, you will soon have a good time," exclaimed Korableva, when Maslova entered the ward. "He seems to be all in love with you—take advantage while he keeps on coming. He will get you out of here all right—such people could do anything."

"This is so," said the keeper in her singing voice. "A poor man can't even enjoy his wedding night, while a rich man needs but wish something and he will get all. We had one of them, deary—looked so respectable and still"——

"Did you speak to him about my case?" asked the old woman. But Maslova did not answer the questions of her room-mates. She laid down on her bed, where she re-

mained till evening, her motionless, squinting eyes fixed on the corner of the room. A painful struggle went on within her. Nekhludov's words brought her back into that world in which she suffered so much, which she never understood and which she hated. The forgetfulness in which she lived was now destroyed, and to live with a clear remembrance of what had happened was too oppressing. Toward evening she again bought some liquor and drank with her room-mates.

CHAPTER XXV.

On the following day Nekhludov went to his lawyer to tell him about Maslova and engage his services for the case. The lawyer listened attentively to Nekhludov, promised to examine the documents, and added that if matters really are as Nekhludov says, he would undertake the defense without compensation. Nekhludov also told him of 130 men who were locked up on account of the irregularities of their passports, and asked who is to blame for it. The lawyer was silent for a while, evidently trying to give a right answer, and then said firmly: "Who is to blame? Nobody. Tell the district attorney about it and he will blame the governor. Speak to the governor, and he will put the fault at the district attorney's door. Nobody is to blame."

"I am going directly to Maslenikov and will speak to him about it."

"Well, this would be quite useless. He is—I hope you are not related to him—a blockhead, and at the same time a sly dog." Nekhludov recalled what Maslenikov said about the lawyer. He answered nothing, took his leave and went straight to Maslenikov. He was going to ask him first to transfer Maslova to the prison hospital, and then about the 130 innocent men under arrest.

Hard as it was for him to ask favors from a man he did not respect, he had to do it, since there was no other means to attain his end.

Approaching the house, Nekhludov saw several carriages at the door and recalled that this was Maslenikov's day "at home." While his vehicle stopped at the door he saw a lady helped into a carriage by a footman. He recognized the old coachman of the Korchagins, who greeted him familiarly. Nekhludov was just about to inquire of him about the host, when Maslenikov himself appeared, escorting an important guest to the foot of the stairs, as he always used to do with visitors of great importance. The great military guest spoke French; he spoke of the raffle for the benefit of the children's asylum. He thought it a good occupation for the ladies—a pleasant occupation and distraction; they enjoy themselves and meanwhile money is made.

"Come upstairs; I am very glad to see you," said Maslenikov animatedly. He took Nekhludov's arm and led him upstairs. His agreeable animation was due to the great man's attention to him. Every similar attention threw Maslenikov into ecstacy, just as a little dog feels tickled when his master pats his head or ears. The dog wags his tail, lays back his ears and twirls about the room.

Maslenikov was ready to do the same. He paid no attention to the serious expression of Nekhludov's face; he did not listen to his words, but kept on dragging him in the direction of the parlor, so that Nekhludov had to follow him.

"By and by I'll do anything you wish," said he, crossing the room with Nekhludov.

"Announce Prince Nekhludov to my wife," said he to the doorkeeper. The servant rushed forward.

The doorkeeper had already announced Nekhludov, when they came in, and Anna Ignatevna, the lieutenant governor's wife, greeted Nekhludov with a smile.

At the other end of the parlor ladies were sitting by the table, and men, military and civil, were standing near them. The noise of male and female voices filled the room.

"Enfine! why you have become quite a stranger! Have we offended you?"

Anna Ignatevna met him with such words to indicate her intimate relations with Nekhludov, which never existed.

"Are you acquainted? Acquainted? Mme. Boliavsky, Mikhail Ivanovich Chernov. Sit down nearer to us."

"Under no circumstances; I do not agree with you under any circumstances," a woman's voice was heard to say.

"But she liked wafers."

"Always with your foolish jokes," laughingly put in another lady, in a high hat, dressed in silks, gold and diamonds.

"When do you intend to leave us?"

"This is the last day we are here. That's why we came."

"This spring is so beautiful; it's pleasant out in the country."

Missy looked beautiful in her hat and in her dark-striped dress, which fitted her as well as if she had been born in it. She blushed when she noticed Nekhludov.

"And I thought that you had gone away," said she to him.

"Almost so," said Nekhludov. "Something detained me here. I came here also on business."

"Come up to mamma. She would like to see you," said she, and, feeling that she lies and that he knows it, too, she blushed still more.

"I will hardly have time," said Nekhludov, gloomily, pretending not to notice that she blushed.

Missy knitted her brow angrily, shrugged her shoulders and turned to the elegant officer, who took the empty cup from her hand and brought it courageously to the next table.

"You must also give something for the asylum."

"I do not refuse, but I want to save all my generosity

for the raffle. There I will show it at its best."

"Well, look out," a voice was heard to say, laughing feignedly.

The reception day was brilliant, and Anna Ignatevna was delighted.

"Mika told me that you are occupied with the prison. I understand it very well," said she to Nekhludov. "Mika (that was her stout husband, Maslenikov), may have other faults, but you know how kind he is. All those unfortunate prisoners are his children. That's how he looks at them."

Having spoken as much as was necessary, and as politely as was also necessary, in order not to violate the etiquette, Nekhludov arose and walked up to Maslenikov.

"So, can you spare some time to listen to me?"

"Oh, yes! What is it? Let us go there."

They entered a small Japanese cabinet and sat down by the window.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Do you want to smoke? But wait; see that we don't spoil anything here," said he, and brought in an ash tray. "Well?"

"I have two things to ask of you."

"So?"

Maslenikov's face turned gloomy and downcast. All the traces of the excitement of the dog which was tickled by his master have altogether disappeared now.

"I am here again about that woman," said Nekhludov.

"Yes, that innocently condemned woman. I now, — know."

"I would like to ask you to have her transferred as a servant in the hospital. I was told that this could be done."

"Yes, yes. At any rate, I'll let you know about it."

"Please," said Nekhludov.

A general, even hearty, laughter was heard coming from the parlor.

"That's Victor," said Maslenikov, with a smile. "He is very sharp when in good humor."

"And then," said Nekhludov, "there are a hundred and thirty men in prison now, simply because their passports have expired. They are here a month already." And he told him the reasons why they are kept there.

"How did you find out about that?" asked Maslenikov, and discontent and uneasiness were suddenly expressed on his face.

"I went to see a convict, and these people came up to me in the corridor and asked me——"

"Which convict was it?"

"A peasant, who is wrongly accused, and for whose case I engaged a lawyer. But that is not the thing. Is it possible that those innocent people are kept there merely because their passports expired, and——"

"That is the district attorney's business," interrupted Maslenikov, vexed. "You say, quick and right justice. It is the duty of the district attorney to visit the prison and to find out whether the prisoners are kept there legally or not. But they don't do anything except play whist."

"So you cannot do anything?" said Nekhludov, sadly, recalling the lawyer's words, that the governor will blame the district attorney.

"I will do something. I will investigate at once."

"The worse it is for her," said a woman's voice in the parlor, evidently indifferent to what she said.

"The better it is; I'll take this one, too," a man's playful voice was heard, and the sprightly laughter of a woman who held something back from him.

"No, no; under no circumstances," said a woman's voice.

"Yes, I will do everything," repeated Maslenikov, putting out the fire of his cigarette with his white hand. "Now, let us go to the ladies."

"And then, something else," said Nekhludov, not entering the parlor, and stopping at the door. "I was told that somebody was yesterday corporally punished in prison. Is that true?"

Maslenikov flushed.

"Oh, you speak of that. No, you must positively not be admitted there; everything concerns you. Let us go. Come, Annette is calling us," said he, taking his arm and displaying again the same emotion as he did after the attention paid to him by that important personage; but now it was not cheerful—it was rather alarming.

Nekhludov freed his arm from Maslenikov's, and, saddened, without bidding any one good-by, without saying anything, passed the drawing-room, the parlor and the entrance hall and went out into the street.

The day after his visit to Maslenikov, Nekhludov received from him a letter written in an excellent, firm hand, telling him that he wrote to the doctor of transferring Maslova to the hospital, and that his wish will in all probability be fulfilled. The letter was signed, "Your loving, old companion," and under the signature, "Maslenikov," a very skillful, large, firm stroke was made.

"Fool!" Nekhludov could not help saying, especially because he felt that by the word "companion" he condescended to him; that is, notwithstanding that he performs the most morally dirty and shameful function, he considers himself a very important man, and wants to show, if not to flatter, that he is not too proud of his greatness, calling himself his (Nekhludov's) "companion."

CHAPTER XXVII.

One of the most usual and widely spread superstitions is that every human being has his own definite qualites; that a human being may be good, bad, wise, stupid, ener-

getic, apathetic, etc. Human beings are never so. We can speak of one man as being good and wise and of another as being bad and stupid. And yet we always classify people thus. And that is false. Men are like rivers —the water is the same in every river, but there are narrow rivers, rapid, wide, quiet, clear, cold, muddy, warm rivers. So with men. Every human being has in him the germ of all human qualities, and sometimes he shows one, sometimes another, and it often happens that he is not at all like himself, remaining, at the same time, himself. In some people these changes are especially striking. And Nekhludov belonged to this class. These changes were wrought in him by both physical and spiritual causes. Such a change took place in him just now.

That feeling of enthusiasm and joy of renovation which he had experienced after the trial and after the first meeting with Katusha had passed altogether, and was replaced after the last meeting with her by fear, by almost repulsion to her. He resolved not to forsake her, not to change his decision to marry her, if she will like it; but it was hard and painful to him.

On the next day after his visit to Maslenikov he went to the prison to see Maslova again.

The inspector allowed him to meet her, not in the office, but in the woman's visiting-room. Notwithstanding his kindheartedness, the inspector was more close-tongued than before in the presence of Nekhludov. It was evident that his talk with Maslenikov was followed by an order to be more careful with this visitor.

"You can see her," said he; "but in regard to money, as I asked you—— As to her transfer to the hospital, it could be done, as his highness wrote, and the doctor also agrees to it. But she does not want it herself. She says: 'Why should I go about cleaning the dirt of those fellows?' They are all of a kind, price," he added.

Nekhludov did not answer, and asked to be allowed to

see her. The inspector sent a keeper, and Nekhludov entered with him the visiting-room.

Maslova was there already. She came out from behind the railing, quiet and timid. She came up close to Nehludov, and, looking past him, said quietly:

"Forgive me, Dmitry Ivanovich; I said many bad things the day before yesterday."

"It isn't I who should forgive," Nekhludov began.

"But, nevertheless, you leave me alone," she added, and in her squint eye with which she looked at him Nekhludov read again the strained, angry expression.

"Why should I leave you?"

"Simply so."

"Why so?"

And it seemed to him that she looked at him with the same angry eyes.

"Well, then," said she, "you would better leave me; I am telling you the truth. I cannot. You leave it altogether alone," she said, with trembling lips, and became silent. "This is true. I would rather hang myself."

Nekhludov felt that in this, her answer, was hatred for him, unforgiven offense; but there was also something else—something good and important. Her calm, persistent refusal at once destroyed all doubt in Nekhludov's soul and brought him back to the former serious, solemn and emotional state with regard to Katusha.

"Katusha, as I said before I say again now," he uttered, very seriously, "I ask you to marry me. But if you do not want it, I shall nevertheless be wherever you may be; I will go wherever you may be taken away."

"That is your affair; I will say nothing more," said she, and her lips trembled again.

He, too, was silent; he was unable to say a word.

"I am going to the country now and then—to St. Petersburg," said he, at last, controlling himself. "I will try the very best for you, for our case, and perhaps the verdict will be recalled."

"And if it isn't recalled—it's all the same. If it isn't for this, I deserve it for something else," she said, and he saw what a great effort she made to hold back the tears.

"Well, did you see Menshov?" she asked, all of a sudden, to hide her emotion. "It is true that they are innocent, is it not?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Such a wonderful old woman," said she.

He told her everything he had learned about Menshov, and asked her whether she needed anything. She answered that she wanted nothing.

They became silent again.

"Well, and how about the hospital?" she suddenly asked, looking up at him with her squint eyes. "If you wish it, I will go there, and will not drink any wine, either."

Nekhludov looked into her eyes without saying a word. Her eyes were smiling.

"This is very good," was all he could say, and he bid her "good-by."

"Yes, yes, she is altogether different now," thought Nekhludov, experiencing, after his former doubts, an altogether new feeling of confidence in the invincibility of love.

After this meeting was over Maslova returned to her foul-aired cell, took off her coat and sat down on her bed, putting her hands on her knees. Only the consumptive Vladimirskaya with her baby, the old woman, Menshov, and the inspectress with two children were in this cell.

"Well, did you see him?" they asked.

Maslova sat on her high bed, and, without saying a word, moved her feet, which did not reach the floor.

"What are you crying about?" said the inspectress.

"Whatever you do, don't be downhearted. Ah, Katusha!" said she, moving her fingers rapidly.

Maslova did not answer.

"They all went to wash. They have very much to do to-day, they say," said Vladimirskaya.

"Finashka!" cried the inspectress into the open door, "where did you run away, you little rascal?"

She took out one knitting needle, stuck it into the ball of thread and into the stocking and went out into the corridor.

At this time steps and women's voices were heard in the corridor, and the inmates of the cell came in with wooden shoes on their bare feet. Each of them had a kalatch; some had two. Feodosia walked straight up to Maslova.

"What is it? Is there anything wrong?" asked Feodosia, looking at Maslova with her clear, kind, blue eyes.

"That's for tea," and she began to put down the kalatchs on the shelf.

"What's the matter? Did he change his mind about marrying you?" said Korableva.

"He didn't change his mind, but I don't want to," said Maslova.

"That's a fool," said Korableva, in her basso.

"What's the use of marrying if they cannot live together?" said Feodosia.

"Doesn't your husband go with you together?" put in the inspectress.

"Well, we have been married before," said Feodosia. "And why should he marry now if he can't live with her?"

"That's a fool! Why? Well, if he marries her he will give her as much money as she wants."

"He said: 'I will go with you wherever they may

send you,'" said Maslova. "If he will go, all right; if he don't, I wouldn't ask him."

"He goes to St. Petersburg now to try to do something for me. All the ministers are his relatives there," she went on; "and yet I am not in need of him."

"Sure enough!" Korableva agreed, all of a sidden, examining her bag, and evidently thinking of something else. "Well, will we have some wine?"

"I wouldn't," answered Maslova. "You may drink it yourself."

END OF FIRST PART.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Nekhludov first went to his estate in Kuzminskoye, which yielded him his greatest income. He examined his office books and talked with his superintendent. He had fully made up his mind to rent his land to his tenants at the lowest possible figure to give him a small income.

They met him at his office. Nekhludov fixed the price of the rents. Although it was much below that which was paid in the vicinity, the peasants began to bargain and found the price high. Nekhludov expected his offer would be accepted with joy, but there was not even a sign of satisfaction. That his offer was advantageous to them Nekhludov could conclude from the fact that when the conversation turned to the point of deciding who should take the land, all the body, or a company, violent quarrels arose between those peasants who wanted to exclude the weak and the bad payers from a share in the land and those whom they wanted to exclude. At last, thanks to the superintendent, the prices and the dates of payments were fixed; the peasants returned to the village down hill, speaking loud, and Nekhludov went into the office with the superintendent to draw up a contract.

Everything turned out as Nekhludov wanted and expected; the peasants got the land about 30 per cent. cheaper than the price land was let out for in the vicinity; his income decreased almost a half, but was more than sufficient for Nekhludov, especially with the addition of the sums received for the forest, and which the sale of

the inventory was sure to bring. Everything, it seemed, was beautiful, and yet Nekhludov was somewhat ashamed all the time. He saw that the peasants, although some of them gave him words of gratitude, were not satisfied; that they expected something more. Thus it came out that he deprived himself of very much and did not do for the peasants what they expected.

On the next day the agreement was signed, and, escorted by some peasant elders, Nekhludov, with an unpleasant feeling of something unaccomplished, went into the superintendent's "dashing" troika (as the coachman said) and drove to the station, taking leave of the peasants, who nodded their heads, perplexed and ill-satisfied. The peasants were not satisfied. Nekhludov was displeased with himself. He did not know why he was not satisfied, but he was sad and ashamed of something all the time.

From Kuzminskoye Nekhludov went to the estate left him by his aunts, that same estate where he first met Katusha. He wanted to arrange things in this estate just as he had done in Kuzminskoye; besides this, he wanted to find out all that could be learned of Katusha and of their child; whether it is true that he died, and how he died?

In the village he asked two boys to show him the way to the hut of Matriona Kharina, Katusha's aunt. He found the hut so small that a grown-up person could not stretch himself out in the bed, which stood behind the stove.

Almost the whole hut was taken up by a loom.

"Who do you want?" asked the old woman, angrily.

"I am the landlord. I would like to speak to you."

The old woman was silent, looking at him fixedly. Then she suddenly changed.

"Oh, my dear, and I, the fool, did not know you."

"I would like to speak to you when no one is around," said Nekhludov.

"What are you looking at?" she shouted at the group of women and children standing at the door. "Shut the door."

The children ran away and a woman closed the door.

Nekhludov sat down; the old woman stood in front of him, supporting her cheek with her right hand and holding the sharp elbow of her right arm with her left hand. She began in a singing voice:

"You became so old, your highness; you looked so well—and now! Troubles, too, as it seems."

"I came to ask you whether you remember Katusha Maslova?"

"Katerina, you mean? Why shouldn't I remember. She is a niece of mine. Why shouldn't I remember? What tears, what tears I shed for her! I know everything. Who, my dear, is not a sinner before God; who is not guilty before the Czar? It was an affair of youth; you must have been drinking coffee—well, and the evil spirit tempted you; he is also strong, and that's how a sin was committed. What can you do? But you didn't forsake her; you gave her a hundred roubles. What did she do? She wasn't smart enough. If she had listened to me, she could live well. Although she is a niece of mine, I must tell you the truth, that she is a queer girl. I found for her that time a nice position. She didn't want to submit, and she abused the barin. Do we have the right to abuse our own master? Well, they sent her away, and then again she could stay at the forester's, but she didn't want to."

"I wanted to ask about the child. She was confined here, wasn't she? Where is the child?"

"I though over everything, my dear, about the child. She felt too bad; I did not expect her to get up at all. I christened the girl, as was necessary, and sent it to the foundling hospital. Why should the little angel soul suffer if the mother is dying. Others do it; they keep the child, don't nurse it, and it dies. But I

thought I'd rather send it to the foundling house. There was some money, and we sent the child away.

"Was there a number?"

"There was a number, but the child died right then. She told us the child died as soon as I brought it there."

"Who is she?"

"That same woman; she lived in Skorodny. That was her business. Her name was Malania; she is dead now. She was a smart woman; that's how she used to do it. They would bring her a child; she would take it and keep it in her house and nurse it. She would nurse it, my dear, until she had three or four of them—all to be sent to the foundling house. All was so nicely arranged—a big cradle, like a double bedroom, and the children could be put here and there. And then there was a handle. She would put down four of them, their heads asunder, so as not to be hurt; their feet together, and she brings away four at a time. She would put nipples in their mouths, and they would be quiet, the little ones."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, she did the same with Katerina's child; she kept it two weeks in her house, and he became sick there."

"Was it a nice child?" asked Nekhludov.

"Such a child that should have been somewhere else. It was exactly your image," added the old woman, winking her old eye.

"Why did it become weak? They must have nursed him badly."

"What food was it? It was only an example. Of course, it wasn't her own child. The only thing was to bring it there alive. She said as soon as she brought it to Moscow it died. She brought a death certificate, everything as necessary. She was a smart woman."

That is all Nekhludov could learn about his child.

CHAPTER II.

That night Nekhludov did not sleep well. The next day he met seven of his peasants in the orchard under an apple tree. It took a long time to persuade the peasants to put on their caps and sit down on the benches.

Especially stubborn was the ex-soldier, who had on clean leg wrappers and bast shoes to-day, and who held his torn cap in front of him, according to the rule, as they hold it "at a funeral."

But when one of them, a broad-shouldered, respectful looking old man, with a curly, half-gray beard, like that of Michael Angelo's Moses, and with gray, thick, curly hair around his sunburnt and uncovered tawny forehead, put on his big cap and, lapping over his new home-made caftan, sat down on the bench, all followed his example. When all were seated, Nekhludov sat down opposite them, and, leaning his elbow on the table over the paper which contained the summary of his plans, he began to lay it open before them.

Whether because there were fewer peasants, or because he was not occupied with himself, but with business, Nekhludov was not at all confused this time. He addressed involuntarily the broad-shouldered old man with the gray, curly beard, expecting from him approval or objection. But the opinion Nekhludov formed of him was wrong. Although the good-looking old man nodded his beautiful patriarchal head approvingly, or shook his head, knitting his brow when others objected, it was evident that he understood little of what Nekhludov spoke, and that only when the others repeated it in their own language. Nekhludov was much better understood by an almost beardless old fellow who sat next to the patriarchal man. That was the stovemaker, as Nekhludov learned later. He was

one-eyed, dressed in a poddyovka and in old, worn-out boots. He moved his eyebrows rapidly, making efforts to listen carefully, and at once explained in his own way Nekhludov's words. Nekhludov was also well understood by a short, square-built old man with a white beard and with flashing sensible eyes, who grasped every opportunity to put in jesting and ironical remarks on Nekhludov's words, and he was evidently proud of it. The ex-soldier, it seemed, could also understand him, if he were not stupefied by soldiery, and if he were not confused in the habits of the senseless soldier language. Most serious of all was a long-nosed, tall man with a little beard; he spoke in a deep basso and was dressed in clean, home-made clothes and in new bast shoes. This man understood everything and spoke only when it was necessary. The other two old men—one that same toothless man who at yesterday's meeting determinately declined all Nekhludov's offers—and the second—a tall, white, lame old man with a kind face, in white leg-wrappers and in peasant's boots—both were quiet almost all the time, although they listened attentively.

First of all, Nekhludov expressed his opinion about the ownership of the land.

"In my opinion," said he, "land cannot be sold, or bought, because if it may be sold, those that have money would buy it all up, and then they would take whatever they want from those that have no land; they would take money for the right to use the lands."

"That is true," said the long-nosed in his deep basso.

"Exactly so," said the ex-soldier.

"The woman got some grass for the cow—she was caught—and sent to prison," said the modest, kind old man.

"Our land is five versts away—and to hire is impossible; the price has gone up so high that you can't get it," added the toothless, angry old man.

"They twist ropes out of us just as they please; it is

worse than husbandry service," confirmed the angry man.

"I think the same as you do," said Nekhludov, "and I consider it a sin to own land. And now I want to give it to you."

"Well, that's a good thing," said the old man with the Moses curls, evidently supposing that Nekhludov wanted to rent them the land.

"I came for this purpose. I do not want to own the land any longer, but we must think now how to settle it."

"Give it to the peasants, and that's all," said the toothless, angry old man.

Nekhludov was somewhat confused for a moment, feeling in these words that they doubt the sincerity of his intention. But he soon controlled himself and made use of this remark in order to speak out what he had to say:

"I am glad to give it away," he said, "but to whom and how? To which peasants? Why to your community, and not to that of Deminsk?" (That was a neighboring village with a beggarly portion.)

All were silent. Only the ex-soldier said, "Exactly so."

"Well," said Nekhludov, "you tell me, if the land should be given away to the peasants, how would you do it?"

"How would we do it? We would divide by the number of souls—all equal," said the stovemaker, quickly, raising and letting down his eyebrows.

"How else? Divide it by the number of souls," confirmed the kind-hearted, lame old man in the white leg-wrappers.

All confirmed this decision, considering it satisfactory.

"How, by the number of souls?" asked Nekhludov. "Divide it among the domestics, too?"

"Not at all," began the ex-soldier, trying to express a gay boldness on his face. But the tall considerate peasant did not agree with him.

"To divide among all alike," he answered in his deep basso, after a moment's thought.

"It is impossible," said Nekhludov, who had already pre-

pared an objection. "If everybody will get the same, then all those who do not work themselves—that do not plough, will sell their shares to the rich. And again the land will belong to the rich. And the number of those that have their own share will increase. And thus the land is already taken away. Again the rich will take into their hands those to whom land is essential."

"Exactly so," the ex-soldier hastened to confirm.

"To prohibit to sell land, except to those who plough for themselves," said the stovemaker, interrupting the soldier angrily.

Nekhludov objected to this, saying that it is impossible to tell whether one farms for himself or for somebody else.

Then the tall, considerate peasant suggested that they arrange it so that all would farm in a company. And those that work should get a share. "Those that do not plough—get nothing," said he in his resolute basso.

Nekhludov was ready with arguments against this communistic project, saying that for this it was necessary that they all have ploughs, that their horses be equal and that some do not remain behind the others, or that everything—the horses, the ploughs, the threshing machines and all the household—should belong to all alike. And in order to have it so it is necessary that all people consent to it.

"You can never bring our people to consent," said the angry old man.

"They'll be fighting all along," said the old man with the white beard and the smiling eyes.

"Then how can we divide the land by the quality," said Nekhludov. "Why should some have the mold, while the others clay and sand?"

"We can divide it so that all get equal parts," said the stovemaker.

To which Nekhludov replied that the question is not in dividing the land in one community, but in the division at large in various States. If the land be given free to the

peasants, why should some possess good, while others bad land? All would like to get the good land.

"Exactly so," said the soldier.

The others were silent.

"So that is not as simple as it seems," said Nekhludov. "And not we alone, but many other people, think of this, There is one American, George, and that's how he devised it. And I agree with him."

"You are the master, give away as you want. Do as you please," said the angry old man.

This interruption confused Nekhludov, but, to his pleasure, he noticed that he was not the only one to be displeased with the interruption.

"Wait, Uncle Semion, let him tell us," said the considerate peasant, in his impressive basso.

Nekhludov was encouraged by this and he began to explain to them the theories of single tax according to Henry George: "The land is no one's—it is God's"—he began.

"That's so. Exactly so," some voices were heard to say.

"All the land is common. All have equal rights to it. But there is better and worse land. And every one wants to get the best. What is to be done to make it equal? He who owns the good land should pay to those that own no land as much as his land is worth," Nekhludov answered himself. "But as it is hard to assign who is to pay to whom, and as it is necessary to collect money for the community's needs, it could be done that he who owns land is to pay to the community for any needs as much as his land be worth. Thus all will have the same. You want to own land? Pay for the better land more, for the worse less. Do you not want to own land? You pay nothing; and those that own land pay for you for the community's needs."

"That is correct," said the stovemaker, winking his eyebrows. "Whoever has better land pays more."

"A smart fellow was that George," said the representa-

tive old man with the curls.

"Only the payments should not be too high," said the tall man in his basso, evidently foreseeing the result.

"The payment must be neither high nor low. If high, they wouldn't pay out, and there will be losses; if low, one will buy from another; they will start to deal in land. I would like to do the same here with you."

"That is correct, that is true. Well, that's all right," said the peasants.

"A smart fellow," repeated the broad-shouldered old man with the curls, "that George, to think it out."

"Well, and suppose I want to take some land," said the clerk, smiling.

"If there is an unoccupied portion, take it and work," said Nekhludov.

"What do you want it for? You are safe enough without it," said the old man, whose eyes were smiling.

The conference ended at this.

Nekhludov again repeated his offer, but asked for no answer at once; he advised them to discuss it with the community and then let him know. The peasants said that they will talk it over with the community, and they will bring him an answer; and having taken leave they went away in a state of excitement. Their loud conversation was heard for a long time on the road. Until late their voices resounded and were carried by the river to the village.

The peasants did not work the next day; they were considering the barin's offer. The community was divided into two parties. One found the barin's offer advantageous and safe, while the other saw in it a plot, whose nature they could not understand, and hence feared it extremely. On the third day, however, all agreed to accept the offered conditions and came to Nekhludov to announce the resolution of the entire community. This resolution was influenced by one old woman's words, which were accepted by the old men and which explained away their fear of deceit on the part of the barin; she told them that the barin

began to think of his soul and acts thus for its salvation. This explanation was confirmed by the money alms. Nekhludov distributed in Panova. And Nekhludov distributed the money there because he learned for the first time that stage of poverty and austerity of life to which the peasants came down, and, struck by that poverty, although he knew that it was not reasonble, he could not help giving away money, of which he had very much now, since, he received the money, for the forest which was sold last year in Kuzminskoye, and also for entrance money for the sale of the inventory.

As soon as it was learned that the barin gives money to all those that ask for it, crowds of people, especially women, came to him from the vicinity, asking aid. He actually did not know how to deal with them, how to be guided in solving the question to whom and how much to give. He felt that not to give money, of which he had much, to those that ask, and evidently poor people, was impossible. And to give by chance to those that ask was not reasonable.

During the last day of his stay at Panova Nekhludov went into the house and busied himself rearranging the things that were left there. Looking over the things he found in the lowest drawer of his aunt's old chiffonier of red wood many letters, among which there was a photograph representing a group of Sophia Ivanovna, Maria Ivanovna, himself as a student and Katusha, clean, fresh, gay and full of life. Of all the things that were in the house, Nekhludov took but the letters and this picture. The rest he left to the miller, who bought the house and the furniture, by the mediation of the smiling clerk, for a tenth part of the price.

CHAPTER III.

When Nekhludov returned to the city he hired two very plainly furnished rooms not far from the prison, and, giving an order to bring there the things he had picked out in the house, he went away to the attorney.

It was cold outside. After the storms and the rains came the cold weather, which usually comes in Spring. It was so cold and the wind was so piercing that Nekhludov was almost frozen in his light coat.

In his recollections were village people, women, children, old men, poverty and exhaustion, such as he seemed to have seen for the first time, especially the smiling old baby, that was twisting its calfless little feet, and he involuntarily compared with them all that was in the city. Passing the butcher shops, the fish stores and the clothing stores, he was struck, as if he saw it for the first time, by the satiety of that colossal number of such clean and fat storekeepers, the like of whom not a single one is found in the village. These people were, evidently, fully convinced that their endeavor to deceive people that know nothing about their wares is not an idle but a very useful occupation. Just as sate were the coachmen, with their big backs and with buttons on their backs. Such were the footmen in their foraging caps, trimmed with galloons; such were the chambermaids, with their curly heads, in their aprons; and especially the well-equipped coachmen, with their shaven necks, sitting stretched out, in their coaches and examining the passers-by corruptly and contemptibly. In all these people he now involuntarily saw those same country people, deprived of land and driven by this deprivation into the city. Some of these people knew how to avail themselves of the city conditions and became just such as the masters, and were glad of their

situations; others fell back in the city on worse conditions than in the country, and were more pitiful. The shoemakers that Nekhludov saw working in a cellar looked to him so pitiful; such were the thin, pale, disheveled washerwomen, ironing with their thin, bare hands before open windows, from which the soap-steam came out in thick clouds. Such were the two dyers Nekhludov met; they were in aprons, and barefooted, and were smeared with paint from head to foot. Their sleeves were rolled up above their elbows, and they carried in their tanned, very weak hands a bucket full of paint, and were constantly scolding. Their faces looked exhausted and angry. Exhausted and angry were the dust-covered, dark faces of the carters that were shaking themselves in their carts. Such were the faces of the ragged and bloated men, women and children that were begging around the street corners. Such faces were seen in the taverns which Nekhludov happened to pass. Sweating, red-faced and stupefied people, shouting and singing, sat near dirty tables, which were covered with bottles and tea-sets.

"And why have they all come together here?" thought Nekhludov, inhaling, involuntarily, together with the dust, which was carried by the cold wind, the diffused smell of the rancid oil of fresh paint.

A train of carts came alongside of Nekhludov on one of the streets, and, carrying iron sheets, they made such a terrible noise on the uneven road that Nekhludov's ears and head began to ache. He began to walk faster, in order to outstrip the train of carts, when all of a sudden he heard his name amid the rattle of the iron. He stopped and noticed in front of him a military man with sharp-edged, waxed mustache, with a radiant, glossy face. The man sat in the carriage, and, greeting him, waved his hand, displaying unusually white teeth as he smiled.

"Nekhludov! Nekhludov!"

Nekhludov's first feeling was pleasure.

"Ah! Shenbok!" said he, cheerfully; but he understood at once that there was actually nothing to be glad of.

That was the same Shenbok who came to Nekhludov's aunts. Nekhludov had long lost sight of him, but he was told that, notwithstanding his debts, having left the regiment and remaining with the cavalry, he still managed to keep himself by some means or other in the world of the wealthy people. His contented, cheerful appearance confirmed it.

"It's very good that I met you. Otherwise, no one is in town. How old you've grown!" said he, coming out of the carriage and stretching his shoulders. "It was only by the walk that I recognized you. Well, do we have dinner together? Where do they have good meals around here?"

"I don't know whether I have time enough," answered Nekhludov, thinking how to get rid of his companion without offending him.

"On what business are you here?" he asked.

"Business, my dear, about guardianship. I am a guardian. I superintend Samanov's affairs. You know that rich fellow. He has about fifty-four thousand acres of land," said he, with some special pride, as if he had made those acres himself. "The affairs were terribly neglected. The land was all among the peasants. They didn't pay anything; the outstanding debt was over eighty thousand. I changed everything in one year and increased the income seventy per cent. Ah!" asked he with pride.

Nekhludov reminded himself that he was told that just beause this Shenbok spent his fortune and made insolvent debts, he was by some particular patronage appointed guardian of the fortune of a rich old man, who was now spending it; and Shenbok evidently lived now on this guardianship.

"How should I get rid of him without offending him?" thought Nekhludov, looking at his glossy, full face with the waxed mustache and listening to his kindly, friendly chat as to where they give good meals and to his boasting how he arranged the affairs.

"Well, where do we have our dinner?"

"But I have no time," said Nekhludov, looking at the watch.

"Well, then, there are races to-night. Will you be there?"

"No, I will not be there."

"Come; I do not have my horses any more. I bet on Grisha's horses. You remember, he has a good stable. Come, and we'll have supper."

"I wouldn't be able to have supper with you, either," said Nekhludov, smiling.

"What is it? Where are you going now? I'll bring you there if you wish."

"I am going to the lawyer. He lives around the corner here," said Nekhludov.

"Oh, yes; you have some business with the prison! You became a prison agent? The Korchagins told me," said Shenbok, laughing. "They went away already. What is it? Tell me."

"Yes, yes, that is true," answered Nekhludov. "What should I tell you on the street?"

"Yes, yes, you were always an odd fellow. Will you come to the races?"

"No, I cannot, and I don't care to go there. But don't be angry, pray."

"Angry! Where do you stay?" asked he, and suddenly his face grew serious, his eyes stopped, and his eyebrows raised themselves.

"How cold it is! Ah!"

"Yes, yes."

"You have the bundles?" Shenbok asked the coachman.

"Well, then, good-by. I am very, very glad I met you," said he, and, squeezing Nekhludov's hand, he jumped into the carriage, waving his big hand in a new kid glove before his glossy face and smiling politely, with his unusually white teeth.

"Is it possible that I used to be like that?" thought Nekhludov. "Yes. Not exactly so, but I wanted to be like that, and thought that I would pass my life like that."

CHAPTER IV.

Nekhludov rang the prison bell with anxiety and fear, thinking of the condition in which he would find Maslova and of that mistery which he saw in her, and in that union of people that was in the prison. An inspector came out, and Nekhludov asked him about Maslova. The inspector went to inquire about her, and told him that she was in the hospital. Nekhludov went to the hospital. A kind-hearted old man, the watchman of the hospital, admitted him at once, and, having heard whom he wished to see, he directed him to the children's ward.

A young physician, all steeped in carbolic acid, came out to Nekhludov into the corridor, and asked him sternly what he wanted. This physician was very indulgent to the prisoners, and therefore he constantly had unpleasant collisions with the authorities of the prison, and even with the elder physicians. Fearing lest Nekhludov should ask him something illegal, and, be-

sides, desiring to show that he made no exceptions for anybody, he feigned to be angry.

"There are no women here; this is the children's ward," said he.

"I know, but there is a nurse here removed from prison."

"Yes, there are two here. Well, what do you wish, then?"

"I am on friendly terms with one of them—Maslova," said Nekhludov, "and I would like to see her. I am going to St. Petersburg to appeal her case. I want to give this to her. This is only a photograph," said Nekhludov, taking an envelope out of his pocket.

"Well, that could be done," said the physician, somewhat softer, and, turning to an old woman in a white apron, he told her to call the nurse, the prisoner Maslova.

"Wouldn't you like to sit down for a while, or to come into the visiting room?"

"I thank you," said Nekhludov, and, availing himself of the physician's favorable change toward him, he asked him whether they were pleased with Maslova in the hospital.

"Pretty well; her work is good enough, taking into consideration the condition in which she use to be," said the doctor; "but here she is."

The old woman-nurse came out, and Maslova after her. She had a white apron on her striped dress; her hair was covered by a kerchief on her head. Noticing Nekhludov, she flushed, stopped, somewhat undecided; then she knitted her brow, and, letting her eyes down, walked up to him with quick steps. Coming up to Nekhludov, she did not want to give him her hand; then she gave it to him and flushed still more. Nekhludov had not seen her since the time she excused herself for her fieriness, and he expected to find her now as she was then. But to-day she was altogether different; there

was something new in the expression of her face—something reserved, reluctant and, what seemed to Nekhludov, something malevolent toward him.

"I found this in Panova, an old photograph; it may be pleasant to you. Take it."

Lifting up her black eyebrows, she looked at him surprised, as if asking: "What is this for?" and, without saying a word, she took the envelope and put it under her apron.

"I saw your aunt there," said Nekhludov.

"You saw her?" said she, indifferently.

"Is it better here for you?" asked Nekhludov.

"Pretty good," said she.

"Not too hard?"

"No, not at all."

"I am very glad of it. It is better than there."

"Where? There?" said she, and her face turned purple.

"There, in prison," Nekhludov hastened to say.

"Why is it better?" she asked.

"I think the people are better here."

"There are many good people there," she said.

"I am going to St. Petersburg to-day. Your case will come up soon, and I hope that the decision will be recalled."

"Recalled or not recalled—it is all the same now," said she.

"Why, now?"

"So," said she, looking into his face somewhat interrogatively.

Nekhludov thought that this word and this glance meant that she wanted to know whether he still stood by his decision or had accepted her refusal and changed his mind.

"I do not know why it is all the same to you," he said, "but it is actually all the same to me, whether

they will acquit you or not. In either case, I am ready to do as I said," said he, determinedly.

She raised her head, fastened her black squint eyes on and past his face, and her face became radiant with joy. But she said something altogether different than that her eyes spoke.

"You say this in vain?" she said.

"I say this that you should know it."

"Everything was said about it, and there's no use to speak," she said, hardly able to suppress her smile.

A noise was heard in the ward. A child was crying.

"I am called, I guess," she said, looking around uneasily.

"Well, then, good-by," said he.

She pretended not to have noticed his outstretched hand, and, without shaking it, she turned back, and, trying to hide her joy, she walked away quickly down the corridor.

"What takes place in her? How does she think? What does she feel? Does she want to test me, or can she really not forgive me? Can she say everything she thinks and feels, or does she not want to say? Has she softened or become exasperated?" Nekhludov questioned himself, and could in no way find an answer to all this. He knew but one thing—that is, that she had changed—that an important change tied him not with her alone, but also with that in whose name that change was brought about. And this union brought him into a state of joyous ecstasy and emotion.

Returning to the ward, which was occupied by eight children's beds, Maslova began to make a bed over again, according to a sister's order, and, leaning over too far with the sheeting, she slipped and almost fell. A convalescent little boy, whose neck was bandaged, and who looked at her, began to laugh, and Maslova could check herself no longer. She sat down on the bed and burst out into a loud and such a contagious

laughter that some of the children also began to giggle, and the sister cried to her angrily:

"Why are you giggling? Do you think you are there where you were? Go for the portions."

Maslova became silent, and, taking the dishes, she went where she was sent to, but, glancing at the bandaged little boy, who was prohibited to laugh, she burst out laughing again.

A few times during the day, as soon as she remained alone, Maslova pushed the photograph out of the envelope and looked at it admiringly, but only at night, after the attendance of the day, when she was all alone in the little room where she slept with the other nurse, she took out the photograph from the envelope, and for a long time, motionless, caressing with her eyes every detail of the faces, of the clothes, of the staircase and of the bushes, which served as the background for his face, for her own and for the faces of his aunts. She looked at the faded little photograph which had turned yellow, and could not admire it enough, especially her own young, beautiful face, with the curly hair around her forehead. She was so absorbed that she did not notice the woman nurse companion entering the room.

"What is this? He gave it to you?" said the stout, kind-hearted nurse, bending over the photograph.

"Is it possible that you are in this picture?"

"Who, then?" said Maslova, looking at her companion's face and smiling.

"And who is that, he, that same one? And this his mother?"

"His aunt. Couldn't you recognize me?" asked Maslova.

"How should I? I could never in my life recognize you there! It is a different face altogether. That must be about ten years since!"

"It isn't the time, it's life," said Maslova, and all of a sudden all her animation passed. Her face became sad. and a wrinkle was set deep between her eyebrows.

CHAPTER V.

Maslova's case was to come up the next day in St. Petersburg, and Nekhludov went to the Senate. His lawyer met him at the entrance of the Senate Building, where many carriages were standing.

The case was soon started and Nekhludov, together with the audience, went into the session room. Only the St. Petersburg lawyer went forward behind the grating.

The session room of the Senate was less spacious than that of the district court. It was simpler in its arrangement, and the only difference was that the table in the front of the Senate was covered, not with green cloth, but with crimson velvet trimmed with golden galloons, but the usual attributes of places where justice is administered were there—the mirror of justice, the image—the emblem of hypocrisy and the emblem of slavishness—the portrait of the Czar. The usher just as solemnly announced: "The Court is coming." All arose, the senators came out in their uniforms, sat down in their high-backed armchairs and leaned their elbows on the table, trying to appear natural. There were four Senators. The president, Nikitin, clean shaven, with a narrow face and with steelly eyes; Wolf, turning over with his white little hands the sheets of the documents in the case; then Skovorodnikov,

a stout, heavy, pock-marked man, a learned jurist; and the fourth, Be, that same patriarchal old man, who came in last. The chief secretary came out together with the Senators and the Attorney-General, a shaven, dry young man of medium height, with a very dark face and with sad, black eyes. Nekhludov, notwithstanding his queer uniform and that he had not seen him for six years, at once recognized in him one of his best friends during their student life.

Senator Wolf, in his shrill voice, reported very circumstantially Maslova's request for revision, with an obvious desire to revise the decision of the court.

"Is there anything you wish to add?" asked the presiding senator, addressing Fanarin. Fanarin arose, and, expanding his chest, began to prove with wonderful impressiveness and in precise terms, the digression of the court at six points from the real sense of the law and, besides this, he touched, though in short, upon the e ssence of the case and upon the crying injustice of the decision. The tone of Fanarin's short, but strong speech sounded as if he offers an excuse for insisting upon it that the senators with their penetration and judicial wisdom see and understand more than he, but that he does it only because the obligation he had assumed required it of him.

After Fanarin's speech it seemed there could not be the slightest doubt that the senators will declare for revision. Ending his address, Fanarin smiled triumphantly. Looking at his lawyer and noticing his smile, Nekhludov was certain that the case is won. But when he looked at the senators he saw that Fanarin smiled and triumphed alone. The senators and the attorney-general neither smiled nor triumphed, but looked like weary people saying: "We have heard a good deal of that stuff, but all that leads to nothing." They were all evidently pleased only when the lawyer finished and thus ceased to detain them uselessly. Immediately after the lawyer's address the presiding senator turned to the attorney-general.

Selenin expressed himself briefly in clear and exact terms for leaving the decision of the case unaltered, finding all motives for revision groundless. Then the senators arose and went out to the consulting room. The opinions differed. Wolf was for revision; Be, who understood the case, stood very ardent for revision, vividly describing to his colleagues the picture of the court and the misunderstanding of the jury, as he understood it perfectly well; Nikitin, always for strictness at large and for strict formality, was against revision. The fate of the case depended now upon Skovorodnikov's opinion. And this opinion was given on the side of rejection, chiefly because Nekhludov's decision to marry this girl in the name of moral requirements was repulsive to him in the highest degree.

Skovorodnikov was a materialist-Darwinist, and he considered all the manifestations of abstract morality, or, still worse, of religiousness, not only as contemptible absurdities, but also as personal insult. All this bustle about a prostitute and the presence of the eminent lawyer defending her and Nekhludov's presence in the senate were repulsive to him in the highest degree. And, therefore, pulling his beard into his mouth and grimacing, he very naturally pretended to know nothing about this case except that the motives for revision are not sufficient, and that he, therefore, agrees with the president to leave the case without any results.

Thus revision was rejected.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as Nekhludov came to Moscow, he went to the prison-hospital to tell Maslova the sad news that the sen-

ate confirmed the decision of the court, and that it is necessary to prepare now for the departure to Siberia. He had a very faint hope for the petition to the Czar, which the lawyer prepared for him, and which he had with him now to be signed by Maslova. And, strange to say, he did not care for success now. He became accustomed to the thought of going to Siberia, of living among the exiled and the convicts, and he could not picture to himself how he would arrange his own life and that of Maslova, if she were acquitted. He recalled the words of the American writer who said, at the time when slavery existed in America, that the only place fit for an honest citizen of the government, where slavery is legally protected, is the prison. Nekhludov thought the same.

CHAPTER VII.

The fifth of July was the date appointed for the party to start. Maslova was to go with this party. Nekhludov prepared to start the same day. Nekhludov's sister, with her husband, came to the city to meet him on the eve of his departure.

The party was to leave the station at three o'clock, and, therefore, in order to see the party leave the prison and go together with them to the station, Nekhludov intended to come there before twelve o'clock.

The prisoners' train was to leave but two hours before the post-train in which Nekhludov was going, and, therefore, he settled all his bills in the hotel, not intending to return.

It was heavy, hot July weather. The stones of the

streets and houses and the iron sheets of the roofs, which have not grown cool after the sultry night, filled the warm, motionless air with their heat. There was not a breeze, and when it did come it brought foul, hot air filled with dust and with the stench of oil paints. There were few people on the streets and those that were, tried to go in the shades of the houses. Only the sunburnt peasant bricklayers in bast shoes sat in the middle of the streets and knocked with their hammers on the cobble stones, and the gloomy policemen in unbleached linen coats and with orange-colored ribbons on their revolvers, stood dejectedly in the middle of the streets, and the horse cars, ringing, ran up and down the streets.

When Nekhludov came up to the prison the party did not start out yet, and in the prison was still going on (from four o'clock in the morning) the trying work of delivering and taking over the prisoners to be sent away. There were six hundred and twenty-three men and sixty-four women in the party. It was necessary to verify the number, to single out the sick and the weak and to give them over to the convoy. The new warden, two assistants of his, a physician, an assistant surgeon, a convoy officer and a clerk sat by a table in the yard, in the shade of the wall, and called out every one separately, examined and took the names of the prisoners as they came along.

A half of the table was now caught by the rays of the sun. It became warm and especially suffocating from the want of wind, and from the breath of the crowd of prisoners, who stood close by.

"Will it ever end?" said the tall, red-faced convoy officer, who was ceaselessly smoking. "It is tiring out. Where did you get so many? Are there many more?"

The clerk looked up.

"Twenty-four more, besides the women."

"Well, why are you standing? Come up!" the convoy officer cried to the prisoners, who were not yet examined and who were pushing one another. The prisoners stood

over three hours in the lines, not in the shade, but in the sun, awaiting their turn.

This work went on within the prison; outside, by the gates, stood, as usual, the man on guard with a gun; there were about twenty carts for the prisoners' things and for the weak, and on the corner stood a crowd of relatives and friends, waiting for the prisoners to come out to see them, and, if possible, to speak to them and to hand over something to the departing. Nekhludov came up to the crowd.

He stood there for about an hour. At the end of the hour the tinkling of chains was heard behind the gates; then the sound of steps, the voices of the officers, the coughing and low voices of a big crowd. This lasted five minutes, during which time inspectors entered and came out of the door. Finally the command was heard. The gates opened with a thunder, the tinkling of chains became more audible, and armed convoy soldiers in white linen coats came out into the street and, evidently accustomed to it, placed themselves in a correct circle before the gates. When they were ready, another order was given and the prisoners began to come out in pairs, with flat caps on their shaven heads, with bags on their shoulders, dragging their fettered feet and swinging their free hand, supporting with the other one the bag on their shoulder. First came the men convicts, all in the same gray pants and in coats with aces on their backs. They all—young, old, thin, stout, pale, red-faced, dark, whiskered, bearded, beardless, Russians, Tartars, Jews—came out, tinkling their chains and boldly swinging their hands, as if prepared to go a long distance, but passing about ten yards they stopped and submissively placed themselves four in a row. Immediately after these came just such shaven men, in just such clothes, handcuffed, their feet not chained. These were the banished. They came out just as boldly, stopped, and also placed themselves four in a row.

Then came the women, also in order; first, the convicts

in gray prison coats and kerchiefs, then the banished and the voluntary followers in their city or country dresses. Some of the women carried nurslings in the lappets of their coats.

Together with the women walked the children—boys and girls. The children, like colts in a drove of horses, were pushing among the prisoners. The men were standing quietly, only coughing now and then, or making some brief remarks. Among the women stood an unbroken rumor. It seemed to Nekhludov that he recognized Maslova, when she came out, but then she was lost in the great number of the others, and he saw but a crowd of gray beings, as if deprived of human, especially of feminine nature, with children and with bags, which were placed behind the men.

Notwithstanding that all the prisoners were counted within the walls of the prison, the convoys began to count them again, comparing with the previous number. This counting lasted long, because some of the prisoners were moving—going from one place to another—thus mixing up the figures of the convoys. The convoys were scolding and pushing the humble, but angrily obedient prisoners, and began to count over again. When all were counted, the officer gave some order and a confusion arose in the crowd. The weak men, the women and the children, running, turned to the wagons and began to arrange their bags there and then they stepped into the wagons themselves. Women with crying babies seated themselves in the wagons, lively children quarreling about the seats, and gloomy men prisoners.

Some prisoners, removing their caps, walked up to the officer and asked him something. As Nekhludov found out later, they asked him to be allowed into the wagons. Nekhludov saw how the convoy officer, not looking at the prisoners, went on smoking his cigar quietly, and then all of a sudden he lifted up his short hand against the prisoner, and how the other one jumped away for fear of the blow.

"I will make of you such an aristocrat that you will remember! You will come there on foot! shouted the officer.

But one tall old man, his feet tightened in chains, was admitted by the officer into the wagon, and Nekhludov saw how the old man took off his flat cap and crossed himself as he walked up to the wagon, and he could not for a long time get into it on account of the chains which hindered him from lifting his weak, old foot, and how an old woman helped him by pulling him in by his hand.

When the wagons were filled with the bags, upon which those that were admitted took their seats, the convoy officer took off his cap, wiped his forehead, his bald head and his thick neck and crossed himself.

"Party, march!" he commanded. The soldiers clashed with their guns, the prisoners taking off their hats, began to cross themselves; the people who came to see them off shouted something, the prisoners shouted something in answer, the women began to sob, and the party—surrounded by soldiers, in white linen coats, started, raising the dust with their chained feet. The soldiers walking in front, behind them the prisoners in chains, four in line, behnd them the women Behind all these came the wagons with the weak, and with the luggage; in one of these wagons sat a muffled woman, who ceaselessly sobbed aloud.

CHAPTER VIII.

The procession was so long that when the front rows disappeared from view the wagons with the luggage and the sick only started. Nekhludov seated himself in the

cab which was awaiting him, and told the driver to get ahead of the party in order to see whether there were some people that he knew among the men, and then to find Maslova among the women, and ask her whether she had received the things sent her.

It became very warm. There was no wind, and the dust raised from the thousands of feet stood in the air. The prisoners marched briskly and the slow, hackney horse which carried Nekhludov was very slowly getting ahead of them. Row after row walked unknown, queer and terrible looking creatures, moving on with thousands of similarly dressed and shod feet, keeping time with their free hands, as if trying to brace themselves up. There were so many of them, they looked so much alike, and they were placed in such queer surroundings, that it seemed to Nekhludov that they were no human beings, but creatures belonging to some other planet. This impression was effaced only because he recognized the murderer of Fedorov, and among the other prisoners another acquaintance, the comic Okhotin, and then a tramp. Almost all the prisoners looked around, glancing sidewise at the cab and its passenger. Fedorov made an upward motion with his head, recognizing Nekhludov. Okhotin winked at him, as they thought it prohibited. Coming up to the women, Nekhludov immediately recognized Maslova. She walked in the second line. At the end walked a red-faced, short-legged, black-eyed, very ugly woman, her gown tucked in behind her belt; this was Khoroshavka. Near her walked a woman, dragging her feet with difficulty, and the third was Maslova. She carried a sack on her shoulder and looked straight ahead. Her face had an expression of peace and determination. The fourth in line with her was a pretty young woman in a short gown with a kerchief around her head, in the fashion of a married woman; she walked energetically. This was Fedosia. Nekhludov got off the cab and approached the moving women, for he wished to ask Maslova about the things sent to her and how she feels, but

the captain going with this party, seeing him approaching, ran up to him.

"It is not allowed, sir, to approach the party—not—not allowed!" he shouted. Coming nearer and recognizing Nekhludov (in the prison everybody knew him), the captain saluted him, and, stopping near Nekhludov, said:

"At present it is impossible. At the station you may, but here it is not allowed. Don't fall behind; march!" he ran over in his stylish new boots to his post.

Nekhludov returned to the sidewalk and told the cabman to follow him, walking along in sight of the party. Wherever it passed, the party attracted the attention of everybody—who felt both pity and terror. The occupants of carriages met on the way looked out, and, so far as they could, followed with their eyes the party of prisoners. Pedestrians stopped and gazed at the awful sight with morbid curiosity. Some approached and gave alms. The convoys received these. Some, as if hypnotized, followed the party and later stopping and shaking their heads, followed them with their eyes only. From the house porches and gates people ran out; motionless they looked from the windows at the terrible procession.

At one of the crossways a rich carriage was stopped by the party. On the box sat the fat coachman with a shiny face and a row of brass buttons; inside the carriage on the back seat sat a husband and wife—the wife thin and pale, in a light-colored hat and with a bright parasol, and the husband in a high hat and a stylish light overcoat. In front of them sat their children—a nicely dressed, fresh flower-like girl with blond loose hair, also with a bright parasol, and an eight-year old boy, with a long thin neck and prominent cheek bones in a sailor hat with long ribbons. The father angrily reproached the coachman for not having passed the party in time, and the mother squeamishly blinking her eyes, covered herself from the dust and sun with her parasol, which she placed right over her face. The fat coachman angrily knit his brow, listen-

ing to the unjust reproaches of his master, who told him to go through this street; and he was hardly able to hold in the spirited horses. The policeman wished with all his heart to oblige the rich occupants of the carriage by letting them pass by, stopping the procession, but he felt that in this procession there was a gloomy solemnity which was not to be broken even for such a rich man. He only touched his cap with his hand as a sign of his respect for riches, and severely looked at the prisoners, as if promising at any rate to protect the occupants of the carriage from them. So the carriage had to wait until all the prisoners passed, and started only after the last wagon of luggage, with the women prisoners, had thundered past; among those was the hysterical woman who had become quiet, but on seeing the rich carriage again began to cry and scream. Then only the coachman slightly touched the reins, the spirited horses, clanking with their shoes over the pavement, carried away the softly shaking carriage on rubber tires, to the country, where the husband, wife, little girl and the boy with the thin neck were going for amusement and pleasure.

Neither father nor mother explained the sight to their son or daughter, so that the children had to rely upon themselves to explain the meaning of what they had seen.

The girl, seeing the expression on her parents' faces, solved the question thus, that those people were entirely different from her father and mother and from her rare acquaintance; that those were bad people, and for that reason had to be treated this way, and the little girl only felt a repugnant fear of these people and was glad that they were gone.

But without moving and without taking his eyes off the prisoners, the boy decided the question differently. He knew—beyond the shadow of a doubt—knew it direct from the Divine, that these people were like himself, like all other people, and for that reason he knew that some one had mortally wronged these people and felt sorry for

them, and he feared both the victims and the persecutors. And for that reason the boy's lips twitched more and more, and only by strong efforts could he keep from crying, being ashamed to cry from such a cause.

CHAPTER IX.

When Nekhludov came to the station the prisoners were already sitting in the cars behind grated windows. On the platform stood several people that were taking leave of some of the prisoners, but they were not allowed to approach the cars. The convoy soldiers were especially troubled to-day. On the way from the prison to the station people died of sunstroke.

The convoy soldiers were not worried by the fact that five people in their custody died—five people that could have been alive. This did not bother them, but they were bothered by something else. They had to comply with all the formalities prescribed by the law in such cases—to transfer the dead men, with all their documents and belongings, to take their names off the list of those that are to be taken to Nizny, and this was very troublesome, especially in such a terrible heat.

This was what occupied the convoys, and, while they were arranging all these things, Nekhludov and the others were not allowed to speak to the prisoners, nor even to approach the cars. Nekhludov was finally permitted, after he had given some money to the captain. The latter asked Nekhludov to be quick about it, so

that his superior officer should not see it. There were eighteen cars there, and every one of them, with the exception of those assigned to the officers, was filled with prisoners. Passing by the windows of the cars, Nekhludov listened to what was going on inside. He heard the sound of chains, of bustling and talking, mixed with senseless slang, but nowhere were the dead comrades even mentioned. They talked chiefly about sacks, about water and about the choice of seats.

On all the benches of the car red-faced, perspiring women in wrappers and in loose waists were sitting and talking loudly. The face of Nekhludov approaching the window attracted their attention. Those nearest became silent and moved closer to the window. Maslova, in a waist and without a kerchief on her head, sat at the window on the other side of the car. Nearer to this window sat the white Feodosia, smiling.

Recognizing Nekhludov, she poked Maslova, pointing with her hand at the window.

Maslova got up promptly threw a kerchief over her black hair, and, with a cheerful, perspiring, red face, approached the window, taking hold of the iron bars.

"Isn't it warm?" she said, smiling cheerfully.

"Did you receive the things?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Do you need anything?" asked Nekhludov, feeling the heat coming out from the car as if from a redhot stove.

"No, I need nothing, thank you."

"If we could get a drink," said Feodosia.

"Yes, a drink," repeated Maslova.

"Have you no water?"

"They left some, but it is all gone."

"Directly," said Nekhludov, "I will ask the convoy. Now, we won't see each other until we reach Nizny."

"Are you going?" as if not knowing it, said Maslova, happily looking at him.

"I go by the next train."

Maslova said nothing; she heaved a deep sigh a few seconds later.

"How is it, sir—is it true that they tortured to death twelve prisoners?" said a peasant woman. This was Korableva.

"I did not hear of twelve; I saw two," said Nekhludov.

"Sir, you must not talk," the voice of a convoy captain was heard.

This was not the one that let Nekhludov pass. Nekhludov went away from the window.

At this moment the conductor passed by with a whistle in his hand. The last bell was heard, a whistle, then somebody began to cry and to sob on the platform; some of the women in the cars were sobbing.

Nekhludov stood next to Taras on the platform and looked how the cars, with their grated windows and their shaven-headed occupants, rolled by, one by one. The first women's car came, through the windows of which were seen women, some bare-headed and others in kerhiefs. Then came the second car, from which a pitiful moaning was still heard; finally, the car in which Maslova was. She, with many others, stood at the window and looked at Nekhludov, smiling at him pitifully.

There were still two hours before Nekhludov's train was to start. At first he intended to go to his sister during this time, but now, after the impressions of the morning, he was so disturbed that when he sat down on a sofa in the waiting-room he felt so sleepy that he fell asleep immediately, supporting his head with his hands.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

The party with whom Maslova went passed about five thousand versts. Up to Perm Maslova went by train and by boat, together with the criminal prisoners, and only in this city Nekhludov was successful in transferring her to the political, as he was advised by Bogodukhovskaia, who was also in this party.

Maslova's transfer into the department of the political prisoners improved her position in every way. Besides that the politicals were kept in better quarters, they were better fed and were subject to fewer sallies. The principal advantage of this transfer was that here she made the acquaintance of some people who had over her a decisive and the very best influence.

At the halting places Maslova was allowed to be among the political, but, as a healthy woman, she had to go with the criminal prisoners. Thus she walked all the time from Tomsk. Together with her walked two political prisoners—Maria Pavlovna Shchetinina and one Simonson. Maria Pavlovna walked on foot because she gave her place in the wagon to a woman of the criminal prisoners; Simonson walked because he considered the use of class advantage unjust. These three left early in the morning together with the criminal prisoners, while the political prisoners in the wagons came later. Thus it was at the last halting place in the outskirts of the big city, where another officer had taken over the party under his command.

It was a nasty September morning. Now rain, now

snow, came down in gusts of the cold wind. All the prisoners of the party—400 men and about 50 women—were already in the yard of the station; some of them were thronging about the convoy officers, who distributed to the inspectors food money for two days; others were buying edibles from the women peddlers who were admitted into the yard.

Katusha and Maria Pavlovna, both in boots, in short fur cloaks and in kerchiefs, came out into the yard and walked up to the peddlers who were offering their wares —fresh, sifted cake, fish, vermicelli, gruel, liver, meat, eggs, milk; one of them had even a roasted pig.

Simonson, in a rubber-cloth jacket and in rubber shoes, fastened above his woolen stockings with cords (he was a vegetarian, and used no pelt of any killed animals), was also in the yard, waiting for the party to come out. He stood near the entrance, and took down in his notebook an idea which came into his mind. The idea was such: "If the bacterium," he wrote, "would observe and analyze a man's nail, it would declare him an inorganic being, just as we declare the globe, observing its rind, an inorganic entity. It is not true."

Having bought eggs, rolls, fish and fresh wheat bread, Maslova put it all into a bag, and Maria Pavlovna paid the peddlers. Again confusion arose among the prisoners. All became silent, and the people began to form the rows. An officer came out and gave some instructions.

Everything was as usual; they counted, examined the chains and joined the handcuffed pairs. But suddenly the angry, authoritative voice of the officer was heard; somebody was struck, and a child began to cry. Everything became silent for an instant, and then a dull grumbling passed among the crowd. Maslova and Maria Pavlovna came up to the place whence the noise came.

CHAPTER II.

Coming up to that place, Maria Pavlovna and Katusha noticed the following: The officer, a solid man with big, fair mustache, frowning, rubbed his left hand against the palm of his right, with which he struck a prisoner on the face, and he ceaselessly cursed. Before him stood a tall, lean prisoner, a half of whose head was shaven. With one hand he wiped his bleeding face and in the other he held a little girl, muffled in a kerchief and crying in a shrill voice.

"I will teach you how to argue," cried the officer. "Put it on." The officer ordered to handcuff the prisoner, who carried in his arms the little girl, left him by his wife, who died of typhoid in Tomsk. The prisoner's excuse that, handcuffed, he could not carry the child, irritated the officer, who was in a bad humor, and he bruised the prisoner for not obeying at once.

Opposite the bruised man stood a convoy soldier, and a square-built, black-bearded prisoner, one of whose hands was in chains, and he looked gloomily now at the officer, now at the bruised prisoner with the little girl. The gabbling among the prisoners became more audible.

"He went from Tomsk and had no handcuffs," some hoarse voice was heard from the back rows. "It isn't a dog, it's a child."

"Where should he put his girl? That isn't right," some one else said.

"Who's that?" cried the officer, as if stung, rushing toward the crowd. "I will show you what is right! Who said it? You? You?"

"Everybody says that, because"—— said a broad-shouldered, stubby prisoner.

He had no time to finish it. The officer rushed at his

face with both his fists. "You want to start a riot? I'll show you how to riot. I will kill you, like dogs; the government will only be thankful. Take the girl away!"

The crowd became silent. One convoy soldier tore the crying child away from him, the other one began to put the handcuffs on the hand the prisoner stretched out submissively.

"Bring it over to the women," cried the officer to the convoy, adjusting his sword-belt.

The little girl, her face flushed, trying to free her hand from the kerchief, cried unceasingly. Maria Pavlovna stepped forward out of the crowd and came up to the convoy soldier.

"Mr. Officer, allow me to carry the child."

The convoy soldier with the girl stopped.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"I am a political."

Evidently Maria Pavlovna's handsome face and her beautiful eyes produced an effect on the officer. He looked at her silently, as if considering something.

"It is all the same to me. Carry her if you want to. It is all very nice to pity, but who will be responsible if he runs away?"

"How could he run away without the girl?" said Maria Pavlovna.

"I have no time to discuss with you. Take her, if you wish."

"Should I give her?" asked the convoy soldier.

"Yes."

"Come to me," said Maria Pavlovna, trying to attract the child to her.

But the little girl, stretching out her hands toward her father, continued to cry, and did not want to go to Maria Pavlovna.

"Wait, Maria Pavlovna, she will come to me," said Maslova, taking out a roll from the bag.

The little girl knew Maslova, and, seeing her face and the roll, she went to her.

All became quiet. The gates were opened, the party stepped outside and formed in rows; the convoy soldiers counted over again, arranged the bags, and placed the weak in their seats. Maslova, with the little girl in her arms, walked over to the women next to Feodosia. Simonson, who had watched all this, walked up with big, resolute steps to the officer, who had finished giving his instructions, and who was seating himself in his coach.

"You have acted very wrongly, Mr. Officer," said Simonson.

"Go to your place; it isn't your business."

"It is my business to tell you that, and I tell you that you acted very wrongly," said Simonson, looking fixedly into the officer's face from beneath his thick eyebrows.

"Ready! Party! March!" shouted the officer, not heeding Simonson, and leaning on the soldier-coachman's shoulder, stepped into the coach. The party started out on the dirty road, on both sides of which were trenches, and which led through a dense wood.

CHAPTER III.

After the depraved, luxurious and effeminated life during the last six years in the city and during the two months in the prison with the criminals, life now with the political prisoners, notwithstanding all the weight of

the circumstances in which they were, seemed very good to Katusha. The twenty to thirty verst trips on foot, with good food and with a day's rest after two days' walk, strengthened her physically; the communion with new companions revealed to her such interests in life, of which she knew nothing before; not only did she not meet such wonderful people, as she said, as those with whom she was going now, but she could not even have pictured them to herself. "I was crying because they convicted me," she said. "I must thank God for it. I have learned what I never would have learned." Without any effort she easily understood the motives by which those people were guided, and as one of the people she sympathized with them. She understood that they came out for the people against the masters; and the fact that these people were masters themselves and that they sacrificed their pre-eminence, their freedom, their life for the people, made her prize and admire those people particularly.

She admired all her new companions; but above all others she admired Maria Pavlovna, and not only did she admire her, but she began to love her with a special, respectful and enthusiastic love. She was struck by the fact that this beautiful girl, coming from a wealthy general's house, speaking three languages, behaved herself like a plain working girl, gave away to others everything her rich brother sent her and dressed herself plainly, poorly, paying no attention to her outward appearance. Maslova was especially surprised at this trait, the entire absence of coquetry, and, therefore, was delighted with it. Maslova saw that Maria Pavlovna knew, and that she was even pleased to know, that she was beautiful, but that she was not at all glad of the impression her outward appearance produced on men; on the contrary, she was afraid of it, and she felt a repulsion to and a fear of falling in love. Her comrades, men who knew this, did not dare to show it to her, even if they did feel an inclination for her, and they treated her as a comrade, as a man; but strangers

had often annoyed her, and from them, as she said, she was saved by her great physical strength, of which she was particularly proud.

"One day," she told Katusha, laughing, "some man pursued me closely on the street, and would not leave me alone under any circumstances. So I gave him such a shaking that he became frightened and ran away from me."

She became a revolutionist, as she said, because from her early childhood she despised the life of the masters, and loved the life of the plain people, and they always scolded her for being in the servant-maid's room, in the kitchen, in the stable, and not in the drawing-room.

"And with the women cooks and with the coachmen I felt at ease, while with our gentlemen and ladies I was weary," she said. "Then, when I began to understand, I saw that our life is altogether bad. My mother was dead, and my father I did not love; when I was nineteen years old a friend of mine and I left the house and began to work in a factory."

Then she lived in a village. Later she came to the city and was arrested in her residence, where they found a secret typographical shop, and she was sentenced to the galleys. Maria Pavlovna never told this to anybody; but Katusha found out from others that she was sentenced to the galleys because she claimed to have fired the pistol, which was done in the dark during the search by one of the revolutionists.

Since the time Katusha met her first, she saw that wherever she was, under whatever circumstances, Maria never thought of herself, but was always disturbed how to do a favor, to lend assistance to any one in need of it. One of her present comrades, Novodvorov, said to her, jokingly, that she gives herself up to the sport of charity. And that was true. Her only end in life was just like the hunter's—to find game; to find a chance for serving another. And this sport became her habit, became the con-

cern of her life. And she did it all so naturally that all those who knew her valued it no longer, but demanded it of her.

When Maslova joined them, Maria Pavlovna felt repulsion for her. Katusha noticed it, but then she also noticed that Maria Pavlovna, making an effort over herself, became very kind and good to her, and this kindness of such an unusual being had moved Maslova so much that she resigned herself to her with all her soul, unconsciously adopting her views and involuntarily following her example.

CHAPTER IV.

Maria Pavlovna's influence was one influence to which Maslova subjected herself. It was the result of her love for Maria Pavlovna. The other influence was that of Simonson. And this was the result of Simonson's love for Maslova.

All men live and act partly by their own ideas, partly by the ideas of others. How much do the people live by their own ideas and how much by the ideas of others—this is the principal difference between man and man. Some people, in most cases, use their own ideas as an intellectual play, handle their reason like a flywheel from which the communicating strap is removed; others, considering their ideas as the chief motors of all their activity, almost always listen to the requirements of their reason and obey it, following but seldom, and that after a critical estimate, the ideas of others. Such a man was

Simonson. He verified and decided everything by his reason, and whatever he decided he was sure to do.

When a schoolboy he had decided that his father's fortune (his father was a commissary) was made dishonestly, and he told his father that his fortune must be given away to the people. When his father began to scold him he left the house and ceased making use of his father's fortune. Having decided that all existing evils are the result of the people's ignorance, he, having been graduated from the university, joined the people's party, took the position of teacher in a village and began to propagate boldly to the pupils and to the peasants all that he considered just, and decried all that he considered false.

They arrested and tried him.

During the trial he decided that the judges had no right to try him, and he told them so. When the judges did not agree with him and went on to try him, he decided to answer nothing, and silence was the answer to all their questions. They banished him to Arkhangelsk. There he formed a religious doctrine, which defined all his activity. The religious doctrine was that everything in the world is alive; that there is nothing dead; that all things that we consider dead, inorganic, are but the parts of a huge organic body which we cannot embrace, and that therefore, the task of man, as a part of that organism, is to support the life of that organism and all its living parts. And he therefore considered it a crime to destroy the living; he was against war, against execution, against any murder of men and also of animals. As to marriage he also had a theory of his own, that the multiplication of people is man's lowest function; that his highest function is to serve those that already exist. He found support for this idea in the existence of phagocytes in blood. In his opinion unmarried people were just those phagocytes, whose mission is to help the weak, sick parts of the organism. He lived since then as he decided. He owned himself, as well as Maria Pavlovna, worldly phagocytes.

His love for Katusha did not violate this theory, since he loved platonically, deciding that such a love will not only not hinder the phagocytal activity from helping the weak, but, on the contrary, will hearten it the more.

Besides solving moral problems in his own way, he also solved most of the practical problems in his own way. He had theories of his own for every practical matter. He had rules how many hours to work, how many to rest, how to be nourished, how to dress, how to make stoves, what light to use.

With all this Simonson was exceedingly timid with people and unassuming. But when he decided something, nothing could stop him.

Thus this man had a decisive influence on Maslova by his love for her. With feminine far-sightedness Maslova guessed it, and the consciousness that she could awaken love in such an unusual man lifted her in her own estimation. Nekhludov offered her marriage because of his magnanimity and because of the past; but Simonson loved her as she is now and loved her simply because he loved her. Besides this, she felt that Simonson considers her an unusual woman, of particularly high moral virtue. She was not certain which virtues he ascribed to her, but in any event, not to deceive him, she tried the utmost to call forth in herself the very best virtues she could think of. And this forced her to try to be as good as she could possibly be.

This began in prison, when, during the general visiting days, she noticed on herself the particularly reluctant look of his dark-blue, innocent, kind eyes. Then she noticed that he was an extraordinary man; that he looks at her extraordinarily, and she noticed in his face the striking combination of austerity, produced by his sticking-out hair, by his knitted brow of childish goodness and of innocent looking eyes. Then she saw him again in Tomsk, when she was transferred to the political prisoners. And although not a single word had passed between them, there was in

the look they exchanged an acknowledgement that they remember and are important to each other. Even later there were no conversations of importance between them, but Maslova felt that when he spoke in her presence his words were addressed to her, and that he spoke to her, trying to express himself as clearly as possible. Their real acquaintance began when they went on foot with the criminal prisoners.

CHAPTER V.

From Nizny to Perm Nekhludov succeeded in seeing Katusha but twice; once in Nizny, before the prisoners boarded the barge; the second time in Perm, in the office of the prison. And during both meetings he found her reserved and unkind. When he asked her whether she needed anything she gave him an evasive answer in confusion, and, as it seemed to him, with that same hostile feeling of reproach which was displayed in her before. And Nekhludov was tortured by her gloomy mood, which was caused by the persecution of the men, who gave her no rest at that time. He feared lest, under the influence of those hard and depraving circumstances in which she was on the way to Siberia, she should fall again into the former state of discord and despair, when she was irritated against him, when she drank and smoked heavily in order to forget herself.

But he could lend her no assistance because, during the first part of the trip, he had no chance to meet her. Only after she had been transferred to the political pris-

oners he was convinced of the groundlessness of his fears, but, on the contrary, with every meeting he saw in her the constant development of that inner change which he craved to see in her. At their first meeting in Tomsk she became such as she had been before the departure. She did not groan, was not confused when she met him, but on the contrary, she met him cheerfully for having brought her together with the people with whom she was now.

After two months of their march her inner change became more manifest without. She grew thinner, sunburnt; as if she became much older, on the temples and around the mouth wrinkles were seen. She did not let her hair loose on her forehead. She had a kerchief on, and neither in her dress nor in her manners the former signs of coquetry were evident. And this change which took, and is still taking, place in her unceasingly, called forth in Nekhludov a feeling of special joyfulness. There was now in Nekhludov such a feeling for her as was never in him before.

This feeling was that same simple feeling of pity and emotion which he had experienced the first time he met her in the prison and then, later, with new strength after she had left the hospital, when he conquered his hate and forgave her for that story with the assistant surgeon, whose injustice became plain to him later; this was the same feeling, with the only difference that then it was but temporary, while now it became permanent. Whatever he thought of now, whatever he did, his general frame of mind was this feeling of pity and emotion, not for her alone, but for all people.

This feeling opened up in Nekhludov's soul a flow of love, which found no outlet before, and which was now directed toward everybody on his way. During all this trip Nekhludov was in that excited state in which he involuntarily became attentive to all people, from the coachman and the convoy soldier to the warden and the governor, with whom he came in contact.

During this time since Maslova was transferred to the political, Nekhludov had to make the acquaintance of many political prisoners; first in Ekaterinburg, where they were kept very freely, all together in a big ward, and later on the way he learned to know the five men and the four women whom Maslova joined. These close relations with the banished political prisoners have changed Nekhludov's views of them.

From the very beginning of the revolutionary movement in Russia, and especially after the first of March, Nekhludov felt malevolence and contempt against the revolutionists. First of all he was disgusted with the cruelty and the secrecy of the methods they employed in their fights against the government, especially the cruelty of the murders they committed, and then the terrible self-conceit so peculiar to them all, was repulsive to him. But upon closer acquaintance, having learned of how they, often innocently, suffered at the hands of the government, he saw that they could not be other than they are now.

However terrible and absurd were the sufferings to which the so-called criminal prisoners were subject, they are, nevertheless, treated before and after the trial with something similar to law; but with the political prisoners there was not even that similarity, as Nekhludov knew about Shustova and then about many, many of his new acquaintances. These people were treated like the fish caught in a net; everything is dragged out on the shore, then the necessary big fishes are taken away, heedless of the little ones, which die, lying on the shore. Then, seizing hundreds of these people, who are not only innocent, but who could not even be dangerous to the government, they would keep them in prisons, where they became consumptives, or mad, or where they committed suicide. They kept them there only because there was no reason to let them out; while keeping them in prison, they might be of use to them in solving some questions at the examination. The fate of these people, who were often innocent from

the government's point of view, depended upon the will, leisure and mood of the gendarme police officer, of the detective, of the district attorney, of the examining magistrate, of the governor, and of the minister. Did a certain functionary become weary, and does he want to distinguish himself, he makes arrests, and according to his own will or to that of the other authorities, he keeps them imprisoned or sets them free. And so with the highest authority, too, he may send them away to the end of the world, or may keep them as close prisoners; he may sentence them to exile, to the galleys, to death, or may set them free, if some lady will ask him about it.

They are treated as in time of war and, naturally, they employed the same methods which were used against them. And just as the military men always live in an atmosphere of public opinion, which not only hides from them the criminality of their own acts, but also represents their acts as exploits, the political were also in the atmosphere of public opinion of their circle, according to which the cruel acts they committed at the risk of their liberty and life, and of all that is dear to man, were not only not considered wrong, but were looked upon as noble deeds. This explained to Nekhludov that queer phenomenon that the most meek-spirited people who cannot even look at the sufferings of living creatures, have calmly prepared themselves to murder, and almost every one of them considers murder under certain circumstances as a weapon of self-defense, and for the attainment of the highest goal of the common good, legal and justifiable. The important meaning they ascribed to their cause and, in consequence of this, to themselves, was but the natural result of the importance the government gave to them and of the cruelty of the punishment to which they were subject. They had to have a high opinion of themselves in order to be able to bear everything they bore.

Upon acquaintance Nekhludov convinced himself that they were not all thieves as they were pictured by some,

nor were they all heroes, as pictured by others—they were usual people, among whom there were good and bad men. There were some people among them who became revolutionists because they singularly considered it their duty to fight the existing evils, there were also among them some who chose this activity from egotistic, vain motives; the majority, however, was drawn to revolution by the thirst for danger, risk, by the pleasure of playing with their lives—feelings peculiar to the most ordinary energetic youth. The difference between them and ordinary people, and in their favor, was that the moral obligations among them were higher than those accepted in the society of the ordinary people. Their obligations were not only to be righteous, disinterested and to lead a reserved, strict life, but also to be ready to sacrifice everything. even their life, for the common cause. And, therefore, those people who were above the level of the average, were much above it, were a model of rare moral height; those that were below the level of the average, were much below it, were often deceitful, pretending people, and at the same time, self-confident and proud. So that Nekhludov respected some of his new acquaintances, nay, began to love them with all his soul; to the others he remained more than indifferent.

CHAPTER VI.

Above all others, Nekhludov began to love a consumptive young man, Krilzov, who was in the same party as Maslova, and who was sentenced to the galleys. Nekhludov made his acquaintance in Ekaterinburg and met him

and spoke to him a few times after that. Once in the summer Nekhludov passed with him almost a whole day, and Krilzov told him his history and how he became a revolutionist. His father, a wealthy estate owner in the southern states, died when Krilzov was but a child. He was their only son and was brought up by his mother. He studied well, both in the gymnasium and in the university, and was graduated as the first candidate of the faculty of mathematics. He could stay in the university or go abroad. But he lingered. There was a girl he loved and he thought of marrying her and of provincial work. He wanted everything, but determined nothing. At this time his colleagues asked him for money for the common cause. He knew that the common cause was the revolutionary cause, which did not at all interest him then, but he gave the money out of friendship and self-love, that they should not think he is afraid. The money he gave was seized; a note was found accompanying the money, and it was learned that Krilzov gave the money; he was arrested, was taken into the station house, then into the prison.

"It was not so strict in that prison," Krilzov said to Nekhludov. "We walked over the corridors, spoke to one another, shared our provisions, our tobacco, and at nights even sang in a chorus. I had a good voice. Yes. If not for my mother—she was very much grieved—I would have felt well there, as it was pleasant and very interesting. There I made the acquaintance of the well-known Petrov (later he cut his throat with glass in the fortress) and of others. But I was not a revolutionist. I also made the acquaintance of two inmates. They were caught with Polish proclamations and were tried for an attempt to free themselves from a convoy officer, while they were on the train. One was a Pole—Lozinsky—the other a Jew, Rozovsky was his name. Yes. That Rozovsky was a mere boy. He said he was seventeen years old, but looked no more than fifteen. Thin, short, with flashing black

eyes, full of life, like all Jews, very musical. His voice was not developed, but he sang well. Yes. In my presence they were both led to court. They were taken away in the morning. In the evening they returned and told us that they were sentenced to death. Nobody expected it. Their case was so unimportant—they only attempted to get away from the convoy and did not even injure anyone. And then, it looked so unnatural, that a child like Rozovsky should be put to death. And we decided in prison that it is only to frighten, that the decision will not be confirmed. We were agitated at first, and then we became calm, and life went on as of old. Yes. One evening a keeper came up to my door and informed me mysteriously that the carpenters had come to erect the gallows. At first I could not understand him. What is it? Which gallows? But the keeper, an old man, was so agitated that when I glanced at him I understood that it is for our two comrades. I wanted to know, to talk it over with my comrades, but feared lest they should hear it. My comrades were also silent. Evidently all knew it. A deadly silence was in the corridor and in the cells that evening. We did not knock on the walls and we did not sing. At about ten o'clock the keeper came up to me again and told me that they had brought a hangman from Moscow. He told me, then went away. I began to call him back. Suddenly I heard Rozovsky cry to me from his cell across the corridor: 'What is it? Why do you call him?' I said that he brought me tobacco, but, as if he guessed something, he began to question me. Why did we not sing? Why did we not knock on the walls? I do not remember what I told him then and I walked away in order not to speak to him. Yes. That was a terrible night. All night I listened for every sound. Suddenly in the morning I heard them open the door of the corridor, and somebody entered, then many came in. I went up to the little window. A lamp was burning in the corridor. The warden passed by first. He was a stout man, always

seemed self-confident, resolute. He was pale now, downcast, as if frightened. After him came the assistant—with knitted brow and resolute look—behind him—the sentry. They passed my door and stopped at the next cell. And I heard the asistant cry out in a strange voice: 'Lozinsky, get up, put on clean linen.' Yes. Then I heard the door creak; they went in to him, then I heard Lozinsky's steps; he went to the opposite side of the corridor. I could see but the warden. Pale he stands, and buttons and unbuttons his coat and shrugs his shoulders. Yes. Suddenly, as if frightened by something, he steps aside. Lozinsky passed by him and came up to my door.

"He was a handsome youth, you know, of the good Polish type; a broad, straight forehead, fair, curly thin hair and beautiful blue eyes. Such a blooming, sappy, healthy youth was he. He stopped near my little window, so that I could see all his face. A terrible, lean, gray face, 'Krilzov, have you a cigarette?' I wanted to give it to him, but the assistant, as if fearing to be too late, took out his own cigar box and gave it to him. He took one cigarette, the assistant lighted a match for him. He began to smoke and it looked as if he were thinking. Then, as if recalling something, he began to speak: 'It is cruel. It is unjust. I committed no crime. I——' And something trembled in the young, white throat, from which I could not lift my eyes, and he stopped. Yes. At this time I hear Rozovsky's thin, Jewish voice coming from the corridor. Lozinsky threw the cigarette aside and walked away from the door. And Rozovsky appeared at my window. His childish face with the moisty, black eyes was red and perspiring. He, too, had on clean linen; his pants were too wide for him, and he was constantly lifting them, and was shivering. He pressed his pitiful face to my window: 'Anatoly Petrovich, isn't it true that the doctor prescribed me pectoral tea? I am sick. I'll drink some more pectoral tea.' Nobody answered and he looked interrogatively at me and at the warden. What he wanted

to say by that I did not understand. Yes. Suddenly the assistant made a stern face and again in some queer voice cried out: 'What jokes are these? Come.' Rozovsky was evidently unable to understand all that was awaiting him, and, as if hastening, went, almost ran ahead of everybody in the corridor. But then he stopped—I heard his shrill voice and his cry. A bustle began, the tramp of feet was heard. He cried with a shrill voice. Then further, further—the door of the corridor creaked, and everything became silent. * * * Yes. They were hanged. Both were choked with ropes. Another keeper saw it and told me that Lozinsky did not resist, but Rozovsky struggled for a long time, so that he was taken up to the scaffold and his head was forced into the knot. Yes. This keeper was a stupid fellow. 'I was told, barin, that it is terrible. But it is not terrible at all. As they were hanged there—they shrugged their shoulders only twice like this,'—he showed how the shoulders were raised and lowered convulsively—'then the hangman pulled so that the knots should tighten better, and that's all; they did not even shudder. Nothing, it isn't terrible.'" Krilzov repeated the keeper's words and wanted to smile, but instead of smiling he began to sob.

He was silent for a long time after this, breathing heavily and swallowing sobs, which came up in his throat.

"Since then I became a revolutionist. Yes," he said, growing calmer and he finished his history briefly.

He belonged to the "People's" party and was even at the head of a disorganized group, whose aim was to terrorize the government so that it should throw up its power and recognize the people. With this aim he went to St. Petersburg, abroad, to Kiev, to Odessa, and was successful everywhere. A man, upon whom he had relied most, gave him out. He was arrested, tried, kept in prison for two years and sentenced to death, which was finally changed for an indefinite term to the galleys.

In the prison he became consumptive and now, in the

circumstances in which he was, there were but a few months left for him to live, and he knew it and was not sorry for his deeds, but said that if he had another life, he would have used it in the same direction—to destroy that order of things in which all he saw was possible.

The history of this man and his intimacy with him explained to Nekhludov very much he did not understand before.

CHAPTER VII.

On the day of the collision between the convoy officer and the prisoners on account of the child, Nekhludov, who passed the night in an inn, awoke late and spent some time in writing letters, so that he left the inn later than usual, and did not overtake the party on the way, as it used to be before, but came to a village, near which the party had stopped for the night. Having become dry in the inn, which was run by an elderly, stout widow, whose white neck was unusually thick, Nekhludov drank tea in a clean room ornamented with a great many images and pictures and hastened to the halting place of the party to ask the officer for permission to meet some of the prisoners.

At the previous six halting places the convoy officers notwithstanding that they changed, did not admit Nekhludov to the station, so that he did not meet Katusha for over a week. This strictness was carried out because an important prison authority was expected to pass. Now that the authority passed by without looking at the sta-

tion of the party, Nekhludov hoped that the convoy officer, in whose charge the party was to-day, will permit him to meet the prisoners as it used to be before.

The lady of the house offered to Nekhludov a tarantas to go to the station of the prisoners, which was at the end of the village, but Nekhludov preferred to go on foot. A young fellow, a broad-shouldered giant workman, in big boots, just smeared with smoking tar, undertook to guide him. A fog came down from heaven and it was so dark, that as soon as the man walked off about three yards in such places, where no light fell from the windows, Nekhludov could not see him; he only heard the smacking of his boots in the sticky, deep mud. Passing the square with the church and the long street with the brightly-lighted windows, Nekhludov, led by his guide, came out on the end of the village in perfect darkness. But soon in this darkness, too, were seen the rays of lanterns which were burning near the party's halting place. The reddish spots of fire became bigger and lighter, the fence became visible, the dark figure of the moving man on guard, a striped pole and a watchhouse. The man on guard cried his usual "Who is coming?" and having found out that they are strangers, he was so strict that he did not want to let them wait near the fence. But Nekhludov's guide was not confused by the soldier's strictness.

"Oh, what an angry fellow you are!" he said to him. "You go and call the chief and we will wait."

The man on guard, not answering, cried something into the gate and stopped, staring fixedly at the broad-shouldered fellow cleaning the mud off Nekhludov's shoes with a chip of wood, in the light of the lantern. A noise of men's and women's voices was heard from behind the fence. In about three minutes the sound of iron was heard, the outer gate door opened and from the darkness came out the senior, his coat over his shoulders, and asked what they wanted. Nekhludov handed his card with a note in which he asked to give it over to the officer. This

man was less strict than the man on guard, but, therefore, especially inquisitive. He wanted to know, by all means, why Nekhludov wanted to see the officer, and who he is, evidently scenting a prey and desiring not to let it slip. Nekhludov said that he is on particular business, and that he will be thankful to him, and he asked him to hand in the note. The assistant took the note and, shaking his head, went away. A little after he had left the gate door creaked again and women with baskets, milk pots and bags began to come out of it; chatting loud in their peculiar Siberian dialect they marched over the threshold of the gate door. They were all dressed, not countrylike, but as in the city, in coats and in fur coats. Their skirts were tucked up high and their heads were tied round with kerchiefs. They examined Nekhludov and his guide with curiosity in the light of the lantern. One of them, evidently glad to meet the broad-shouldered fellow, at once abused him caressingly, using a Siberian invective.

"What are you doing around here?" she turned to him.

"I showed the way to the traveler," answered the fellow. "What have you been carrying?"

"Milk. They asked me to bring some more in the morning."

"Didn't they keep you up there over night?" asked the fellow."

"Go to the devil, liar," she shouted laughingly; "come along to the village together. Show us the way."

The guide said something else to her, and not only the women, even the men on guard, began to laugh, and he turned to Nekhludov:

"Will you find the way yourself? Wouldn't you miss it?"

"I'll find it. I'll find it."

"As you pass the church, from the two-story house, the second on the right. Here," he said, giving Nekhludov the long cane, which he held in his hand, and smacking

with his big boots, he departed in the darkness together with the women.

His voice, often interrupted by the women's was heard from the mist, when the gate door creaked again and the assistant came out, inviting Nekhludov to the officer.

CHAPTER VIII.

The half-station was situated like all other stations and half-stations on the Siberian road. In the yard, surrounded with sharpened poles, stood three one-story dwelling houses. The biggest of these houses, with the grated windows, is occupied by the prisoners. The second is for the convoy staff, the third for the officer and for the office. As usual, light was seen in all the three houses, deceptively promising something good, comfortable within the lighted walls. Lanterns were burning in front of the entrances, and about five more lanterns were burning near the walls, lighting the yard. The assistant officer led Nekhludov to the entrance of the smallest of the three houses. Ascending three steps he let Nekhludov pass before him into the foul-aired hallway, which was lighted by a small lamp. By the stove stood a soldier in a thick shirt and in black pants, having on one boot with a yellow bootleg and blowing the samovar with the other. Noticing Nekhludov, the soldier let the samovar alone, took off Nekhludov's top coat and went into the other room.

"He's here, your honor."

"Well, call him in," an angry voice was heard.

"Go this way," said the soldier, who immediately began to busy himself with the samovar.

In the second room, lighted by a hanging lamp, sat an officer before a table upon which were the remains of a dinner and two bottles. His face was very red, and he was dressed in an Austrian jacket, which fitted well his broad chest and his shoulders. Besides the smell of tobacco there was in this room the odor of some strong, bad perfume. Noticing Nekhludov, the officer arose and fixed his eyes on him somewhat sarcastically and suspiciously.

"What do you wish?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, he cried into the door: "Bernov, when will the samovar be ready?"

"At once."

"I'll give you 'at once' that you will remember," cried the officer, and his eyes flashed.

"I am bringing it!" shouted the soldier, and came in with the samovar.

Nekhludov waited while the soldier put the samovar on its place. When the samovar was placed the officer made tea, then he took out of the bottle case a small bottle and Albert biscuits. Putting all this on the tablecloth he again turned to Nekhludov.

"So how can I serve you?"

"I would like to ask your permission to meet a woman prisoner," said Nekhludov, still standing.

"A political? That is prohibited by law," said the officer.

"She is not political," said Nekhludov.

"Yes. Please be seated," said the officer.

Nekhludov sat down.

"She is not a political," he repeated, "but upon my request she was permitted by the high authorities to go with the political prisoners."

"Ah! I know," the officer interrupted him. "That little one, the dark girl. Well, that is all right. Will you have a smoke?"

He handed to Nekhludov a box of cigarettes and carefully filling two glasses with tea, he put one of them near Nekhludov.

"Please," he said.

"I thank you. I would like to meet——"

"The night is long. You'll have time. I will send for her."

"May I not go in there?" asked Nekhludov.

"To the political? It is against the law."

"They admitted me there a few times. If it is out of fear that I may give over something, I could do it through her."

"Oh, no. They are searched," said the officer, and broke out in an unpleasant laugh.

"Well, search me then."

"Well, we will do without it," said the officer, bringing up the opened bottle to Nekhludov's glass. "Shall I? Well, as you please. Here in Siberia one is glad to meet an intelligent man. Our office, you know, is a very sad one. People have queer opinions about us; a convoy officer means to them a rude, unintelligent man, and they don't know that perhaps that man was born for something else."

The red face of this officer, his perfumery, his ring and especially the unpleasant laughter were very repulsive to Nekhludov, but to-day, as well as all the time during the march, he was in that serious and attentive frame of mind which did not let him treat any man light-mindedly and contemptibly. Having listened to the officer, he understood him and said seriously:

"I think you can find consolation in your office by lightening the sufferings of these people," he said.

"Which sufferings? They are such a crowd."

"Are they a particular crowd?" asked Nekhludov. "They are just such people as all others. And there are innocent people among them."

"Certainly, there are all sorts. I certainly pity them.

Others do nothing while I try to make it easier for them wherever I can. I would rather suffer myself than let them suffer. Others, as soon as anything happens, act according to the law; they shoot at once, while I pity them. Will you have some more? Have it," said he, filling his glass again. "Who is she—the woman you wish to see?" he asked.

"That is an unfortunate woman who chanced to fall into a house of ill fame and there she was falsely accused of poisoning; but she is a very good woman," said Nekhludov.

The officer shook his head.

"Yes, it happens. In Kazan, I will tell you there was one, her name was Emma. A Hungarian by birth, her eyes were Persian," he went on, unable to suppress the smile called out by this recollection. "She was just like a duchess——"

Nekhludov interrupted the officer and returned to the previous conversation. "I think that you can make the condition of such people lighter, as long as they are in your power. And acting thusly, I am sure, you will find great joy," said Nekhludov, trying to pronounce his words as distinctly as possible, just as they speak to foreigners and to children.

The officer stared at Nekhludov, his eyes flashing, and evidently waiting impatiently for him to stop in order that he may go on with his story about the Hungarian girl with the Persian eyes, who was evidently rising vividly in his imagination and taking up all his attention.

"Yes, that's so, that's true," he said. "I do pity them, but I wanted to tell you about that Emma. Here is what she did."

"That does not interest me," said Nekhludov, "and I will tell you frankly that, although I was different myself before, I hate now such relations with women."

The officer, frightened, looked at Nekhludov.

"Wouldn't you have some more tea?" he said.

"No, I thank you."

"Bernov!" cried the officer, "show this gentleman to Vakulov; tell him to admit him in the ward of the political. He may stay there until the roll call."

CHAPTER IX.

Accompanied by an orderly soldier, Nekhludov came out again into the dark yard, which was dimly lighted by the red lanterns.

"Where are you going?" asked the convoy soldier of the one who accompanied Nekhludov.

"To the fifth number."

"You can't pass this way, it is locked; go through that entrance."

"Why is it locked?"

"The assistant locked it and went away in the village."

"Go this way, then."

The soldier led Nekhludov to the other entrance. In the yard was heard the sound of voices and of motion as though it came from a beehive, but when Nekhludov came up nearer and the door was opened, the noise became more audible, and it turned into a chaos of cursing, talking, laughing voices. A variable sound of chains was heard, and a familiar, heavy smell came out.

Both these impressions, the noise of the voices with the sound of the chains and this terrible odor, created

always one painful feeling for Nekhludov, a feeling of mental qualm, which passed into physical qualm. And both impressions intermingled and strengthened each other.

From the hallway they came into the corridor, where the door of the cells came out. The first cell was for family people, then the big cell for single people, and toward the end of the corridor were two small cells for the political prisoners. The place, intended for 150 people, containing 450, was so crowded that the prisoners, finding no place in the cells, had to fill the corridor. Some sat or lay on the floors; others swarmed here and there with empty and full teapots. Taras was among these. He came up to Nekhludov and greeted him kindly. Taras' kind face was disfigured by blue-red marks on his nose and under his eyes.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Nekhludov.

"It happened so," said Taras, smiling.

"They are always fighting," said the convoy soldier, contemptibly.

"On account of a woman," added a prisoner who walked behind them. "He had a scrap with the blind Fedka."

"How is Feodosia?" asked Nekhludov.

"Pretty good, she's well. I am just carrying some boiled water to her for tea," said Taras, and went into the family department.

Nekhludov looked into the door. All the cell was filled with men and women, on and under the shelves. The steam of drying wet clothes filled the air of the cell, and an unceasing noise of women's voices was heard. The next door was that of the single people's cell. This was still more crowded, and even on the threshold and coming out into the corridor stood a noisy crowd of prisoners in wet clothes. Noticing the assistant officer and a gentleman, those who stood near them became quiet and stared at them malevolently as

they passed. Among the prisoners Nekhludov noticed Fedorov, the convict, who always had a pitiful, white young fellow near him, and also a repulsive, pock-marked, noseless tramp, who was known for having killed a comrade, when they both escaped, and having fed himself upon his flesh. The tramp stood in the corridor, his coat thrown across his shoulder, and looked sarcastically and boldly at Nekhludov. Nekhludov passed him by. However familiar this sight was to Nekhludov, however often he saw those same 400 criminal prisoners in different positions during the last three months; in heat, in clouds of dust, which they raised with their fettered feet, at the stations on the road and in these halting places, in hot weather, in the yard, where terrible scenes took place, nevertheless, whenever he came into their midst and felt, as now, their attention fastened on him, he experienced a painful feeling of shame, or consciousness of his own guilt to them. The hardest thing was that this feeling of shame and guilt was mingled with an irresistible feeling of repulsion and horror. He knew that in the circumstances in which they were placed they could not be otherwise, and yet he could not suppress his repulsion.

"They enjoy life, those idlers," Nekhludov heard this when he was coming up to the door of the political prisoners' cells.

A sarcastic laugh was heard.

CHAPTER X.

Passing the cell of the single people, the assistant officer who accompanied Nekhludov told him that he

will come for him before the control, and he went back. As soon as the assistant went away a prisoner rushed up to Nekhludov, holding up his chains, and told him in a mysterious whisper:

"Take our part, barin. They have all twisted the fellow. They've made him drunk. Called myself Karmanov to-day. Take our part, we cannot—they'll kill us," said the prisoner, looking around uneasily, and immediately walked away from Nekhludov.

Karmanov, sentenced to the galleys, persuaded a fellow, whose face resembled his, and who was sentenced to exile, to change with him, so that the convict will be exiled, and the other fellow will go to the galleys in his place.

Nekhludov knew about this before, as the prisoner told him about this change last week. Nekhludov nodded his head as a sign that he understood him and will do everything he can, and, without looking about him, went on.

Nekhludov knew this prisoner from Ekaterinburg, where he was asked by him to intercede in his behalf that his wife be allowed to follow him, and he was surprised by his act. That was a man of medium height, and of the most ordinary peasant appearance, of about thirty years of age. He was sentenced to the galleys for an attempt to rob and to kill. His name was Makar Devkin. His crime was very strange. This crime, as he told Nekhludov, was not his (Makar's) work, but was his (the devil's) work. A traveller stayed in Makar's father's house, as Makar said, and hired for two rubles their cart to go to the village, forty versts away.

The father told Makar to go with him. Makar harnessed up the horse, dressed himself and began to drink tea together with the traveller. The traveller told him that he is going to marry, and that he carries with him 500 rubles, money earned in Moscow. When Makar heard this he went out into the yard and put an axe

in the sleigh, beneath the straw. "And I didn't know myself why I took the axe," he said. "Take the axe," he says, and I took it. We sat down and went away. We ride, nothing. I even forgot about the axe.

We were just coming near the village, about six miles were left. From the crossway the road is hill up. I came out of the sleigh. I walk behind it, and he whispers: "What are you thinking about? You go up the hill—there's the village, the crowd. He'll go away with his money. If it is to be done, now is the time; there's no use to wait."

I leaned on the sleigh, as if to fix the straw, and the axe actually jumped into my hands. I looked around. "What is it?" he said. I swung the axe and wanted to strike, but he was a quick fellow; he jumped out of the sleigh and got a hold of my hands. "What are you doing, you rascal?" He knocked me down on the snow. I did not wrestle. I gave myself up. He tied my hands together with a strap and threw me into the sleigh. He brought me right into the police station. They put me in the fortress. I was tried.

The community said that I was a good man, that nothing wrong was ever seen in me. The people with whom I lived said the same. But I had no money to hire a lawyer (said Makar), and, therefore, they sentenced me to four years.

And now this man, desiring to save a countryman of his, aware that his life is endangered by these words, nevertheless told Nekhludov this prison secret, for which, if they would but know that he did it, he would surely be strangled.

CHAPTER XI.

The place where the criminal prisoners were kept consisted of two small cells, whose doors came out in the fenced-off part of the corridor. The first person Nekhludov met there was Simonson, with a log of pine in his hand. He sat by the stove.

Upon noticing Nekhludov he gave him his hand, without rising, and looked up to him from under his thick eyebrows.

"I am glad you came. I want to see you," he said, looking straight into Nekhludov's eyes.

"What is it?" asked Nekhludov.

"Later; I am busy now."

And Simonson again began to busy himself with the stove, which he was heating according to his own special theory of the least loss of the energy of heat.

Nekhludov was about to enter the first door when from the second door Maslova came out with a broom in her hand, sweeping a big heap of dirt and dust to the stove. She was in a white jacket, in a tucked up skirt and in stockings. Her head down to the eyebrows was tied round with a kerchief to protect her from the dust. Noticing Nekhludov, she straightened herself, and, all flushed and animated, she put the broom away, and, wiping her hands against her skirt, she stood erect before him.

"You are putting the place in order?" asked Nekhludov, giving her his hand.

"Yes; my old occupation," she said, and smiled. "There is so much dirt, that you can't imagine. We have cleaned and cleaned."

"Well, did the plaid dry out?" she turned to Simonson.

"Almost," said Simonson, casting at her such a peculiar glance that Nekhludov was surprised.

"Well, I'll come for it and bring the cloaks to dry. Our people are all here," said she to Nekhludov, pointing at the nearer door, and going away to the further door.

Nekhludov opened the door and entered a small cell, which was poorly lighted by a small metallic lamp, placed on one of the lower shelves. It was cold in the cell, and the dust and dampness and the smell of tobacco filled the air. The tin lamp cast a light on all those near it, but the shelves were in the shade, and on the walls were trembling shadows.

Everybody was in this little cell, except two men, who superintended the supply and who now went for water and for provisions. Here was Nekhludov's old acquaintance, Vera Efremovna, who has grown thin and yellow; Vera, with her big, frightened eyes, and with the veins standing out strikingly on her forehead, in her gray jacket and with her short hair. She sat in front of a newspaper, upon which tobacco lay spattered, and with abrupt motions she filled the cigarette cases.

Here was also Emilia Ranzeva, who seemed to Nekhludov one of the most pleasant of the political women prisoners. She was taking charge of the inside household, and, under the most difficult circumstances, managed to give it an air of feminine economy and attractiveness.

She sat near the lamp and, her sleeves rolled up, her tanned, beautiful, clever hands wiped over and placed the cups and saucers on a towel spread on the shelf. Ranzeva was not a pretty young woman, but the kind and sensible expression of her face would suddenly, by a smile, turn into a cheerful, gold and bewitching expression; with such a smile she met Nekhludov now.

"And we thought that you had gone back to Russia by this time," she said.

Here was old Maria Pavlovna with a little white-haired girl, who did not stop lisping in her pleasant childish voice.

"How good it is you came. Did you see Katya?" she asked, addressing Nekhludov. "See what a guest we have." She pointed at the girl.

Here was Anatoly Krilzov, too. Thin and pale, his feet in felt boots crossed under him, bent and shivering he sat in the distant corner on the shelves, and his feverish eyes looked at Nekhludov. Nekhludov wanted to go up to him, but at the right of the door sat a curly-haired, reddish man in glasses and in a rubber cloth jacket, and was speaking to the good-looking, smiling Grabez.

This was the well-known revolutionist, Novodvorov, and Nekhludov hastened to shake hands with him. He especially hastened to do this because of all the political prisoners of this party this was the only man he did not like. Novodvorov flashed his blue eyes over his glasses at Nekhludov, and, frowning, gave him his narrow hand.

"How is it; do you find the journey pleasant?" he said, evidently ironically.

"Yes, there is very much that is interesting," answered Nekhludov, pretending not to see the irony, but to accept it as a kindness, and he walked up to Krilzov.

Outwardly Nekhludov showed indifference, but in his soul he was far from indifferent to Novodvorov. These words of Novodvorov, his obvious desire to say and do something unpleasant, broke the compliant frame of mind in which Nekhludov was. And he felt gloomy and sad.

"How is your health?" he said, pressing Krilzov's cold, trembling hand.

"Pretty good, but it's so cold here. I am wringing wet," said Krilzov, hastily hiding his hand in the sleeve of the fur coat. "It's so cold here. The windows are broken." He pointed at the window panes, which were broken in two places behind the bars.

"Why were you here so long?"

"They do not admit, the strict authorities. Only to-day the officer proved to be courteous."

"Yes, courteous," said Krilzov. "Ask Masha what he has done to-day."

Maria Pavlovna, not rising from her seat, told everything that happened about the girl upon leaving the station.

"I think we must express a collective protest," said Vera Efremovna, in a resolute voice, at the same time looking, irresolute and frightened, now at one, now at another. "Vladimir expressed it, but that wasn't enough."

"Which protest?" said Krilzov, frowning vexedly. Evidently the lack of simplicity, the artificiality of her tone and the nervousness of Vera Efremovna have long since irritated him. "You are looking for Katya?" he turned to Nekhludov. "She is working all the time, cleaning. She cleaned this one—ours—the men's; now she cleans the women's ward. Only the fleas cannot be cleaned away. They give no rest.

"And what is Masha doing there?" he asked, pointing with his head at the corner, where Maria Pavlovna was sitting.

"She combs her adopted daughter."

"Wouldn't she let the insects loose on us?" said Krilzov.

"No, no. I am careful. She is a clean little girl now," said Maria Pavlovna. "Take her," she turned to Ranzeva. "I am going to help Katya and I will bring him the plaid."

Ranzeva took the girl and with motherly tenderness, pressing to her breast the child's bare, plump little hands, she put her in her lap and gave her a piece of sugar.

Maria Pavlovna went, and immediately after two men with boiled water and with provisions came into the cell.

CHAPTER XII.

One of them was a thin, short man in a short fur coat and in high boots. His was a quick, light gait; he carried two big teapots full of boiled water, and under his arm he held a loaf of bread wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Ah, our friend is also here," said he, putting down the teapot among the cups and handing over the bread to Maslova. "Wonderful things we bought," he said, taking off his fur coat and throwing it above the heads into the corner of the shelves. "Markel bought milk and eggs. It will be a real ball to-day. And Kirillovna brings in all her esthetic cleanliness," he said, with a smile, looking at Ranzeva. "Well, now, make the tea," he turned to her.

All the appearance of this man, his motions, the sound of his voice, his glance, bespoke vigor and cheerfulness. The second of the two who came in was also short and bony, his greenish eyes, wide apart, were beautiful, his lips were thin, but he was a man of gloomy appearance. He had on an old wadded coat and boots with rubbers. He carried two pots. Putting down his load before Ranzeva he bowed to Nekhludov, so that while he bowed he was constantly looking at him. Then, giving him his sweat-covered hand unwillingly, he slowly began to help taking out the provisions from the basket.

Both these political prisoners came from the heart of the people; the first one was the peasant Nabatov, the other was a factory hand, Markel Kondratyez. Markel came into the revolutionary movement at the age of thirty-five, while Nabatov as an eighteen-year-old youth. Nabatov's striking ability brought him from the village school into the gymnasium; he supported himself by giving lessons, was graduated with a gold medal, but did not

go to the university, for when yet in the seventh class he decided to go to the people, from whom he came, to enlighten his slumbering brethren. And he did so. At first he became a clerk in a big village, but was soon arrested for reading books to the peasants and for establishing among them a consuming and productive society. The first time he was kept in prison eight months. When freed he immediately went to another state in another village and, establishing himself there as a teacher, he did the same as before. He was seized again, and this time he was held fourteen months in prison, and in prison he became firmer in his convictions.

After the second imprisonment he was sent to the State of Perm. He ran from there. He was seized again, held in prison for several months and sent into the State of Arkhangelsk. He escaped again and was caught again; he was sentenced to exile in the State of Yakutsk; so that he passed half of his mature life in prisons and in exile. All these experiences did not exasperate him, but neither did they weaken his energy. On the contrary, they kindled it. He was a stirring man, with a good digestion, always equally active, cheerful and vigorous. He never repented anything and never guessed far ahead, but with all the power of his mind, of his cleverness and of his practicability, he acted in the present. When he was free he worked for the aim which he had fixed for himself—to enlighten, to unite the working people, especially the peasants. When he was not free he acted just as energetically and practically for the relations with the outer world and for the establishment of the very best life, under the circumstances, not for him alone, but also for his circle. First of all, he worked for the common good. He, it seemed to him, needed nothing, and he could satisfy himself on nothing, but for his comrades he wanted much and could do both physical and mental work, naturally reserved, polite without any effort, attentive not only to the feelings, but also to the opinions of others.

The old woman, his mother, an illiterate peasant widow, full of superstition, was alive and Nabatov helped her out, and, when he was free, came to see her. During his stays at home he inquired into the details of her life, helped her in her work and did not break his relations with his former friends, the peasant boy; he smoked cigarettes with them, doted with them and explained to them that they are all deceived, and how to free themselves from the lie in which they are kept. Whenever he thought and spoke of what a revolution would bring to the people, he always pictured to himself that same people, from whom he came, in almost the same conditions, but with land and with no masters or functionaries. Revolution, in his understanding, does not need to change the fundamental forms of the people's life—in this he differed from Novodvorov and from Novodvorov's follower, Markel Kondratyev—revolution, in his opinion, does not need to break the entire structure, but must only rearrange the inner apartments of this beautiful, solid, colossal, old structure, which he loved so fervently.

In religious matters he was again a typical peasant, he never thought of metaphysical questions, of the beginning of all beginnings, of life beyond the grave. God was to him just as to Arago, a hypothesis, for which he had no necessity thus far. It did not at all concern him how the world began; according to Moses or according to Darwin and Darwinism, which looked so important to his comrades, was to him but a play of thoughts, even as the story of creation in six days.

He was not occupied by the question, how the world began, mainly because the question how to live in it the better was always of greater importance to him. Nor did he ever think of a future life, carrying in the depth of his soul the firm, calm conviction which he inherited from his ancestors and which is common to all agriculturists, that nothing ends in either the animal or vegetable kingdom, but is always changed from one form to another,

turning into grains, grains into chicken, a tadpole into a frog, a worm into a butterfly, an acorn into an oak, thus man, too, is not destroyed. He only changes. He believed in this, and, therefore, he faced death boldly and even cheerfully; he firmly bore the sufferings which led to it, but he neither could nor cared to speak about it. He liked to work, and was always busy with practical things, and he directed his comrades to such practical work.

The other political prisoner in the party, Markel Kondratyev, was a man of a different cut. At the age of fifteen he began to work and smoke and drink in order to drown the confused consciousness of an insult. He felt this insult for the first time, when on Christmas Eve, he was taken with the other boys to the Christmas tree, arranged by the manufacturer's wife, and when he and the boys got a penny whistle each, an apple, a gilded nut and a berry, while the manufacturer's children got toys which seemed to him like fairy gifts and which cost, as he found out later, more than fifty rubles. He was about thirty years of age when a well-known woman revolutionist came to work in the same factory where he worked, and, noticing Kondratyev's remarkable abilities, she began to give him books and pamphlets and to speak to him, explaining his own circumstances to him and their reasons and the means to improve them. When it became clear him that he can free himself and others from that oppressed state in which he was, the injustice of that state appeared to him more cruel and terrible than before, and he not only longed for freedom, but craved to punish those who established and maintained this cruel injustice. The possibility to do this, he was told, could only be achieved by knowledge, and Kondratyev gave himself up to the pursuit of knowledge. It was not clear to him how the realization of the socialist ideal could be brought about by knowledge, but he believed that as knowledge opened his eyes to the injustice of the condition in which he was,

it will also repair that injustice. Besides this, knowledge advanced him in his own opinion above others. And, therefore, ceasing to drink and to smoke, he devoted all his leisure hours to study.

The woman revolutionist caught him, and she was surprised at the remarkable ability with which he insatiably devoured all the sciences. In two years he knew algebra, geometry, history, which he liked particularly, and read all the artistic critical literature and especially the socialistic literature.

The woman revolutionist and Kondratyev were arrested for the prohibited books that were found in his possession; they were imprisoned and then sent away to the state of Vologda. There he made the acquaintance of Novodvorov, read many more revolutionary books, memorized everything, and became still firmer in his socialistic views. After the exile he was the leader of a big workingmen's strike, which ended with the destruction of the factory and the murder of the director. He was arersted and sentenced to be deprived of all rights and to exile.

As to religion, he regarded it negatively, just as the existing economical system. Having conceived the absurdity of the faith in which he was reared, and having freed himself from it at first with fear and finally with joy, as if in retaliation for the lie in which he and his ancestors were kept, he never tired of sneering angrily and malignantly at the popes and at religous dogmas.

By habit he was an ascetic. He contented himself with the least, and like all those accustomed to work from childhood on, a man with developed muscles, he could do all kinds of physical work with ease and cleverness, but above all he prized leisure in order to continue his studies in the prisons and at the halting places. He was now studying the first volume of Marx, and as a precious thing he treasured the book in his bag with the utmost care. He regarded his comrades ressentfully, indifferently, excepting Novodvorov, to whom he was especially devoted and

whose views on all subjects he accepted as irrefutable truths.

He looked at women as impediments in all necessary matters, and he felt an irresistible contempt toward them. He pitied Maslova and was very kind to her, seeing in her a specimen of exploitation of the lowest class by the highest. For this very reason he did not like Nekhludov, spoke little to him and did not press his hand when Nekhludov greeted him.

CHAPTER XIII.

The stove was heated, tea was made, the cups were filled up with tea and milk; rolls, fresh sifted and wheat bread, hard-boiled eggs, butter, calf's head and feet were spread out. All moved up to the place on the shelves, which served as a table, and they drank tea and chatted. Renzeva sat on a box, serving the tea. Everybody came around her, except Krilzov, who took off his wet fur coat and, muffling himself in the dry plaid, lay on his place and talked to Nekhludov.

After the cold and the dampness during the march, after the dirt and disorder they found here, after the hard work done to bring all that in order, after the food and the hot tea—all were in the very best and cheerful moods.

The fact that they could hear through the wall the stamping, the loud cries of criminals being abused, reminding them of their surroundings, has still increased the feeling of comfortableness. Just as at a halt in the sea, these people felt for a time freer from the degrada-

tions and sufferings that surrounded them and in consequence of this were in excited, high spirits. They spoke of everything, but did not speak of their own condition and of what was awaiting them. Besides, as it is always among young men and women, especially when they are joined by force, as all these people were, there were concordant and discordant attachments to each other among them. Almost all of them were in love. Novodvorov was in love with the good-looking, smiling Grabez. This Grabez was a young girl student who thought very little and was perfectly indifferent to the problems of revolution. But she abided by the influence of the time, compromised herself somehow, and was sent away. When free, all the interests of her life were to succeed among men, and they remained the same at the inquiries, in prison and in exile. Now, during the march she was consoled by Novodvorov's attachment to her, and she, too, fell in love with him. Vera Efremovna was in love now with Nabatov, now with Novodvorov. Something similar to love was felt by Krilzov for Maria Pavlovna. He loved her as man loves woman, but knowing her relation to love he skillfully hid his feelings under the forms of friendship and gratitude to her for the particular tenderness with which she waited on him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Intending to speak to Katusha separately, as he was wont to do, after tea and supper, Nekhludov sat beside Krilzov chatting with him. Among other things he told him about Makar and the history of his crime. Krilzov

listened to him attentively, fixing his flashing eyes on Nekhludov's face.

"Yes," he said, suddenly, "I often think that here we go together with them; 'with whom?' with them? With those same people for whom we go. And yet we do not know them, nor do we care to know them. And what is still worse they hate us and consider us as their enemies. That is terrible."

"There is nothing terrible in this," said Novodvorov, who listened to their conversation. "The masses always worship power," said he in his clucking voice. "The government has the power, they worship the government and despise us; to-morrow we have the power—they will worship us."

At this time an outburst of abuse was heard from behind the wall; the sounds of chains, squeaks and shouts were heard distinctly. Some one was being beaten. Some one cried: "Help!"

"Here they are, the beasts! What can we have in common with them?" Novodvorov asked calmly.

"You say beasts? But Nekhludov told me just now about such an act," said Krilzov, irritably, and told him how Makar risks his own life to save a countryman of his. "That is not beast-like, that's an exploit."

"Sentimentality!" said Novodvorov ironically. "It is hard for us to understand the emotion of those people and the motives of their deeds. You see here magnanimity, while it may be that envy is the cause."

"How is it that you want to see nothing good in another?" said Maria Pavlovna suddenly, excited.

"I cannot see a thing that is not."

"What do you mean? Is there nothing good in a man who risks dying a terrible death for another?"

"I think," said Novodvorov, "that if we want to do something, the first condition must be (Kondratyev put his book aside and began to listen to his teacher attentively) must be not to dream, but to look at things as they really

are. Do everything for the masses, but expect nothing from them. The masses are the object of our activity, but cannot be our co-workers as long as they remain inert," he began as if delivering a lecture. "And therefore it is an illusion to expect their assistance before the process of development took place, that process of development for which we prepare them."

"Which process of development?" said Krilzov, flushing. "We say that we are against arbitrariness and despotism, but is this not the most terrible despotism in itself?"

"There is no despotism here," Novodvorov answered calmly. "I say that I know the road by which the people go, and that I can point it to them."

"But how can you be certain that the road to which you direct them is the right one? Is this not the same despotism which brought about the inquisitions and the execution during the great revolution? They also knew, according to themselves, the only right way."

"The fact that they were wrong does not prove that I am erring. And then, there is a great difference between the raving of the ideologists and the grounds of the positive science of economics."

Novodvorov's voice filled the cell. He alone spoke, all the others were silent.

"Forever arguing," said Maria Pavlovna, when he stopped for awhile.

"And what do you think about it?" asked Nekhludov, addressing Maria Pavlovna.

"I think that Anatoly is right, that we cannot bind down the people to our views."

"Well, and you, Katusha?" asked Nekhludov, smiling, fearing lest she might say something out of the way.

"I think that the plain people are wronged," she said, flushing. "The plain people are too much wronged."

"True, Mikhailovna, true!" cried Nabatov. "The peo-

ple are too much wronged. The whole thing is how to stop this wrong."

"A queer conception of the problems of revolution," said Novodvorov, and angry, he began to smoke in silence.

"I cannot speak to him," said Krilzov in a whisper, and became quiet.

"And it is much better not to speak," said Nekhludov.

CHAPTER XV.

Notwithstanding that Novodvorov was held in great respect by all the revolutionists, notwithstanding that he was very learned and was considered as a very wise man, Nekhludov ranked him with these revolutionists who by their mental qualifications—below the level of the average—were much below it. The mental power of this man, his numerator, was great; but his opinion of himself, his denominator, was incommensurably enormous, and has long since outgrown his mental powers.

This was a man whose spiritual life was just the opposite of Simonson's. Simonson was one of those people, pre-eminently among men, whose deeds result from the activity of their mind and are influenced by it. Novodvorov belonged to the category of those people, pre-eminently among women, whose activity of mind is directed partly to the attainment of their goals laid down by sentiment, partly to the justification of their acts, likewise called forth by sentiment.

The entire revolutionary activity of Novodvorov, not-

withstanding that he could explain it eloquently with very convincing arguments, appeared to Nekhludov as if founded only on vanity, on the desire to be a leader among the people. At first, thanks to his ability to father other people's thoughts and to express them correctly, he enjoyed supremacy during the period of his studies among the teachers and the students of the gymnasium and of the university, where that ability of his was prized so highly, and he was satisfied. But when he received his diploma and ceased to study, and when that supremacy was over (Krilzov, who did not like Novodvorov, told this to Nekhludov) he suddenly changed his views in order to gain supremacy in a new sphere. A progressive liberal before, he now became a red-hot champion of national freedom. Thanks to the absence of moral and aesthetic virtues from his nature, virtues that call forth doubt and hesitation, he soon gained for himself in the revolutionary world a position which satisfied his egotism. He became leader of the party. Once he chose a direction he hesitated no longer, and, therefore, was certain that he did not err. Everything seemed to him unusually plain, clear, indubitable. And in the narrowness and one-sidedness of his view everything was really plain and clear, and as he said, it was but necessary to be logical. His self-confidence was so great that it could either thrust aside or subordinate people. And as his activity was in the midst of very young people, who mistook his boundless self-confidence for depth of thought and wisdom, the majority of them were subordinate to him and he was very successful in revolutionary circles. His activity consisted in the preparation for an uprising in which he was to seize the power and to call a council. At the council the programme as arranged by him was to be introduced. And he was fully confident that that programme exhausted all problems, and that it was impossible not to accept it.

His comrades respected him for his boldness and resolution, but they did not love him. He loved nobody and

regarded every remarkable man as a rival, and he would willingly treat them as the old male monkeys treat the young, if he could. He would tear out all the mind, all the ability of other people, only that they should not interfere with the manifestation of his own ability. He treated well but those that bowed before him. And now on the way he treated Kondratyev thus, and Vera Efremovna and the good-looking Grabez, both of whom were in love with him. Although by principle he was for woman's rights, but in the depth of his soul he considered all women stupid and insignificant, except those with whom he often fell in love, as he was now in love with Grabez, and then he considered them as unusual fomen, whose virtues he alone could appreciate.

He had one fictitious wife, and another real wife, whom he divorced, having convinced himself that there was not true love between them, and now he was about to contract a free marriage with Grabez. He despised Nekhludov because, as he said, he "plays antics" with Maslova and especially he dares to think of the shortcomings of the existing system, and of the means to repair it not only word for word as he, Novodvorov, thought, but somewhat in his own way, like a prince, that is, like a fool. Nekhludov knew how Novodvorov regarded him and, to his regret, he felt that notwithstanding the good mood in which he was during the journey, he pays him with the same coin and that he could not conquer his strong antipathy to this man.

CHAPTER XVI.

Voices of the authorities were heard from the adjoining room. All became silent, and the assistant came in

with two convoy soldiers. That was the control. The assistant counted all, pointing his finger at each one. When the two reached Nekhludov he said to him with kind familiarity:

"Now, prince, you cannot stay after the control. You will have to go."

Nekhludov knew what it meant, came up to him and gave him quietly a three-ruble bill which he had ready for him.

"Well, what can I do with you? You can stay here." The assistant was about to go when another assistant entered, followed by a tall, lean, thin-bearded prisoner with a bruised eye.

"I came about the girl," said the prisoner.

"Papa came!" a ringing, childish voice was heard, and a fair-haired head looked up from behind Ranzeva, who, together with Maslova, made a dress for the little girl from Ranzeva's skirt.

"I, my daughter, I," said Buzovkin, kindly.

"She is pleased here," said Maria Pavlovna, looking with pity at Buzovkin's bruised face. "Leave her with us."

"The ladies make a new dress for me," said the little girl, drawing papa's attention to Ranzeva's work. "A good one, a r-r-red one," she lisped.

"Do you want to stay here over night?" asked Ranzeva, caressing the little girl.

"Yes, and papa, too."

Ranzeva's eyes beamed with that smile of hers.

"Papa cannot," she said, "so leave her here," she turned to the father.

"Why not leave her here?" said the assistant, stopping at the door, and he walked out together with the other assistant. As soon as the convoys left Nekhludov came up to Buzovkin, and touching him on his shoulder, said:

"It is true that Karmanov wants to change there?"

Buzovkin's kind face at once became sad and his eyes looked as if covered with something.

"We haven't heard it. It is hardly true," said he, and added: "Well, Aksutka, stay here with the ladies," and he hastened to leave.

"He knows everything; it is true that they changed," said Nabatov. "What will you do?"

"I will inform the authorities in town. I know them both by sight," said Nekhludov.

All were silent, evidently afraid to renew the discussion.

Simonson, who was silent all the time, his hands behind his head, lay in a corner on the shelves; he now arose resolutely, and carefully passing by all those who were sitting, walked up to Kekhludov.

"Can you listen to me now?"

"Certain," said Nekhludov, and rose to go out with him.

Looking up at Nekhludov as he rose and meeting his look, Katusha blushed and, as if perplexed, shook her head.

"The thing is this," Simonson began when they both came out in the corridor. The voices of the criminals were louder in the corridor. Nekhludov knitted his brows, but Simonson was evidently not confused by it.

"Knowing your relations with Katerina Mikhailovna," he began, his kind eyes looking attentively and straight into Nekhludov's face, "I am obliged"—he went on, but had to stop because at the very door two voices were crying at the same time, quarreling about something.

"I am telling you, fool, they're not mine," cried one voice.

"Be choked, devil," cried the other, hoarsely.

At this time Maria Pavlovna came out in the corridor.

"How can you talk there?" she said. "Go in there, there's only Verochka there," and she stepped in the next door of a little cell, now placed at the disposal of the

political women. On the shelves, all muffled up, lay Vera Efremovna.

"She has a headache, she sleeps and does not hear, and I am going out," said Maria Pavlovna.

"On the contrary, stay here," said Simonson, "I keep no secrets from anybody, and certainly not from you."

"Very well," said Maria Pavlovna, and, child-like, moving all her body from side to side, thus seating herself deeper on the shelves, she was ready to listen, looking somewhere in the distance.

"So this is the thing," Simonson repeated. "Knowing your relations with Katerina Mikhailovna, I consider it my duty to tell you about my relations with her."

"That is, how?" asked Nekludov, involuntarily admiring the simplicity and truthfulness with which Simonson spoke to him.

"I would like to marry Katerina Mikhailovna——"

"Strange," said Maria Pavlovna, fixing her eyes on Simonson.

"And I decided to ask her about it, about becoming my wife," Simonson went on.

"What can I do about it? That depends on her," said Nekhludov.

"Yes, but she wouldn't answer this question without you."

"Why not?"

"Because, as long as the question of your relation with her is not finally solved, she can choose nothing."

"On my part this question is definitely decided. I wished to do all I consider necessary and, besides, to make her circumstances lighter, but in no event do I want to inconvenience her."

"Yes, but she does not want your sacrifice."

"There is no sacrifice whatever."

"And I know that this resolution of hers is irrevocable."

"Why, then, speak to me about it?" asked Nekhludov.

"She wants you, too, to acknowledge the same."

"How can I acknowledge that I must not do a thing which I consider necessary. All that I can say is that I am not free, but she is free."

Simonson became silent, absorbed in thought.

"Very well, I will tell her so. Do not think that I fell in love with her," he went on. "I love her like a remarkable person, who had suffered very much. I want nothing from her, but I would like to help her, to make lighter her circum——"

Nekhludov was surprised, hearing Simonson's trembling voice.

"To make lighter her circumstances," Simonson went on. "If she does not want to accept your assistance, let her accept mine. If she would consent, I would ask to be sent away to the same place with her. Four years are not eternity. I would be near her and, perhaps, I would improve her lot"—he was stopped again by his emotion.

"What can I say?" said Nekhludov. "I am glad that she found such a protector as you——"

"It is this that I wanted to know," Simonson went on. "I wanted to know whether, loving her, wishing her good, you would think such a union right?"

"Oh, yes," said Nekhludov resolutely.

"All I want is that that suffering soul should have a rest," said Simonson, looking at Nekhludov with such child-like tenderness as could never be expected from such a gloomy-looking man.

Simonson arose, and taking Nekhludov by the hand, moved his face up to his, smiled modestly and kissed him.

"I will tell her so," said he, and went out.

CHAPTER XVII.

"How do you like it?" asked Maria Pavlovna. "He is in love, in love. That is something I never expected, that Vladimir Simonson should fall in love in the most foolish, boyish way. Strange! and to tell the truth, sorrowful," she concluded with a sigh.

"But she, Katya? How do you think she will regard it?" asked Nekhludov.

"She?" Maria Pavlovna stopped, evidently desiring to answer him as exactly as possible. "She? You see, notwithstanding her past, she is by nature one of the most moral characters. And she is so sensitive. She loves you, loves you truly, and is happy that she can do you at least the negative good of not entangling you with herself. To marry you would mean to her a terrible downfall, worse than anything before, and therefore she will never consent to it. And yet your presence disturbs her."

"What, then, should I disappear?" said Nekhludov.

Maria Pavlovna smiled her kind, childish smile.

"Yes, partly."

"How disappear partly?"

"I lied, but it is about her that I wanted to say, that she undoubtedly sees the absurdity of his somewhat enraptured love (he told her nothing about it) and that she is drawn to it and sometimes fears it. You know I am not competent in such affairs, but it seems to me that on his part it is the most usual feeling, although it is masked. He says that this is exceptional love, platonic. But I know that if this be exceptional love there is surely some nastiness on its foundation, just as it is with Novodvorov and Lubochka."

Maria Pavlovna drifted away from the question and began to speak about her favorite subject.

"But what am I to do?" asked Nekhludov.

"I think that you should tell her. It is always better when everything is clear. Speak to her. I will call her in. Should I?" said Maria Pavlovna.

"Please," said Nekhludov, and Maria Pavlovna walked out.

A strange feeling seized Nekhludov when he remained alone in the little cell, listening to Vera Efremovna's quiet breathing, which was now and then interrupted by moans and by the noise made by the criminals. Simonson's words released him from the obligation, which in moments of weakness appeared to him both heavy and queer, and yet it was now not only unpleasant but also painful. And then there was something in Simonson's offer that destroyed the exceptionality of his act, lowered in his own eyes and in those of others the value of his sacrifice; if such a good man, in no way bound to her, wanted to join his fate with her, his (Nekhludov's) sacrifice is no longer so significant. And there was, maybe, the plain sense of jealousy. He was so accustomed to her love for him that he could not admit that she should fall in love with another. There was also the overthrow of his once formed plan—to live near her while she is to serve her term. If she marries Simonson, his presence is no longer required, and he would have to start a new life.

Before he had time to disentangle these feelings the door opened and Katusha entered the cell.

She came up to him, stepping quickly.

"Maria Pavlovna sent me," she said, stopping near him.

"Yes; I have something to speak to you. Sit down. Vladimir Ivanovich spoke to me."

She sat down, putting her hands on her knees, and she looked calm, but as soon as Nekhludov mentioned Simonson's name she flushed.

"What did he tell you?" she asked.

"He told me that he wishes to marry you."

Suddenly her face became wrinkled, expressing suffering. She said nothing and only let down her eyes.

"He asks my consent or advice. I told him that it all depends on you; that you are to decide it."

"Oh, what is it? Why?" she said, and looked into Nekhludov's eyes with that queer, squinting glance which always impressed him so deeply. For a few moments they stared into each other's eyes in silence, and this look told very much to both.

"You are to decide," Nekhludov repeated.

"Decide what?" she said. "Everything was decided long ago."

"No, you have to decide whether you accept Vladimir Ivanovich's offer," said Nekhludov.

"What kind of a wife am I—a convict. Why should I ruin Vladimir Ivanovich, too?" she said, frowning.

"Yes, but if you were pardoned?" said Nekhludov.

"Ah, leave me alone. There's nothing else to speak of," said she, and, rising, left the cell.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Nekhludov returned immediately after Katusha into the men's cell, everybody was excited there. Nabatov, who went everywhere, who spoke to everybody and observed everything, brought in some news which shocked everybody. The news was that on the wall he found a note written by the revolutionist Petlin, who was condemned to hard labor. It was supposed by everybody that Petlin was long since in Kara, and suddenly it turned out that he passed this same road not long ago with the criminals.

"August 17th," read the note. "I am sent alone with the criminal prisoners. Neverov was with me and hanged himself in Kazan, in the lunatic asylum. I am healthy and sound and I hope for the best!"

Everybody spoke of Petlin's condition, and of the causes for Neverov's suicide. Krilzov, with a concentrated air, was silent, his flashing eyes staring in front of him.

"My husband told me that Neverov saw ghosts when yet in Petrapavlovsk," said Ranzeva.

"Yes, a poet, a dreamer, such people do not endure solitude," said Novodvorov. "When I happened to be in close imprisonment I did not allow my imagination to work, but I have arranged my time in the most systematic way. That's why I always endured it well."

"What is there to be endured? I was often glad when they imprisoned me," said Nabatov, in a strong voice, evidently desiring to free himself from his gloomy frame of mind. "You're in constant fear of everything; now you may be seized, you may do mischief to others, and may harm the cause, but as soon as you are imprisoned there's an end to responsibility. You can rest yourself. You can sit there and smoke."

"Did you know him well?" asked Maria Pavlovna, uneasily looking up at Krilzov's thin face, which has suddenly changed.

"Neverov is a dreamer!" said Krilzov all of a sudden, breathing heavily, as if he had been shouting or singing for a long time. Neverov was one of those men that are seldom on earth. Yes, he was a man of crystal—you could see the rough lines. Yes, not only would he not lie—he would not even pretend. He was altogether skinned—all his nerves were seen. Yes, a complicated, rich nature; not as—— Well, what's the use of talking?" He became silent. "We are arguing, which is better," he went on angrily, knitting his brow, "first to educate the people, and then to change the forms of life, or just to change the forms of life? And then how to fight, by

peaceful propaganda or by terror? We argue, yes. But they do not argue, they know their work; it is all the same to them whether tens, hundreds of people will perish or not. And what people! On the contrary, they want the best to perish. Yes, Gerzen used to say that when the Decembrists were taken out of circulation the general level was lowered. Surely lowered! And then they took Gerzen and his comrades out of circulation. Now the Neverovs——"

"They wouldn't kill everybody," said Nabatov in his strong voice. "Some will be left."

"No, nobody will be left if we pity them," said Krilzov, raising his voice and not allowing to be interrupted. "Give me a cigarette."

"But it isn't good for you to smoke, Anatoly," said Maria Pavlovna. "Please do not smoke."

"Never mind," said he angrily, and began to smoke, but began to cough at once. He felt like vomiting. He expectorated and went on.

"We did not do the right thing. No, we did not. Not to argue, but to unite—and crush them."

"But they are also human beings," said Nekhludov.

"No, they are not human beings—they who can do what they do. No, they say bombs were invented, balloons. Yes, to go up in a balloon and to powder them, like bugs, with bombs until they are gone. Yes. Because——" he was about to go on, but his face turned red, he suddenly began to cough worse than before and blood gushed forth from his mouth. Nabatov ran out for snow. Maria Pavlovna procured valerian drops and offered them to him, but he, his eyes closed, pushed her away with his white, meagre hand and breathed fast and with difficulty. When the snow and the cold water alleviated him somewhat, and he was put to sleep, Nekhludov took his leave of everybody and walked out together with the assistant, who came and was waiting for him quite a long time.

The criminal prisoners were silent now, the majority of them were sleeping. Notwithstanding that the people in the cells lay on and under the shelves, and over the passages, there was not enough room for them, and many were stretched out in the corridor, muffled in their wet coats, their heads resting on sacks. From the cells and in the corridor snoring, moaning and drowsy talking were heard. Everywhere close heaps of human figures muffled in coats were seen. Only a few in the single people's cell were not asleep; they sat in the corner by a candle end, which they put out when they noticed the soldier; and an old man sat in the corridor near the lamp—he was naked and he cleaned his shirt from insects. The infected air in the cells of the political prisoners seemed pure as compared with the suffocating air in these cells. The smoking lamp looked as if seen in a fog, and it was hard to breathe there. To pass the corridor without stepping on the feet of the sleepers there it was necessary to look for an empty space, and putting the foot on it, look again for room for the next step. Three men, who evidently found no room in the corridor either, placed themselves in the entrance hall, close to the refuse barrel. One of these people was a stupid old man, whom Nekhludov met quite often on the way. The other one was a boy of about ten years of age; he lay between two prisoners, and with his hands under his cheek, he slept on the foot of one of the prisoners.

Coming out of the gates Nekhludov stopped and, expanding his breast, he inhaled the frosty air.

CHAPTER XIX

It became starry. Returning to his inn, Nekhludov knocked at the dark window and the broad-shouldered

workingman opened the door for him and let him into the hallway. The loud snoring of the izvoshchiks in the back hut was heard from the right of the hallway, and near the door, in the yard, many horses were chewing oats. On the left side was a door leading to a clean room. The smell of wormwood and perspiration filled the air in this clean room. From behind the partition came the snoring of some mighty lungs, and a red image lamp was burning near the images. Nekhludov undressed himself, put his leather pillow and the plaid on the oilcloth lounge and lay down, thinking over everything he saw and heard to-day.

Notwithstanding the unexpectedness and importance of his conversation with Simonson and with Katusha, he did not stop on this event; this was too complicated and at the same time indefinite, and therefore he drove away the thought about it.

To know that somewhere, far way, some people torture others, subjecting them to every sort of depravity, to inhuman degradations and sufferings, or to see constantly for three months this depravity and the cruelty of some people to others, is altogether a different thing. And Nekhludov experienced it. More than once during these tours he asked himself: "Am I insane that I see what others do not see, or are they insane who do all this I see?" But people (and there were so many of them) did all that surprised and terrified him, so calmly confident that all this is not only necessary, but that it is a very important and useful thing—that it was hard to consider all those people insane; he could not own himself insane because he realized the clearness of his thought. And therefore he was constantly in doubt.

All that Nekhludov saw during these three months looked to him thus: The most nervous, enthusiastic, excited, gifted and strong people. less sly, less careful than others, in no event more guilty or dangerous to society than these that remained free, were, by means of the court

of justice and the administration, imprisoned, sent to the galleys, where they were kept for months and years in perfect idleness, provided for materially and removed from nature, from family, from toil—that is, from all conditions of natural and moral human life. That is first. Second, these peopjle in those institutions were subjected to all sorts of unnecessary degradations—chains, shaven heads, disgraceful dress—that is, the principal motor of weak people's good life was taken away from them—the care for public opinion, shame, the consciousness of human dignity, were taken from them. Third, constantly endangering their life—to say nothing of the exceptional cases of sunstroke, drowning, fires, of the contagious diseases always raging in the prisons, of exhaustion and of blows—these people are held in such a position, in which the best, the most moral man, in self-defense, commits and excuses others for committing the most horrible, cruel crimes. Fourth, these people were forced to come together with debauchees, murderers and thieves, who, like yeast on paste, worked on those that were not yet corrupted by life. And fifth, at last, all these people, subject to these effects, were inspired in the most convincing way, namely, by means of all sorts of inhuman acts upon themselves—by means of torturing children, women, old people, by beating, punishing with rods, with whips, by means of offering premiums for bringing back, dead or alive, some convict who had escaped, by means of tearing away husbands from their wives, and of bringing them together with other people's wives, by shooting and by hanging—they were inspired in the most convincing way that all sorts of violence, cruelty and brutality are not only not prohibited, but are permitted by the government, when it is of advantage to it, and therefore it is certainly allowed to those who are in captivity, in need and in misery.

It looked as if all these institutions were purposely invented to produce such a state of corruption and vice,

which could not be reached under any other circumstances, in order to spread these vices and corruption among all the people. "As if it were a problem how to corrupt as many people as possible in the best and surest way." thought Nekhludov, fathoming everything that went on in the prisons and in the marches. Hundreds of thousands of people were forced every year to the highest degree of depravity, and when they were perfectly depraved, they were set free in order to scatter among the people the corruption they adopted in the prisons.

In the prisons—in Tumensk, in Ekaterinburg, in Tomsk, and in the halting places—Nekhludov saw how this aim, which society seemed to have made, was successfully attained. Plain, ordinary people, with convictions of Russian peasants' Christian morality, left these convictions and adopted new prison convictions, which were that every abuse, every cruelty to human personality, every destruction of it is permissible, when advantageous. The people that live in prison have learned, with all their heart, that, judging by what is done to them, all those moral laws of respect and pity for man which are being advocated by the church and by the teachers of morality are in reality set aside, and that, therefore, they need not abide by them. Nekhludov noticed this on all the prisoners he knew—on Fedorov, on Makar, and even on Taras, who, after two months with the prisoners, surprised Nekhludov by the immorality of his opinions. On the way Nekhludov learned that vagabonds, escaping into the forests, persuade their companions to come along with them and then, killing them, they feed on their flesh. He saw a man who was charged with this and who confessed. But most terrible was it that these cases of cannibalism were constantly being reported.

Only by such particular cultivation of vice, as it is done in these institutions, could the Russian be brought to the state of those vagabonds, who considered nothing impossible and nothing prohibited, and who spread this doctrine

first among the prisoners and then among all the people. The only explanation of all this was interruption, intimidation, correction and lawful retaliation, as it is written in the books. But in the reality there was not the slightest resemblance to any one of these four. Instead of interruption there was a spreading of crime. Instead of intimidation there was an encouragement to criminals, many of whom, like the vagabonds, came to the prisons of their own accord. Instead of correction there was a systematic infection of all sorts of vice. The necessity of retaliation was not only softened by the punishments by the government, but developed among the people, where it had not been before.

"Why, then, do they do it?" Nekhludov asked himself, and found no answer.

And what surprised him most was that all this was done, not unknowingly, not by a misunderstanding, but it was done all the time, during a hundred years, with the only difference that then their noses and ears were cut and marked, while now they are handcuffed, two together, and are transported by steam and not in carts.

The opinion that all that disturbed him was, as the functionaries told him, due to the imperfect construction of the prisons, and that all may be repaired by building prisons of another fashion, did not satisfy Nekhludov, because he felt that all that disturbed him was not the result of the imperfect construction of the prisons. He read of perfected prisons with electric bells, of electrocution, recommended by Tarde, and the perfected violence made him still more indignant.

Nekhludov was especially indignant because in the courts and in the ministry there were office holders, getting big salaries for looking up the books, which were written by just functionaries with the same motives, and classifying, under articles, the acts of the people who violate the laws written by them, and for sending those people (according to these statutes) to some place, where

they saw them no more, and where millions of these people perished, spiritually and bodily, under the authority of cruel, rough wardens, inspectors and convoys.

Upon close study of the prisons and halting places, Nekhludov saw that all those vices which develop among the prisoners—drink, gambling, cruelty and all the terrible crime committed by the prisoners, and even cannibalism—are not casualities or signs of degeneration of criminal types, of abnormity, as the dull scientists, to please the government, would have it, but they are the inevitable consequences of an inconceivable error that some people may punish others. Nekhludov saw that cannibalism does not begin in the forest, but in the ministry, in the committees and in the departments, and only ends in the forest; that his brother-in-law, for instance, and all other judges and functionaries, from the police commissary to the minister, did not care in the least for justice, or for the people's welfare, of which they were always talking, but that all wanted but the rubles which were paid them for doing everything that brings about this depravation and suffering. This was plainly obvious.

"Is it possible that this, too, is done by a misunderstanding? What is to be done to guarantee to those functionaries their salaries and give them ever a premium for not doing what they were doing?" thought Nekhludov. And amid these thoughts, after the second crowing of the cocks, he fell into sound sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

When Nekhludov awoke, the izvoshchiks have long since gone away, the inn hostess had her tea and wiping

her stout, sweat-covered neck, came to tell him that a soldier brought a note for him. The note was from Maria Pavlovna. She wrote that Krilzov's attack is more serious than they thought.

"We once wanted to leave him and to stay with him, but this was not permitted, and we will take him along, but we fear the worst. Try and arrange it so that if he will be left here some one of us should stay with him. Should it be necessary for this that I should become his wife, I am certainly ready to do it."

Nekhludov sent a man to the station for horses and began to pack up his things hastily. He had not yet finished drinking his second glass of tea, when a troika, with tinkling bells, its wheels rattling over the frozen mud, dashed up to the entrance. Having settled his bills, Nekhludov hastened to go out and, seating himself in the wagon, he ordered it to go as fast as possible in order to overtake the party. He soon reached the wagons filled with luggage and with the sick. The officer was not around, he went to the front. The soldiers, chatting gayly, evidently having had some whiskey, walked behind and on the sides of the road. There were many wagons. In the front wagons six weak criminals were crowded together in each wagon, the last three were occupied by the politicals —three to a wagon. The very last one was occupied by Novodvorov, Grabez and Kondratyev, the second by Ranzeva, Nabatov and that sickly woman to whom Maria Pavlovna gave her seat. On the third wagon lay Krilzov, on hay and on pillows. On the coachman's seat, near him, sat Maria Pavlovna. Nekhludov stopped his coachman near Krilzov and went with him. The convoy soldier, somewhat drunk, waved his hand at Nekhuldov, but Nekhludov, not heeding him, came up to the wagon and walked alongside of it. Krilzov in a sheepskin coat and in a morling cap, his mouth tied around with a handkerchief, looked thinner and paler than ever. His beautiful eyes seemed especially large and flashing now. Slightly

shaking from the bumping of the wagon, he looked at Nekhludov without lifting his eyes off him, and to his question about his health he shut his eyes and shook his head angrily. All his energy, it seemed, was wasted on enduring the shaking of the wagon. She cast at Nekhludov a meaning glance, which expressed all her alarm as to Krilzov's condition, and then she at once began to speak in a cheerful voice.

"The officer felt ashamed, as it seems," she cried, so that Nekhludov should be able to hear her amid the rattle of the wheels. "They took the handcuffs off Buzovkin. He carries his child himself, and Katya and Simonson are with them and Verochka goes in my place."

Krilzov said something which could not be heard, and pointing at Maria Pavlovna and frowning, evidently suppressing his cough, nodded his head. Nekhludov came up to him to hear what he says. Then Krilzov removed the handkerchief from his mouth and whispered:

"It is much better now. I am afraid I might catch cold."

Nekhludov nodded his head and exchanged looks with Maria Pavlovna.

"Well, how's the problem of the three bodies?" Krilzov whispered again and smiled with an effort. "A queer solution?"

Nekhludov did not understand it, but Maria Pavlovna explained to him that this is a well-known mathematical problem about the relation of three bodies, the sun, the moon and the earth, and that Krilzov, in a joke, suggested this comparison with the relation of Nekhludov, Katusha and Simonson.

Krilzov nodded his head that Maria Pavlovna explained his joke correctly.

"The solution is not with me," said Nekhludov.

"Did you get my note? Will you do it?" asked Maria Pavlovna.

"Without fail," said Nekhludov, and noticing discon-

tent on Krilzov's face, he walked away to his coach, stepped into it and began to go faster, passing the party of gray-coated, fettered and handcuffed prisoners. On the other side of the road Nekhludov recognized Katusha's blue kerchief, Vera Efremovna's black coat and Simonson's jacket, cap and white woolen stockings. He walked beside the women and spoke hotly.

Noticing Nekhludov, the women greeted him, and Simonson took off his cap solemnly. Nekhludov had nothing to say to them, so he passed them.

The road, all dug up with deep wheel tracks, ran through a dark forest; on both sides stood birch trees and larch trees with bright, sand-colored leaves. Soon they passed the forest, and on both sides fields appeared, golden crosses and the cupolas of a cloister were seen.

The day became beautiful, the clouds dispersed, the sun arose above the forest, and wet foliage, and plashes, and cupolas, and the crosses on the churches glittered brightly in the sun. On the right, in the dark blue distance, far-off mountains peeped out. The troika came to a village that was crowded with people, Russian and foreigners, in their strange caps and coats. Intoxicated and sober men and women swarmed about and racketed near the stores, taverns, drinking houses and wagons. The nearness of the town was felt.

Nekhludov's coachman whipped the horses, and evidently boasting, he let them dash over the big street right to the river, which they were to cross on a ferry. The ferry was in the middle of the river, coming from the other side. About twenty wagons were waiting for it on this side. Nekhludov did not have to wait long. The ferry soon came into the harbor.

The tall, broad-shouldered, muscular and silent ferrymen in short fur coats, moored the ferry cleverly, and opening the gates, let out the wagons on the shore. The swift, broad river lashed the sides of the ferry, tightening the ropes. When the ferry was full and Nekhludov's

coach, with the horses unyoked, stood pressed from all sides, the ferrymen let down the gates, not heeding the requests of those who did not get on, unfastened the ferry and went off. All was quiet on the ferry, only now and then were heard the tramping of the ferrymen's feet and the noise of the horses, striking the floor with their shoes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Nekhludov stood at the end of the ferry, looking at the swift, wide river. Two images, changing, arose in his imagination; the head of the dying Krilzov and the figure of Katusha, walking bravely by Simonson's side. One impression of the dying Krilzov, who is not preparing to meet death, was painful and sad. The other impression—of the brave Katusha, who found the love of a man like Simonson, and who is now on the true, solid road of good—should have been cheerful, but it was painful to Nekhludov, and he could not overcome this painfulness.

From the town over the water came an echo of a brazen trembling of a big hunting bell. The coachman, who stood near Nekhludov, and all the ferrymen, removed their caps and crossed themselves. Nearest to the rail stood a middle-sized old man, whom Nekhludov did not notice at first. He did not cross himself, but, raising his head, stared at Nekhludov. This old man's clothes were all in patches. On his shoulder he held a small bag, and on his head was a worn out fur cap.

"Why don't you pray, old man?" said Nekhludov's

coachman, putting on and adjusting his cap. "Are you unchristened?"

"To whom should I pray?" said the old man, aggressively pronouncing quickly every syllable.

"Why, of course, to God," said the coachman, ironically.

"Can you show me where He is? God?"

There was something so serious and firm in the old man's expression that the coachman, feeling that he is dealing with a firm man, became somewhat confused, but did not show it, and trying not to leave him unanswered and not to appear foolish in front of everybody around them, answered quickly:

"Where? Of course, in heaven."

"Were you ever there?"

"What is the difference; everybody knows that we must pray to God."

"But nobody ever saw God anywhere. He sent His only son, who was in the father's bosom," sternly knitting his brow, said the old man, speaking quickly.

"I see you are a pagan, an infidel. You worship the idols," said the coachman, pushing the whip-handle into his belt and adjusting the breech on the side horse.

Somebody began to laugh.

"Of what faith are you, then, grandpa?" asked a middle-aged man, who stood near a wagon at the end of the ferry.

"I have no faith whatever. Because I believe in no one except myself," answered the old man resolutely and quickly.

"But how do you believe in yourself?" said Nekhludov, joining the conversation. "You may be wrong."

"Never," answered the old man resolutely, shaking his head.

"Why are there different religions, then?" asked Nekhludov.

"That's just why they have different religions—because they believe in other people, and do not believe in them-

selves. I also believed people and I rambled as in a forest. I got so complicated that I couldn't come out. And the 'old believers,' the 'new believers,' the sabbatarians, the priests, the non-priests—every faith is lauding itself. That's why they are scattered, like blind little puppies. There are many religions, but there is one spirit. In you, in me, in him. So if everybody will believe in his own spirit, all will be united. Let everyone be for himself, and all will be for one."

The old man spoke loudly and was constantly looking around, wishing to be heard by as many as possible.

"How is it, since when do you preach this?" asked Nekhludov.

"I? It is long already. They are persecuting me for the last twenty-three years."

"What do you mean—persecuting?"

"Just as Christ was persecuted, so they persecute me. They catch me and send me to the courts, to the priests; they put me in lunatic asylums. But they cannot do anything to me because I am free. 'What's your name?' they ask me. They think that I will assume a calling. But I do not need any. I repudiate everything. I have no name, no place, no native land—I have nothing. I am all by myself. What my name is—Man. 'How old?' I say I do not count, nor can I count, because I always was, I always will be. 'Who is my father, my mother?' I have no father, no mother, except God and the earth. God is my father, the earth my mother. 'Do you recognize the Czar?' they ask me. Why not? He is a Czar for himself, and I am a Czar for myself. 'What's the use of talking to you?' they say. I do not ask you to speak to me, I say. That's how they torture me."

"Where are you bound for now?" asked Nekhludov.

"Wherever God will lead me. I work, and if I find no work, I beg," concluded the old man, noticing that the ferry is nearing the other side, and he triumphantly looked at all those around him.

The ferry came up to the shore. Nekhludov took out his pocketbook and offered some money to the old man.

The old man refused to take it.

"I do not take this. I take bread," he said.

"Well, excuse me."

"There's nothing to excuse here. You have done me no wrong. You cannot wrong me," said the old man, putting the bag back on his shoulder. In the meanwhile the coach was dragged out and the horses harnessed.

"What's the good of talking to him?" said the coachman to Nekhludov, when he had "tipped" the mighty ferrymen and went into the coach. "He's just a sidetracked vagrant."

CHAPTER XXII.

Coming up the hill the coachman turned around.

"To which hotel should I bring you?"

"Which is the best?"

"There's none better than the 'Siberian.' But, then, Dukov's is all right, too."

"Wherever you want."

The coachman again sat sidewise and went faster. The town was like all other towns. The same houses, with mezzanines, and with green roofs, the same cathedral, stores and even the same policemen. Only almost all the houses here were of wood, and the streets not paved. On one of the more animated streets the coachman stopped the troika near a hotel entrance. But there were no vacant rooms there, and they had to go to another. There

was a vacant room in this one, and for the first time in two months Nekhludov was again in his customary surroundings of cleanliness and convenience. Although the room to which Nekhludov was led was not too luxuriously furnished, yet he felt relief in it after the coach, the inns and the halting-places. First of all he had to clean himself. Having arranged his things, he at once went to take a bath; he then put on a starched shirt, changed his clothes, and went to see the chief of the town. Nekhludov was brought by an izvoshchik to a beautiful big building, near which a policeman and men on guard were standing. In front of the house and behind it was a garden, densely set with firs and pines, amid the leafless aspen trees.

The general was unwell and received no visitors. Nekhludov nevertheless asked the footman to bring his card and the footman returned with the favorable answer: "You are asked to come in."

The hallway, the footman, the orderly soldier, the parlor, with the waxed inlaid floor—all that was familiar to Nekhludov, only it was dirtier and more majestic. Nekhloduv was shown into a cabinet. The general, a puffed-up, sanguine man, with a potato-like nose and with prominent bumps on his forehead, bald-headed, with sacks beneath his eyes, was sitting in a silk Tartar coat, and, holding a cigarette in his hands, drank tea from a blass on a silver saucer.

"How do you do, batiuska? Excuse me for receiving this way, in a morning-gown; it is, after all, better than not to receive at all," said he, lapping his gown over his thick neck, which was wrinkled in the back. "I am not altogether well and I do not go out. How do you come to these distant regions?"

"I escorted a party of prisoners, among them whom there is one near to me," said Nekhludov, "and here I came to ask your highness partly about that person and partly about something else."

The general puffed at the cigarette, sipped some tea, put out the cigarette by the ash-tray, and not lifting his flashing, overloaded eyes off Nekhludov, listened seriously. He interrupted him only by asking him whether he wants to smoke.

The general belonged to that type of intelligent military people who admit the reconciliation of liberality and humanity with their profession. But, kind and sensible by nature, he at once saw the impossibility of such a reconciliation, and in order not to see the inner contradiction in which he was constantly placed, he gave himself more and more to the habit—so widely spread among military people—of drinking much wine, and then, after thirty-five years of military service, he became what the physicians call an alcoholic. He was all steeped in wine. He was drowsy as soon as he drank any liquid. And to drink wine became to him a necessity, without which he could not live, and every evening he was intoxicated, although he was so used to that condition that he did not stagger and did not speak and particular nonsense. And even when he did say something foolish, he occupied such an important pre-eminent position that whatever foolishness he would say, was taken for a wise saying. Only mornings, just at the time Nekhludov met him, he was like a sensible man and could understand what was said to him; he more or less fulfilled in deed, then, the proverb he loved to repeat: "Drunk and wise—two useful things at once." The highest authorities knew that he was a drunkard, but then he was more intelligent than others, although his intelligence remained in the same place where it was seized by drink; he was daring, clever, representative, knew how to behave himself, even when drunk, and therefore he was appointed to that eminent responsible position to which he was holding now.

Nekhludov told him that the person in whom he takes interest is a woman, who was unjustly convicted, and that a petition about her was sent to the Czar.

"So. Well?" said the general.

"I was promised in St. Petersburg that information about the fate of this woman will be sent here not later than this month."

Without lifting his eyes off Nekhludov, the general stretched out his short-fingered hand to the table, rang the bell and without saying a word, continued to listen, puffing his cigarette and coughing very loud.

"So I would like to ask you, if possible, to hold back this woman here until the answer comes."

The footman, dressed like a soldier, came in.

"Ask whether Anna Vasilyevna is up yet," said the general to the footman, "and bring some more tea. And what else?" the general turned to Nekhludov.

"My second request," Nekhludov went on, "concerns a political prisoner, who is marching with the same party."

"So!" said the general, nodding his head meaningly.

"He is very sick—a dying man. And they will undoubtedly leave him here in the hospital. So one of the political women would like to stay here with him."

"Is she a stranger to him?"

"Yes, but she is ready to marry him, if that would be necessary in order to stay with him."

The general looked fixedly with his flashing eyes and was silent, listening, evidently desiring to confuse Nekhludov by his look, and he smoked constantly.

When Nekhludov had finished, the general marched out for a book, which lay on the table, looked up the article about marriage and read it over.

"What was she sentenced to?" he asked, lifting his eyes from the book.

"To the galleys."

"Well, then, his condition cannot be improved by this marriage."

"But——"

"One moment. If a free man would marry her, she

would have to serve her term just the same. Here's the question: whose punishment is the harder, his or hers?"

"They are both condemned to hard labor."

"Well, that's quits," said the general, laughing. "They are both the same. He may be left here on account of sickness," he went on, "and, certainly, everything possible will be done to improve his condition; but she, even if she marries him, cannot remain here——"

"Madam is having coffee," announced the porter.

The general nodded his head and continued:

"However, I will consider it. What are their names? Mark them down here."

Nekhludov marked them down.

"I can't do this either," said the general to Nekhludov about his request to see the sick man. "I certainly do not suspect you," he said, "but you take an interest in him and in others, and you have money. And here everything is on sale. They tell me: uproot bribery. How can I uproot it if everybody is taking bribes? And the lower the rank, the more they take. Well, how can I look for 500 versts? He is there a Czar for himself, as I am here," and he began to laugh. "You must have met the political prisoners; you gave money and you were admitted, eh?" he said, with a smile. "Isn't it so?"

"Yes, that is true."

"I know that you have to act so. You want to see a political prisoner. You pity him. And the inspector or the convoy will accept your money, because his salary is ridiculously small and he has a family and he cannot help taking bribes, and in his place and in your place I would act just the same as you and he. But in my place I do not allow myself to step back from the strictest letter of the law, namely, because I am but human, and I may be carried by compassion. And I am an executive, they trusted me under certain conditions, and I must justify that confidence. Well, this question is ended. Well, now tell me what is new in your metropolis?" And the general be-

gan to question him and to talk to him, evidently desiring to learn from him the news and at the same time to show him all his importance and humanity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Well, where do you stay? In Duka's? It's quite bad there, too. You would better come and have dinner with us," said the general, when Nekhludov was taking his leave. "At five o'clock. Do you speak English?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very well, then. You see, an Englishman, a traveler, came here. He makes a study of the deportation of the prisoners and of the prisons in Siberia. So that he will also have dinner with us. Come up. We dine at five, and my wife wants promptness. I will give you an answer then about that woman and also about the sick man. Perhaps it will be possible to leave some one with him."

Taking his leave from the general, Nekhludov, in an especially active mood drove down to the post office.

The post office was a low-vaulted room; functionaries sat behind the desk and gave out the mail to the crowds. One functionary, his head bent on the side, was ceaselessly stamping the envelopes. Nekhludov did not have to wait long, and as soon as they learned his name they handed him a pretty heavy mail. There was money, a few letters and the latest volume of "The Messenger of Europe." Getting his letters, Nekhludov walked over to a wooden bench on which a soldier was sitting, holding a book and waiting for something. He sat beside him and looked over his letters. Among his letters one was registered, in a

fine envelope with a clear seal of bright red sealing wax. He opened the envelope and, noticing a letter from Selenin, together with some official document, he felt that his blood rushed to his face and his breast shrank. That was the decision in Katusha's case. What was this decision? Again rejected, Nekhludov hastily ran over the letter written in a small, hard, broken hand and sighed joyfully. The decision was favorable.

"Dear friend!" wrote Selenin. "Our last conversation made a deep impression on me. You were right about Maslova. I examined the case carefully and saw that a shocking injustice was done to her. It could be rectified only by the commission of petitions, where you sent it. I have succeeded in helping on the decision and I send you herewith a copy of the pardon to the address given to me by Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna. The original document was forwarded to the place where she was kept during the trial, and will probably be forwarded at once to the Chief Department of Siberia. I hasten to inform you of this pleasant news. I press your hand friendly. Your Selenin."

The contents of the document itself were as follows: "The Chancellor's Office of His Imperial Highness, about petition presented in His Highness' name. Such and such expedition of business. Such and such a table. By the order of the director-in-chief of the office of His Imperial Highness about petition presented in the name of His Highness. Ekaterina Maslova is hereby informed that His Imperial Highness condescending to her petition, has sanctioned the order to change her sentence to the galleys for deportation to Siberia." The news was gladsome and important. Everything happened as Nekhludov could wish it for Katusha and for himself. True, this change in her circumstances brought about new complications with regard to her. As long as she was sentenced to the galleys the marriage which he offered her was fictitious and was but

to lighten her condition. But now nothing is in the way, and they can live together. And Nekhludov did not prepare himself for this. Besides, her relations with Simonson? What did her words of yesterday mean? And if she consented to marry Simonson, would that be good or bad? He could not disentangle these thoughts and stopped thinking about this now. "All this will be designated later," thought he; "now it is necessary to see her as soon as possible; to tell her the gladsome news and to free her." He thought that the copy he had in his hand was sufficient, and, leaving the post office, he told the izvoshchik to drive him to the prison.

Notwithstanding that the general did not permit him to visit the prison, Nekhludov, knowing from experience that what cannot be gotten from the highest authorities is often very easily gotten from the lower, he decided to try to gain entrance into the prison in order to tell Katusha the gladsome news, and perhaps, to free her and, at the same time to find out about Krilzov's health and to tell him and Maria Pavlovna what the general said.

The warden was a very tall, stout, stately man with mustache and side whiskers, which turned to the corners of his mouth. He received Nekhludov very sternly and told him plainly that strangers are not admitted without the general's permission. To Nekhludov's remark that he had been admitted to prisons in the capital cities, the warden answered:

"That may be, but I do not admit." At this his tone meant: "You people of the capital cities think that you will surprise and puzzle us, but we know our orders well, even in Eastern Siberia, and we will show them to you."

Nor did the copy of the document from the office of his highness work on the warden. He positively refused to admit Nekhludov into the prison walls. To Nekhludov's naive supposition that Maslova may be released on the strength of this copy, the warden sneered contemptuously, informing him that in order to discharge any one orders

must come their usual way. All he promised was to inform Maslova that she was pardoned and that he wouldn't detain her a single hour as soon as he gets the instructions from his authorities.

As to Krilzov's health he also refused to give any information about it, saying that he cannot even tell him whether there is at all such a prisoner there. Thus, gaining nothing, Nekhludov sat down in his carriage and went to the hotel.

The strictness of the warden was due to the fact that an epidemic of typhus was at present raging in the overcrowded prison. The izvoshchik told Nekhludov on the way that "too many people are lost in the prisons. Some sickness is raging there. They bury about twenty people a day."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Nothwithstanding his failure in prison, Nekhludov, still in that vigorous, active frame of mind, went to the governor's office to find out whether the document of Maslova's pardon was received or not. The document was not there yet, and, therefore, Nekhludov, having returned to the hotel, hastened to write to Selenin and to his lawyer about it. When he had finished writing he looked at his watch. It was time to go to the general.

On the way he thought again, how will Maslova regard the pardon? Where will they deport her? How will he live with her? What about Simonson? What is her re-

lation to him? He recalled now the change which has taken place in her. He also recalled at this, her past.

"I must forget it, strike it out," he thought, and again hastened to drive away the thought about her. "We will see it later," said he to himself, and he began to think of what he has to say to the general.

The dinner at the general's, surrounded with all the luxury of the wealthy people and of functionaries, was especially pleasant to Nekhludov after he had so long denied himself not only luxury, but even the most primitive accommodations.

The hostess was a St. Petersburg grande dame, an ex-maid of honor in Nikolay's court; she spoke French naturally and Russian unnaturally. She kept herself straight and, making motions with her hands, she did not move her elbows from her waist. She was calmly and somewhat sadly respectful to her husband, and exceedingly kind to her guests. She received Nekhludov as one of their own with particular clever, imperceptible flattery, by whose graces Nekhludov learned again of all his merits and he felt a pleasant gratification. She made him feel that she knows his eccentric, but honest, act, which brought him to Siberia, and that she considers him an exceptional man. This clever flattery and the elegantly luxurious surroundings in the general's house influenced Nekhludov, so that he gave himself up to the pleasure of the beautiful surroundings, of the tasteful food, of the light and pleasant relations with well-bred people of his customary circle—as if all amid which he had lived of late were a dream, from which he was now awakened to reality.

Besides their own people, the general's daughter, her husband and an adjutant, there were an Englishman, merchant gold-searcher, and a governor of a distant Siberian city. All these people looked agreeable to Nekhludov.

The Englishman, a healthy, red-faced man who spoke very bad French, and who spoke like an orator, convincingly, an excellent English, has seen a good deal and was

very interesting with his stories of America, India, Japan and Siberia.

The young merchant, the son of a peasant, in a frock-coat made in London with diamond cuff buttons, who had a big library and who contributed much to charity, a man of European liberal convictions, was pleasant and interesting to Nekhludov, as he represented a new and good type of the influence of European culture on the healthy peasant.

The governor of the distant city was that same department director, of whom they spoke so much when Nekhludov was in St. Petersburg. This was a puffed-up man with thin, curly hair, with mild blue eyes, with white hands covered with rings, and with a pleasant smile. This governor was liked by the host because, amid the bribe-takers he was the only one who accepted no bribes. The hostess, who was very fond of music, and who played the piano quite well herself, liked him because he was a good musician. Nekhludov was in such a good humor that even this man was not unpleasant to him to-day.

The gay, energetic adjutant, who offered his services in everything, was pleasant to him for his kind-heartedness. Most pleasant of all was the amiable young couple, the general's daughter with her husband. This daughter was an ugly-looking, good-natured young woman, all devoted to her first two children; her husband, whom she married for love after a long struggle with her parents, was a liberal candidate of the Moscow University; unassuming and sensible, he served and busied himself with statistics, especially with foreigners, whom he studied, loved and tried to save from death.

They were not only kind to Nekhludov, but were evidently glad of him as a new and interesting personage. The general who came out to dinner in a military jacket with a white cross on his neck, greeted Nekhludov like an old acquaintance, and he at once invited the guests to have some brandy. When Nekhludov was asked by the

general what he was doing since he saw him, he told him that he was at the post office and learned that the person of whom he spoke this morning was pardoned and he again asked him now to give him a permit to enter the prison.

The general, evidently dissatisfied to hear him speak of business during dinner, frowned and said nothing.

"You want brandy?" he asked in French, addressing the Englishman, who came up just now. The Englishman drank some brandy and told them that he visited the cathedral and the mill, but that he would like to see the big prison.

"Very well, then," said the general, turning to Nekhludov; "you can go together. Give them a pass," said he to the adjutant.

"When do you intend to go?" Nekhludov asked the Englishman.

"I prefer to visit prisons at night," said the Englishman. "All are home, there are no preparations, everything is as it is."

"Oh, he wants to see it in all its charm? Let him see it. I wrote—they pay no attention. Let them find it out through the foreign press," said the general, and walked up to the table at which the hostess was showing the seats to the guests.

Nekhludov's seat was between the hostess and the Englishman. Opposite him sat the general's daughter and the ex-director of the department.

At dinner they spoke of India, of which the Englishman was telling them; of the Tonkisk expedition, which the general censured severely, and of roguery and bribery in Siberia. All this was of little interest to Nekhludov.

But after dinner, at coffee, in the drawing-room, a very interesting conversation was started between the Englishman and the hostess about Gladstone, in which, it seemed to Nekhludov, he said many clever things.

And after dinner and wine, at coffee, sitting in a soft

armchair, among kind and well-bred people, Nekhludov felt more and more pleasant. And when the hostess, at the Englishman's suggestion, sat down at the piano together with the ex-director of the department and began to play Beethoven's fifth symphony, which they had rehearsed well, Nekhludov learned for the first time what a good man he was.

The piano was excellent, the performance of the symphony was good. Thus at least it seemed to Nekhludov, who liked and knew this symphony. Listening to the beautiful andante, he felt deeply stirred with emotion over himself and all his noble deeds.

Thanking the hostess for the pleasure she afforded him, Nekhludov was about to bid them good-by and to leave, when the general's daughter came up to him with a resolute air, and, blushing, said:

"You asked about my children; wouldn't you like to see them?"

"It seems to her that everybody is interested to see her children," said the mother, at the pleasing tactlessness of her daughter. "It isn't at all interesting to the prince."

"On the contrary, it is very, very interesting," said Nekhludov, moved by this happy maternal love which is coming over the brim. "Please show them to me."

"She takes the prince to see her little ones," laughingly cried the general from the card table, at which he sat with his son-in-law, the gold-searcher and the adjutant. "Do, do your duty."

The young woman, evidently agitated that an opinion will soon be given about her children, walked quickly in front of Nekhludov into the inner rooms. In the third room, which was high and paper white, and which was lighted by a small lamp with a dark shade, stood two little beds, and between them sat a nurse in a white cape, with a Siberian, kind face with prominent cheek bones. The nurse arose and bowed. The mother bent over the first little bed, in which a two-year-old girl was sleeping

calmly; her mouth was open and her long, curly hair was spread over the pillows.

"This is Katya," said the mother, adjusting the blue-striped blanket, from under which a white foot peeped out. "Is she nice? She is but two years old."

"Charming!"

"And this is Vasuk, as grandpa calls him. Altogether a different type. A Siberian. Isn't it so?"

"A beautiful boy," said Nekhludov, looking at the sleeping, fat little boy.

"Yes?" said the mother, with a meaning smile.

Nekhludov recalled the fetters, the shaven heads, the blows, the dying Krilzov, Katusha with all her past, and he envied and wished for just such exquisite, pure happiness.

Having praised the children a few times and thus satisfying the mother, who eagerly hung on all those phrases, he went out with her into the drawing-room, where the Englishman was awaiting him to go together to the prison. Bidding good-by to the old and young host and hostess, Nekhludov, together with the Englishman, came out of the general's house.

The weather was changed. A heavy snow was coming down, covering the road, the roofs, the trees, the entrance, the top of the coach and the back of the horse. The Englishman had his own carriage and Nekhludov told the Englishman's coachman to drive to the prison; he then seated himself in his coach and with a painful feeling of performing an unpleasant duty, he went after him in his coach, which rolled softly, but with difficulty over the snow.

CHAPTER XXV.

The gloomy prison with the man on guard and the lantern at the gates, notwithstanding the pure white sheeting that covered everything now, the entrance, the roof and the walls, made a still gloomier impression by its light windows in the front.

The stately warden came out to the gates, and, reading over the pass given to Nekhludov and to the Englishman, shrugged his mighty shoulders perplexedly, but, carrying out the instructions, asked the visitors to follow him. He led them first into the yard and then by the staircase to the office. Offering them seats, he asked them how he may serve them, and, finding out Nekhludov's desire to see Maslova now, he sent the inspector for her and prepared himself to answer questions, which the Englishman at once started through Nekhludov.

"For how many people was this prison built?" asked the Englishman. "How many prisoners are here? How many men, how many women, how many children? How many of those to be sent to the galleys? How many exiled? How many following of their own accord? How many sick people?"

Nekhludov interpreted the Englishman's words and the warden's, heedless of their meaning, altogether unexpectedly confused by the meeting which is soon to take place. He was in the middle of a phrase, translating it to the Englishman, when he heard nearing steps, and when the office door opened and the inspector came in, followed by Katusha in a prison waist and in a kerchief, Nekhludov, noticing her, experienced a painful feeling.

"I want to live, I want a family, children, I want a human life," flashed through his mind when she, walking quickly, without lifting her eyes, entered the room.

He arose and made a few steps to meet her and her face

seemed to him stern and unpleasant. It was just as then, when she reproached him. She blushed and grew pale, her fingers were convulsively turning the corners of her waist and she now looked up to him, now looked downward.

"You know that a pardon was granted?" said Nekhludov.

"Yes; the warden told me."

"So that as soon as the document comes here, you may go out and stay wherever—— We will think it over——"

She interrupted him quickly.

"What is there to think over? Wherever Vladimir Ivanovich will be, I will be."

Notwithstanding all her emotion, she pronounced this distinctly, looking at Nekhludov as if she had prepared these words beforehand.

"So!" said Nekhludov.

"Now, then, Dmitry Ivanovich, since he wants me to live with him"—frightened, she stopped and corrected herself. "To be with him. What else do I want? I must consider it as happiness. What else?"

"One of the two. Either she loves Simonson and did not at all care for the sacrifice, which I imagined I was making, or she still loves me, and for my welfare refuses me and sinks her ships forever, uniting her fate with that of Simonson," thought Nekhludov, and he felt ashamed. He felt that he was blushing.

"If you love him——" he said.

"What's the difference, love or not love? I have abandoned all this. And Vladimir Ivanovich is altogether extraordinary."

"Yes, certainly," Nekhludov began. "He is an excellent man, and I think——"

She interrupted him again, as if fearing lest he may say something more than necessary, or lest she should not say all.

"No, Dmitry Ivanovich, you will pardon me if I do

not act as you would like," she said, looking into his eyes with her squint, mysterious glance. "Yes, that's how it seems to come out. And you, too, must live."

She told him just the same he told himself just now. But now he did not think of this, he thought and felt something different. Not only did he feel ashamed, but he also pitied everything he lost in her.

"I did not expect this," he said.

"Why should you live and suffer here? You have suffered enough."

"I did not suffer, I felt good, and I would like to do some more for you, if I could."

"We," she said. "We," and looked at Nekhludov, "need nothing. You have done so much for me. If not for you——" and she wanted to say something, but her voice began to tremble.

"It is not for you to thank me," said Nekhludov.

"What's the use of squaring accounts. God will make our accounts," she uttered, and her black eyes flashed with the tears that stood in them.

"What a good woman you are," he said.

"I am good!" said she, through tears, and a pitiful smile spread over her face.

"Are you ready?" asked the Englishman, meanwhile.

"Directly," answered Nekhludov, and asked her about Krilzov.

She controlled her emotion, and told him calmly all she knew. Krilzov became very weak on the road, and he was at once taken to the hospital. Maria Pavlovna was very much alarmed. She asked to be transferred to the hospital as a nurse, but they did not let her.

"Can I go?" she said, noticing that the Englishman was waiting for him.

"I do not take leave of you, I will see you yet," said Nekhludov, giving her his hand.

"Good-by," said she, in a scarcely audible voice. Their eyes met, and in the strange, squint glance and in

her pitiful smile, Nekhludov understood that from his two suppositions as to her resolution the second one was right. She loved him, and she thought that by binding herself to him she would spoil his life, and that by going away with Simonson she freed him, and now she was glad to have done all she wanted, and at the same time she suffered as they parted.

She shook his hand, turned around quickly and went out.

Nekhludov looked around at the Englishman, ready to go with him, but the Englishman was taking down something into his note book. Nekhludov, not interrupting him, sat down on the lounge that stood by the wall, and he suddenly felt a terrible fatigue. Not the sleepless night, nor the journey, nor emotions, tired him, but he felt that he was tired of all life. He leaned against the back of the lounge on which he sat, he closed his eyes, and instantly fell into a heavy, deathlike sleep.

"Well, would you like to see the cells now?" asked the warden.

Nekhludov awoke and wondered where he was. The Englishman finished taking down his notes and wanted to see the cells. Nekhludov, fatigued and indifferent, went after him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Passing the hall and the horribly foul-aired corridor, the warden, the Englishman and Nekhludov, accompanied by inspectors, entered the first cell of the con-

victs. All the prisoners lay already on the shelves, in the middle of the cell. There were about seventy people. They lay head to head and side to side. At the entrance of the visitors all jumped up, rattling with their chains, and stood by the shelves, the halves of their just shaven heads shining. Only two remained on the shelves. One was a young man, evidently in a fever; the other an old man, who was constantly moaning.

The Englishman asked whether the young prisoner was sick long. The warden told him that he became sick in the morning; the old man suffered long since, but there was no room for him in the hospital, as it was over-crowded. The Englishman shook his head disapprovingly and said that he would like to say a few words to these people, and he asked Nekhludov to translate to them. It turned out that, besides the aim of his journey to describe the places of exile and imprisonment in Siberia, the Englishman had another aim —to preach salvation by faith and expiation.

"Tell them that Christ pitied and loved them," he said, "and that He died for them. If they will believe in this they will be saved." While he spoke all the prisoners stood in silenve before the shelves, their hands stretched downward. "In this Book, tell them," he concluded, "all this is written. Are there any who can read among you?" There were upward of twenty literate people there.

The Englishman took out of his satchel a few bound volumes of the New Testament, and muscular hands with strong, black nails were reached out to him, pushing one another. He gave two volumes in this cell and went to the next.

In the next cell it was just the same. The same close, foul air; an image hangs between the windows in the front; they lay there just as closely together, side by side; they also jumped up and stretched themselves, and three men remained on the shelves. Two got up and

sat down, and the third did not move, did not even look at the newcomers; they were sick. The Englishman made the same speech and gave them two volumes of the New Testament.

In the third cell were four sick men. When the Englishman asked why all the sick people are not placed in one cell, the warden answered that they do not want it themselves, that their disease is not contagious, and that the assistant surgeon is taking care of them.

"It's the second week since he was here," said a voice.

The warden said nothing, but led them into the next cell. Again they unlocked the doors, again all rose and became quiet, and again the Englishman distributed his Bibles; the same in the fifth, in the sixth, at the right and at the left sides.

From the galley convicts they passed to the cells of the exiled. From the exiled to other prisoners and to the voluntary followers. Everywhere the same. Everywhere the same cold, hungry, idle, diseased, defamed, imprisoned people looked out like wild beasts.

The Englishman distributed his Bibles and made no more speeches. The painful sight, and, chiefly, the stifling air, have evidently oppressed his energy, and he walked through the cells, only saying, "All right," to the warden's information as to which prisoners occupied those cells.

Nekhludov walked as if in sleep, having no strength to tell them that he wants to go away, feeling that same fatigue and hopelessness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In one of the cells of the exiled Nekhludov noticed, to his surprise, the queer old man whom he met on the

ferry this morning. The old man, all wrinkled, in a dirty, ash-colored shirt, which was torn at the shoulder, in just such pants, bare-footed, sat on the floor near the shelves and sternly, interrogatively looked at the visitors. His enfeebled body, which was seen through the holes of the dirty shirt, looked pitiful and weak, but his face was now more concentrated, serious and animated than it was on the ferry. All the prisoners, as in the other cells, jumped up and stretched themselves at the appearance of the authorities; the old man, however, did not move. His eyes were flashing and his brow knitted angrily.

"Get up," the warden cried to him.

The old man did not move, and only sneered contemptibly.

"Before you stand your servants. But I am not your servant. Here's a stamp——" said the old man, pointing at his forehead.

"What?" said the warden, threateningly moving up to him.

"I know this man," Nekhludov told the warden hastily. "Why was he taken?"

"The police sent him here because he has no passport. We ask them not to send, but they do send them to us," said the warden, looking angrily at the old man.

"You also seem to be of the Antichrist's army," the old man turned to Nekhludov.

"No, I am a visitor," answered Nekhludov.

"Well, you come to see how the Antichrist tortures people. Here, see. He took the people, he locked them up, a whole army in a cage. People must eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, and he locked them up here, like pigs; he feeds them, without work, that they should become beasts."

"What does he say?" asked the Englishman.

Nekhludov told him that the old man blames the warden for imprisoning people.

"Ask him what then should be done with those who violate the law?" said the Englishman.

Nekhludov translated the question.

The old man began to laugh strangely, displaying his healthy teeth.

"Law!" he repeated, contemptuously. "First he robbed everybody, took away from people the earth, their wealth, took it all for himself; he killed all those that were against him, and then he made the law not to rob and not to kill; he should have made that law before."

Nekhludov translated it. The Englishman smiled. "But what is, after all, to be done now with the thieves and murderers? ask him, please."

Nekhludov again translated the question. The old man frowned sternly.

"Tell him to remove the stamp of the Antichrist and then there would be no thieves, no murders. Just tell him so."

"He is crazy," said the Englishman, when Nekhludov interpreted the old man's words, and, shrugging his shoulders, he left the cell.

"You do your own work and leave them alone. Everybody for himself. God knows whom to kill, whom to pardon, but we do not know," said the old man. "Be your own authority, and then we will need no authorities. Go on, go," he added, frowning angrily and flashing his eyes at Nekhludov, who lingered in the cell. "Go on, go!"

When Nekhludov came out into the corridor the Englishman stood by the open door of an empty cell and asked the warden about it. The warden explained that this was for the dead.

"Oh," said the Englishman, when Nekhludov interpreted it to him, and he wanted to go out.

This was a usual, small cell. A small lamp was burning on the wall, casting a poor light on the sacks and

wood in the corner, and on four corpses on the shelves. The first corpse, in a hemp shirt and drawers, was that of a big-sized man with a little, pointed beard and with a half of his head shaven. The body was stiff already. The dark blue hands were evidently crossed on the breast, but they fell apart; the bare feet also fell apart. Next to him lay an old woman with wrinkled, little yellow face and with a pointed nose. She was in a white skirt and jacket, barefooted, with uncovered, thin hair. Next to the old woman was another corpse of a man in something lilac-colored. This color reminded Nekhludov of something.

He came nearer and began to look at him.

The small, pointed beard, protruding upward, the strong, beautiful nose, the big, white forehead, the thin, curly hair. He recognized the familiar features and did not believe his eyes. Yesterday he saw this face excitedly angered, suffering. Now it was calm, motionless and dreadfully beautiful. Yes, that was Krilzov, or, at least, the trace left by his material existence. "Why did he suffer? Why did he live? Does he understand it now?" thought Nekhludov, and it seemed to him that there is no answer to this, that there is nothing except death, and he began to feel bad. Without bidding the Englishman good-by, he asked an inspector to bring him outside, and, feeling the necessity to remain alone in order to think over everything that he experienced this evening, he went to his hotel.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Nekhludov did not go to bed; he paced his room to and fro for a long time. Katusha's case was ended.

He was unnecessary to her, and that made him feel sad and ashamed. But it was not this that pained him now. His other case was not only not ended yet, but disturbed him more than ever, and demanded from him activity. All the terrible evil which he saw and learned during this time, and, especially, this evening in this horrible prison; all this wrong, which also killed the amiable Krilzov, triumphed, reigned supreme, and there was no possibility in sight, not only of conquering, but even of understanding how to conquer it. In his imagination arose hundreds and thousands of degraded people, imprisoned in infected air by different generals, procurators, wardens; he recalled the queer, free old man who accused the authorities and who was considered as crazy, and he recalled amid the corpses the beautiful, dead, wasted face of Krilzov, who died in vexation. And the former question whether he, Nekhludov, was crazy, or the people who consider themselves wise, and who do all this, were crazy, arose before him with new strength and demanded an answer.

When he became tired of walking and thinking he sat down on the lounge before the lamp and mechanically opened the gospel, given to him by the Englishman as a token. "They say there is the answer to everything," he thought, and, opening the book, he began to read where it opened, Matthew, chapter xviii.

1. At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

2. And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and sat him in the midst of them.

3. And said, Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

4. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"Yes, yes, that is so," he thought, recalling how he

felt the ease and joy of life only at the rate he had humbled himself.

5. And who shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

6. And who shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

"What has 'receive' to do here? Receive where? And what does it mean: 'In my name?'" he asked himself, feeling that these words told him nothing. "Why a millstone about the neck? Why the depth of the sea?" No, it isn't that, it is not clear, not accurate, he thought, recalling how he attempted to read the gospel a few times in his life, and how the inexactness of such places has always pushed him aside. He read in the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th verses about temptations, that they must come into this world, of the punishment by the fire of perdition, into which people will be thrown, and of some angel-children who see the face of the Heavenly Father. "What a pity it is so incoherent," he thought, "and yet something good is felt here."

PART IV.

He went on reading:

11. For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

12. How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains and seeketh that which is gone astray?

13. And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

14. Even so it is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

"Yes, it was not the will of the Father that they should perish, and yet they perish by the hundreds, by the thousands, and there is no way to help them," he thought.

21. Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?

22. Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.

23. Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account by his servants.

24. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents.

25. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment be made.

26. The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

27. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

28. But the same servant went out and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence, and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

29. And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

30. And he would not, but went and cast him into prison till he should pay the debt.

31. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

32. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant; I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me.

33. Should not thou also have compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?

"Could it be only this?" Nekhludov suddenly exclaimed aloud, after he read these words. And the inner voice of all his being told him: "Yes, only this."

And it happened with Nekhuldov as it often happens with those who live a spiritual life. It so happened that the idea which at first appeared to him as something strange, as a paradox, even as a joke, oftener and oftener, finding confirmation to itself in life, suddenly arose before him as the most simple, unfailing truth. The idea that the only unfailing means of salvation from the terrible evil from which men are suffering was that men should always own themselves guilty before God, and therefore unable to either punish or reform other people—this idea became clear to him now. It also became clear to him that all the terrible wrong which he witnessed in the prisons, and the calm self-confidence of those who committed this wrong, came out best because they wanted to do an impossible thing: Being wicked themselves, they wanted to

reform wickedness. Vicious people wanted to reform vicious people, and they thought of doing it in a mechanical way. But the only thing that came out of it was that the needy and the greedy people, making this so-called punishment and reform of people their profession, became corrupted to the highest degree and unceasingly they corrupted also those whom they torture. Now it became clear to him why all the horror he saw was, and what is to be done to destroy it. The answer, which he could not find, was the same Christ gave to Peter. It was to forgive always, everybody, to forgive an endless number of times, because there are no such people who are not guilty themselves, hence they cannot punish or reform.

"But it is impossible that it should be so simple," said Nekhludov to himself, and yet he clearly saw that however strange it appeared to him at first, this was the unfailing, not only theoretical, but even the most practical solution of the question. The usual question as to what should be done with evil doers? should they be left unpunished? confused him no longer. This question would be important if it were proved that punishment diminishes crimes, reforms criminals; but since the contrary is clearly shown, that it is not in the power of some people to punish others, the only wise thing you can do is to cease doing what is not only useless, but also harmful, immoral and cruel. For a few centuries you have been executing people whom you call criminals. Well, are they no more? They are not exterminated, but their number has grown, and in such criminals, who are depraved by the punishments, and also in those criminals—judges, prosecutors, magistrates, wardens, who judge and try people. Nekhludov understood now that society and order in general exist, not because of these ordained criminals, who try and punish other people, but because, notwithstanding such depravation, people still pity and love each other.

Trusting to find confirmation to this idea in the same gospel, Nekhludov started to read from the beginning.

Having read the sermon on the mountain, which has always moved him, he now for the first time saw in this sermon not abstract, beautiful ideas, and mostly representing exaggerated, inexcusable pretensions, but plain, clear and practically executable orders, which, when carried out (which is altogether possible), established an altogether new organization of human society, at which all the violence which had agitated Nekhludov so much would not only pass away by itself, but the highest good approachable would be reached—the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

There were five of these commandments.

The first commandment (Matthew v., 21-26) is that man must not only not kill, but must not grow angry with his brother, must consider no one as insignificant, and if he quarrels with some one, the first thing to be done is to be reconciled to him, and not to offer a gift to God—prayer.

The second commandment (Matthew v., 27-32) is that man must not only not commit adultery, but must shun pleasure at the beauty of women, and must, once marrying a woman, never deceive her.

The third commandment (Matthew v., 33-37) is that a man must promise nothing under oath.

The fourth commandment (Matthew v., 38-42) is that a man must not only not retaliate an eye for an eye, but must put forth the other cheek, when struck on one, and must forgive wrong and bear it humbly and must never refuse anything people may ask of him.

The fifth commandment (Matthew v., 43-48) is that a man should not only not despise his foes, nor fight with them, but must love them, help and serve them.

Nekhludov fixed his eyes on the light of the burning lamp and was motionless. Reminding himself of all the ugliness of our life, he pictured to himself clearly how this life would be if people were brought up on these rules,

and his soul was seized with a joy which he had not experienced for a long time. It was as if he suddenly found ease and freedom after a long anguish and suffering.

He did not sleep all night long, and as it happens with many and many who read the gospel, he now for the first time, understood the full meaning of the words which he had read many a time before without understanding them. Like a sponge he imbibed all the necessary, important and joyful that was opened to him in this book. And everything he read seemed to confirm all that he knew so long, but which he had not realized or believed. Now he realized it and believed. But besides that, he realized and believed that, obeying these commandments, men could gain access to the highest possible welfare; he now realized and believed that every man is to do nothing else but obey these commandments, that herein lies the only wise meaning of human life, that every digression from it is an error, which carries with it immediate punishment. This is the result of this doctrine, and it was with special clearness and strength illustrated in the parable about the vine-dressers. The vine-dressers imagined that the vineyard where they were commissioned to work for the master was their own property; that everything in the vineyard was made for them and that all they had to do was to enjoy their life in this vineyard, forgetting the master and killing those who reminded them of the master and of their obligation toward him.

"We do the same," thought Nekhludov, "by living in absurd confidence that we are masters of our own life, that life is given to us for our pleasures. And yet, this is obviously absurd. If we are sent here it is by some one's will, for some purpose. And we made up our minds that we live for our own enjoyment, and it is clear that it is bad to us even as it will be bad to the workman who does not act according to the master's will. The will of the master is expressed in these commandments. As soon as men will obey these commandments the Kingdom of